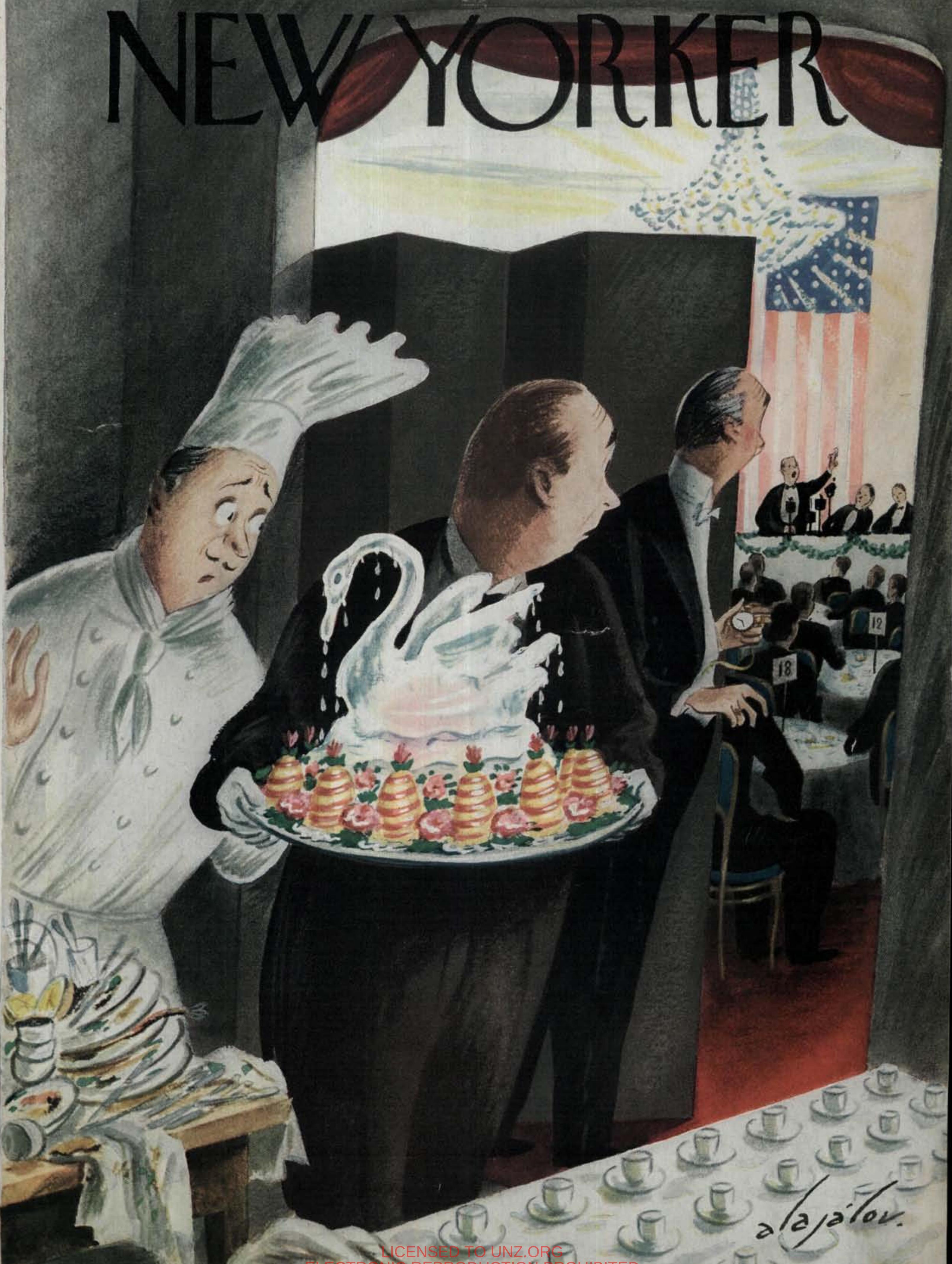
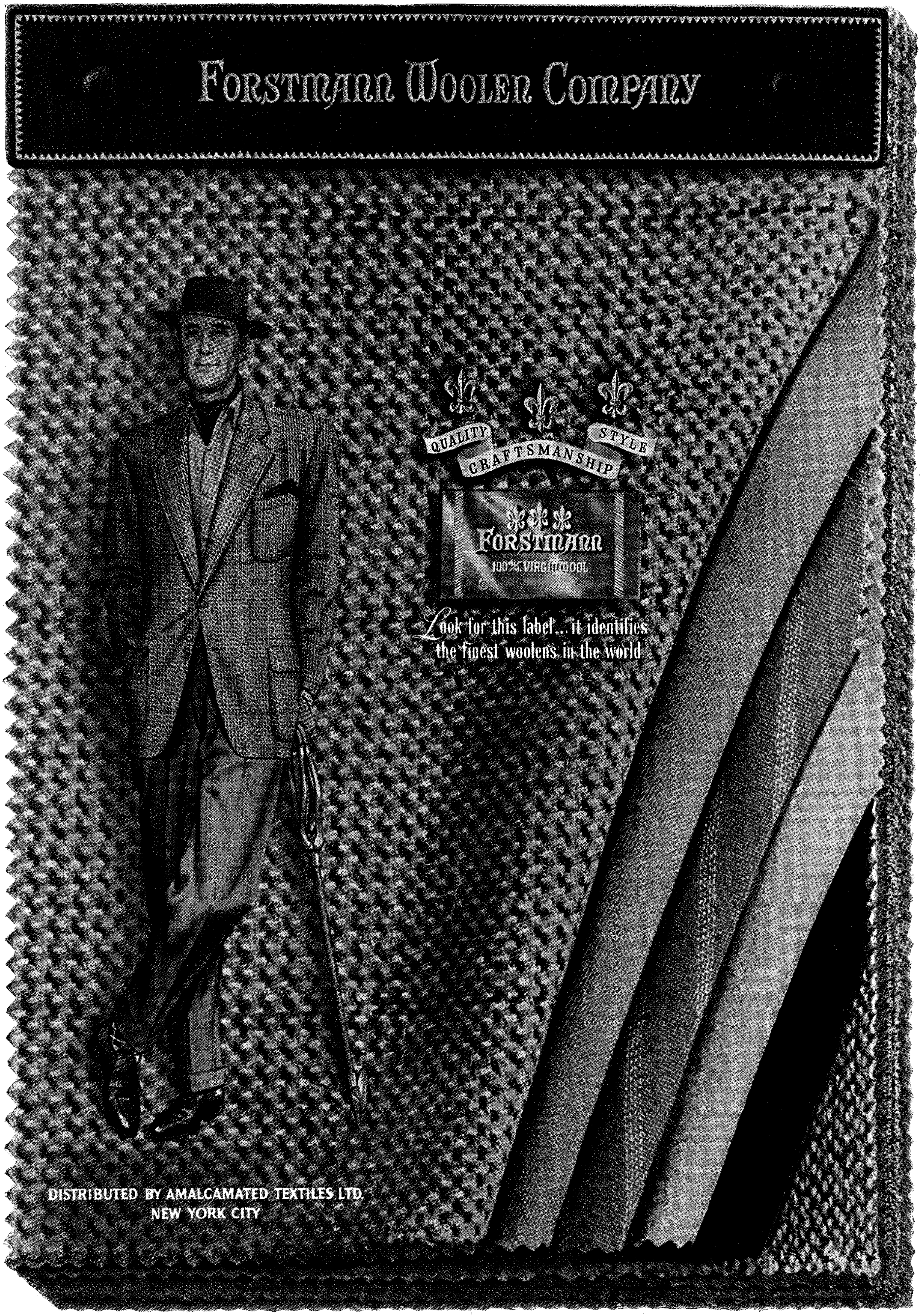
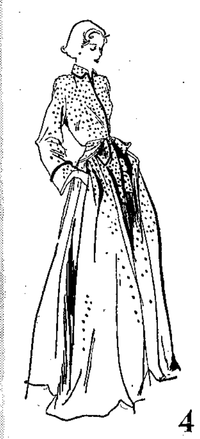
★ Jan. 24, 1948 Price 20 cents

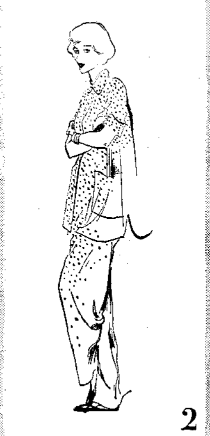
THE NEW YORKER


12
18
alajalov


FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY
QUALITY
CRAFTSMANSHIP
STYLE
FORSTMANN
100% VIRGIN WOOL
Look for this label... it identifies the finest woolens in the world
DISTRIBUTED BY AMALGAMATED TEXTILES LTD.
NEW YORK CITY



4



2

BEAUTIFUL DREAMERS
WAKE UNTO THESE
EXCLUSIVE
NEW LEISURE FASHIONS
OF PURE SILK
IN PLATINUM GRAY
PROFUSELY DOTTED WITH WHITE
$35 EACH

1 Ballerina-Teagown with peeping petticoat of white rayon taffeta edged with cotton eyelet embroidery (photographed), sizes 10 to 16.

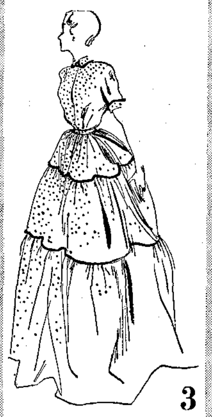
2 Shirt-tail lounging-traveling pajamas, sizes 10 to 16

3 Sweeping housecoat, tiered skirt piped in white, sizes 10 to 16

4 Traveling or breakfast robe done with a flare, sizes 10 to 20

Richard Avedon

1



3

BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Antony and Cleopatra—Katharine Cornell may make the Queen of Egypt a bit too ladylike, but on the whole this is an admirable revival. Godfrey Tearle is excellent in the difficult role of Antony, and Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson are very helpful, too. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Command Decision—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is still a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 25.)

Crime and Punishment—John Gielgud is the man who thought he could get away with murder in this rather cloudy rendering of Dostoevski's novel. With Dolly Haas, Lillian Gish, Vladimir Sokoloff, and Sanford Meisner. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 24.)

For Love or Money—Young June Lockhart's really exemplary performance is all the important news about this F. Hugh Herbert comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Man and Superman—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Medea—Judith Anderson giving what may well be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Power Without Glory—An amazingly well-acted English psychological play that runs far too much to talk. The imported cast includes Marjorie Rhodes, Peter Murray, and Hilary Liddell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

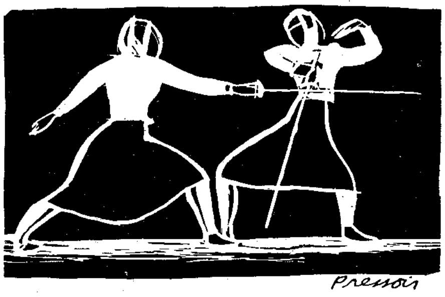
Strange Bedfellows—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. Joan Tetzel and John Archer head a cast of eighteen. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' tremendously moving and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast, directed by Elia Kazan. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Winslow Boy—Terence Rattigan has gone to a British *cause célèbre* for this nice, compelling play about a naval cadet and his suit against the Crown. The company, brought over from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to think twice about it. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **happy birthday:** Helen Hayes as a girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **john loves mary:** The fellow who comes home from the war to two girls. With William Prince and Nina Foch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	49
BOOKS	71
THE CURRENT CINEMA	68
LETTER FROM LONDON	46
OF ALL THINGS	39
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	60
A REPORTER IN VIENNA	51
TABLES FOR TWO	58
THE THEATRE	42

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Survivors—Louis Calhern, Hume Cronyn, and Richard Basehart in a play by Peter Viertel and Irwin Shaw. Produced by Bernard Hart and Martin Gabel, and directed by Mr. Gabel. The settings are by Boris Aronson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—You are not apt to find much to remind you of "Oklahoma!" in this elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are rather disappointing. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other performers, including Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, both old favorites, have come back with a fine company in this repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Cox and Box" will run through Saturday, Jan. 24, followed by a week of "The Gondoliers." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' hilarious Mack Sennett ballet are the high points of this one, but it is all quite good sport. George Abbott has directed a cast that includes Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—This revue, which offers at least two superlatively funny numbers, is a very welcome addition to the musical field. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics, Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Music in My Heart—A little something that may or may not have happened to Tschaikowsky, set to a vulgarization of his music. With Charles Fredericks and Martha Wright. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 24.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **brigadoon:** Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

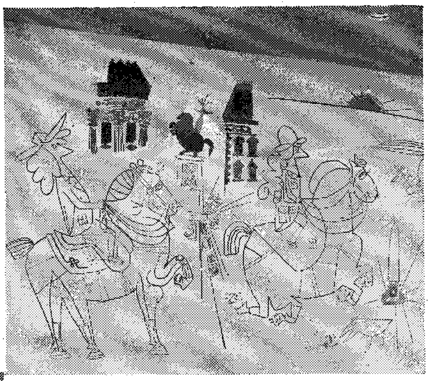
OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

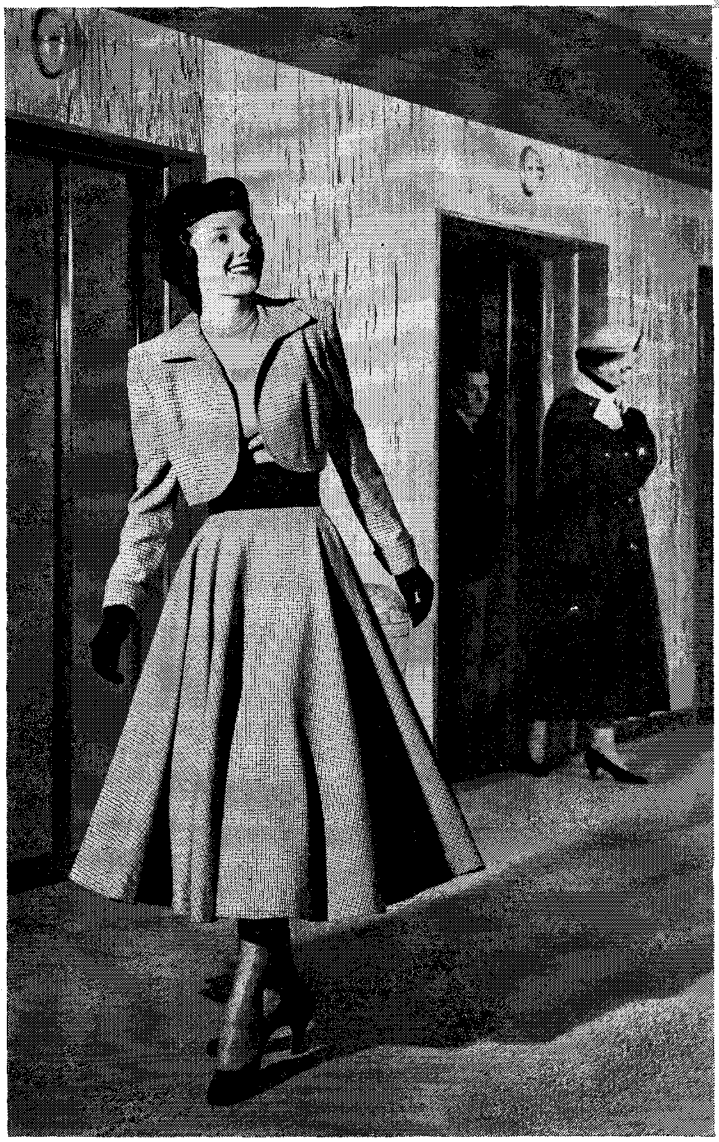
The New York City Theatre Company—"Angel Street," the second play in this repertory

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 49, January 24, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part ot this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippine Is., Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



hans van nes



meet me under the Steinberg murals.

that's young talk for our Young Seventh Floor . .
where you dub the cummerbund a "cinch"
and bolero's short for
"what's new in a junior suit."

our exclusive, 59.95 young seventh floor Bonwit Teller

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

series, with José Ferrer, Uta Hagen, and Richard Whorf. Opens Thursday, Jan. 22. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Last Dance—Oscar Homolka and Jessie Royce Landis in an adaptation, by Peter Goldbaum and Robin Short, of August Strindberg's "Dodsdancen." Directed by John O'Shaughnessy, and produced by Michael Ellis, James Russo, and Theatre Associates, Inc. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 27. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—Nancy Walker, with Harold Lang, Alice Pearce, and Janet Reed, in a musical comedy produced and directed by George Abbott. Robert E. Lee and Jerome Lawrence wrote the book, and the music and lyrics are by Hugh Martin. Opens Thursday, Jan. 29. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth Draper—This one-woman show is much as it always was, which, of course, is first-rate, though perhaps a little special. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Benefit Dance Recital—Martha Graham, Charles Weidman, José Limon, Jane Dudley, and others, in a program for the benefit of the Spanish Refugee Appeal. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Sunday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Rosario and Antonio—With their dance group. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, Jan. 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ice Shows—Sonja Henie and her company. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Sunday, from Thursday, Jan. 22, through Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Icetime of 1948," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Plays—Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre: "Sleeping Beauty." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Jan. 24, at 10:30. For tickets, call EN 2-6984.) . . . ¶ Children's World Theatre: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) . . . ¶ Children's Drama Guild: "River of Fear." (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

Puppets—Remo Bufano's puppet-and-marionette presentation of "Cinderella." (Fraternal Clubhouse, 110 W. 48th St. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, at 2 and 4. For tickets, call WA 9-2356.)

Movies—Films of interest to children are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) . . . ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every night, unless otherwise indicated. Several of them have fill-in entertainers on Sundays or Mondays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, Lary Siry, the inventor of the coming-out party, heads up a dance orchestra. A rumba band, too. No dancing on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's orchestra not only plays but puts on a show now and then in the Bowman Room. Tom Grant's orchestra helps out. Closed Sundays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A couple of dozen violins engaged in a repertoire that should win the corn-husking championship of 1948. There's also some comic dancing, by Mata and Hari, and tidy dance music by Billy Banks' band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A well-established preparatory school, noted for the excellence of its table. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this. Peter Walters is at the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Looking in here after the theatre has come to be an automatic reflex for certain characters-about-town. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band, and every once in a while a decorous little show, headed by the Calgary Brothers, is trundled forth. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a sumptuous arrangement of colorfully upholstered waiters, banquettes, and violinists, is the place for those who are fond of light wines and dancing. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Hildegarde, giving the customers within reach the once-over-lightly. Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's string orchestra turns out circumspect dinner music in the sedate Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Upstairs, in the Iridium Room, which is fairly regal, Ted Straeter, the town's best-dressed pianist, at the head of his new band. Johnny Guarnieri's trio keeps things lively during intermissions, and Mary Raye and Naldi (through Saturday, Jan. 24) dance at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under, in the good-looking Maisonette, a small show and plenty of dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band rustle up rococo music in the plushy Café Lounge. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The little ones seem never to tire of this midtown rumpus room. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The torch song (Gallic branch) done as convincingly as it ever will be, thanks to Edith Piaf. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room, Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's rumba band, both up to scratch, provide dance music, and at suppertime Victor Borge is up to his old (and often neat) tricks at the piano. No dancing on Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. No dancing on Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Glossy piano playing, at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform for dancing in this amiable standby. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A glittery showcase for (after eight-thirty) the piano music of Les Crosley. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Rose Murphy, teasing a piano and singing in her high-frequency fashion. Helen Humes, whose recordings you may recall, sings, too. Dance music by Ed Hall's band and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler is at the piano after nine-thirty in this ancient grotto. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty, when most of the gin-rummy games are over. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A cozy throwback to the twenties, with gypsy prowler music at dinner and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A comfortable oasis, with Alex Fogarty (after nine) gently stroking a baby grand. Closed Sundays. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): A calm little glade, with Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At teatime (it still exists) and dinner, dance music by the Dardanelle Trio. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Opéra-bouffe Russia served up with great verve. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub, in a jovial cellarette. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Ed Wynn in pristine form, which is worth a trip to Eighth Avenue to study. Jane Pickens sings, and Greb and Lober do some smart dances. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Irwin Corey, whose humor runs all the way from Broadway double takes to French double talk; Gertrude Niesen, still telling the folks that she wants to get married. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Kaye Ballard, singing some of the funniest songs in town. More abstruse humor by Leonard Elliott and Irma Jurist, and other lyric embellishments by Herb Jeffries and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Josephine Premice, that blithe young spirit from

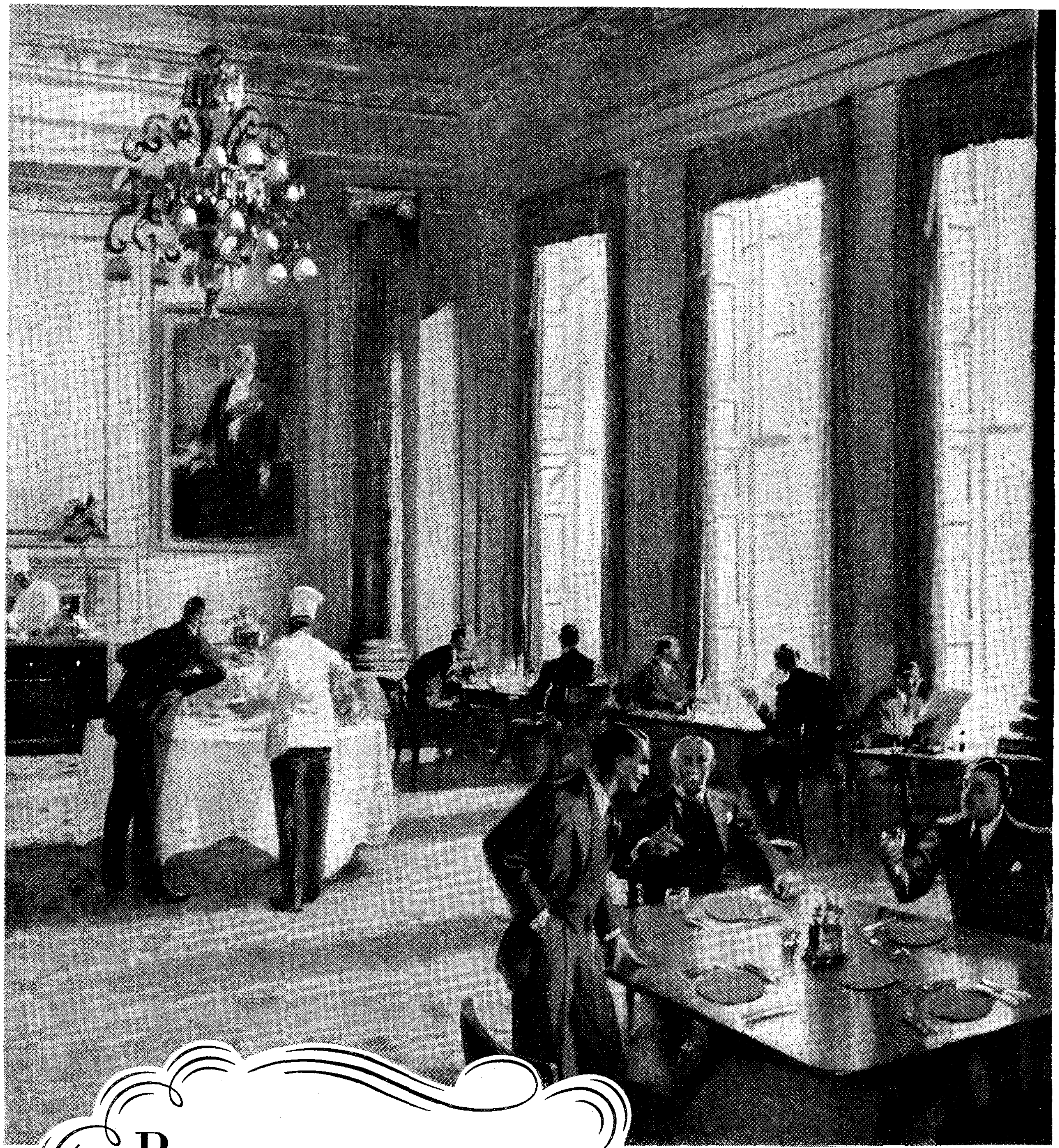
GENERAL MOTORS
HYDRA-MATIC
DRIVE

GM GENERAL MOTORS **HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE**

400,000 Oldsmobile owners, who drive the Hydra-Matic way, are blazing the trails tomorrow's motorists will follow. They go without shifting—without pushing a clutch—as Hydra-Matic Drive shifts the gears and does the footwork for them. During the past 8 years, these 400,000 Oldsmobile owners have *proved* the day-after-day dependability of GM Hydra-Matic Drive. And today, as Oldsmobile leads the way into a new Golden Era of progress and advancement, Hydra-Matic Drive is still *first . . . automatically!*

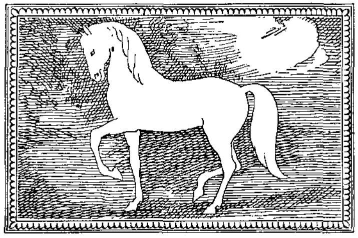
General Motors' Hydra-Matic Drive will be offered at extra cost in the Futuramic Oldsmobile "98" and the Dynamic "60" and "70" for 1948.

FUTURAMIC OLDSMOBILE



PLEASURE *was a business, and politics an art, when the bucks and the beaux, the Ministers and the great landed proprietors, established and frequented the fashionable London clubs.*

THE ART OF LIVING, in eighteenth-century London, reached its highest expression in the Town's exclusive clubs. Even then White Horse Whisky was the choice of aristocracy; the same urbane and mellow drink that satisfies the palates of men of taste today. In a changing world, London's clubs maintain their standards and their influence; and White Horse Whisky, still in high favour, does the same.



86.8 Proof. Browne-Vintners Co. Inc.,
New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors

WHITE HORSE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the West Indies, as well as Louise Howard and her comic songs. Dance music by Max Kaminsky's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The impeccable Maxine Sullivan. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Fin-de-siècle songs by Spivy. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The show here is mainly Hope Emerson, whose songs indicate that she's sorry life was ever invented.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, by night a pillar of fire, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. In between, the unique Joe Sullivan at the piano. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of eminent visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Freddie Ohms, Billy Butterfield, and Bob Casey, all merrily rattling the windowpanes. Visiting performers drop in here on Thursday nights and Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' musicianly trio. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): This big Spanish wine cellar is enlivened by the muted but turbulent rhythms of Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The circular bar once again surrounds Joe Marsala and his band, which, happily, also contains Adele Girard and her harp. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Sarah Vaughan (through Friday, Jan. 23) and Meade Lux Lewis are now operating here. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Lucky Thompson's band. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ben Webster's band and Al Casey's trio. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra, and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

CONSTANTINE ABANAVAS—Paintings on Biblical themes, severely stylized but effective. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 22.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—Paintings, most of them from the nineteen-thirties and some of them newly brought over from France. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

BRITISH—Drawings and water colors by Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and other contemporary artists. (Dix, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through Feb. 7.)

JO DAVIDSON—A retrospective show of nearly two hundred portrait busts. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 1.)

EARLY AMERICAN—Paintings, mostly portraits, by Peale, Copley, Trumbull, Stuart, and other eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century artists. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

ANGNA ENTERS—A show, both new and retrospective, of the dancer's ingenuous water colors, oils, and drawings. (Newhouse, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, continuing, with considerable success, this artist's attempts to express jazz in terms of painting. (Laurel, 48 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

EUROPEAN—Modern paintings and sculptures, in a show that mingles, quite interestingly, well-known figures with some that are less so. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—New York's Little Italy, painted in an animated style that may remind you somewhat of Rowlandson's. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

CARL HOLTY—Recent abstractions, cooler in color and less two-dimensional than his previous work. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

EDWARD HOPPER—First showing in some years of oils, both new and less recent, by a man who, in his quiet, representational way, outdoes many Surrealists in mood suggestion. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Jan. 31.)

HENRY KALLEM—Clowns, old houses, and other subjects, done in wistful semi-abstractions by the winner of last year's Pepsi-Cola contest. (Opportunity Gallery, 9 W. 57th St.; through Feb. 7.)

JOHN MARIN—Cape Split and other Maine-coast subjects, together with some ventures inland, in water colors and oils. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Jan. 31.)

HANS MOLLER—Flatly painted abstractions, many of them distinguished by an understated humor. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

NICOLAS MUZENIC—A first one-man show of abstractions that indicate a perceptive sense of color and pattern. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Jan. 24.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—New oils, often religious in theme, that are constructed with both dignity and solidity. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

JACKSON POLLOCK—One of the leading symbolic Expressionists shows new paintings, wilder and also more vigorous than most of the school's. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 23.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Blocky, massively designed industrial studies, mainly about life along the New York waterfront. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

KARL PRIEBE—A new collection of this artist's airy fantasies. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 31.)

ESTHER G. ROLICK—A young Expressionist with an adventurous and frequently strident manner of her own. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

MAX SPIVAK—Competent, unemotional abstract paintings. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

DOROTHEA TANNING—Surrealist canvases that are generally well worked out, though some of their references seem obscure or trivial. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

LA TAUSCA SHOW—This year's exhibition includes work by Stuart Davis, Everett Spruce, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi. (Riverside Museum, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 1.)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW—Paintings from his Paris period of 1925 to 1933, many of them never shown here before. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

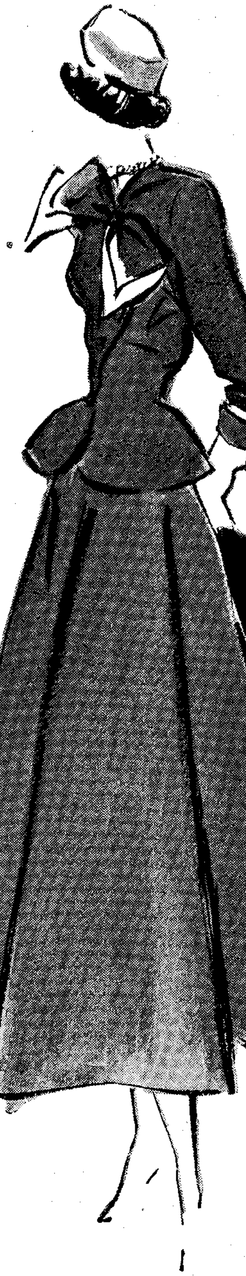
STOW WENGENROTH—A retrospective show by the prominent lithographer. (Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.; through Feb. 1.)

EDWARD WINTER AND THELMA FRAZIER WINTER—Abstractions in enamel murals and plaques by the first; ceramic sculpture by the second. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 30.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Arbit Blatas; through Feb. 7. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Eighteenth-century French paintings; through Feb. 21. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and others; through Feb. 7. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Alexandra Pregel; through Feb. 7. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park: Fiftieth annual members' show; through Feb. 12.

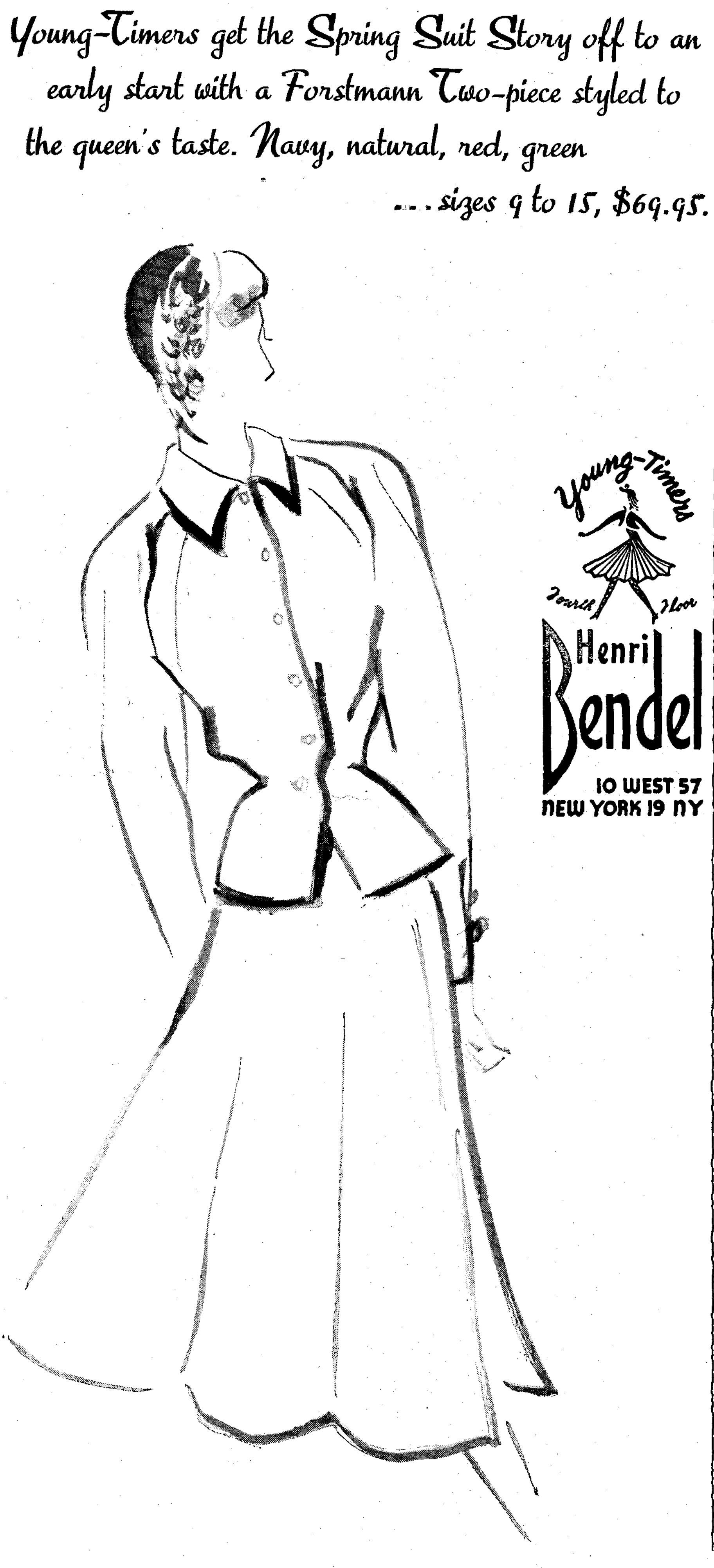
MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government; through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Prints by



NEW SEASON-NEW NAVY
TO START SPRING UNDER FURS.
PURE-TONED, PUREST WOOL
IN A FREE-FLARING SKIRT,
AND PRIM, PEPLUMED JACKET
SALTED WITH WHITE PIQUE
AT THROAT AND WRISTS.
SIZES 10 TO 18. **69.95**

Jane engel
Madison at 79th New York 21


Young-Timers get the Spring Suit Story off to an early start with a Forstmann Two-piece styled to the queen's taste. Navy, natural, red, green
....sizes 9 to 15, $69.95.
Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Japanese artists of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 15.... ¶ A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty-one additions to the Museum's collection; *through March 21*.... ¶ Water colors by children, selected from a series of national contests run annually in France during the last few years and showing what surprisingly good work the tots can do when they get a bit of *encouragement; through March 21*.... ¶ Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective display of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1947 Annual of Contemporary American Paintings, rather mixed as to both style and quality, but a lively show nevertheless. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 25.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Eleanor Steber, Mimi Benzell, and Charles Kullman. ... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23, at 8:30: "Tosca," with Pia Tassinari and Ferruccio Tagliavini.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Rose Bampton, Helen Traubel, and Lauritz Melchior.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Regina Resnik, Bidu Sayao, and Ezio Pinza; a benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund. For tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006. ... ¶ *Monday evening, Jan. 26*, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Daniza Ilitsch, Risë Stevens, and Richard Tucker.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 28, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner, Jarmila Novotna, and Emanuel List.... ¶ Thursday matinée, Jan. 29, at 1: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and Herbert Janssen.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Felix Knight, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Melchiorre Luise. ... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Nadine Conner and Francesco Valentino.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31, at 2: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, Mimi Benzell, and Ferruccio Tagliavini.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31, at 8: "Manon," with Eleanor Steber, James Melton, and Martial Singher.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 23, at 2:30.... ¶ Walter Hendl conducting: Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:45.... ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, at 3.... ¶ Charles Münch conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 29, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 30, at 2:30 (both with Nicole Henriot, piano), and Saturday evening, Jan. 31, at 8:45 (with Zadel Skolovsky, piano).

Schola Cantorum—Hugh Ross directing, with Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo pianists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

New Friends of Music—The Collegiate Chorale, conducted by Robert Shaw. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, at 5:30.)

Bach Aria Group—William H. Scheide directing the first in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Frederick Jagel—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Jascha Spivakovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 2:30.)

Robert Goldsand—In the second of three piano

The Best Dressed Cars are wearing Rayon!

You'd hardly ask your best living room chair to double as a park bench. Yet that's virtually what people expect of their cars' seat covers—smooth luxury, plus resistance to wear, tear and the great outdoors. And keep the price down!

Engineers of American Viscose got together with a prominent maker of automobile seat covers to see what could be done.

Conditions called for strength. High strength rayon was supplied. They called for durability and smoothness. A durable, smooth weave was devised for the sturdy fibers. They called for color fastness, washability and a range of striking colors to match the beauty and variety of today's car colors.

It is not that the task was so difficult. The important thing to note is that the requirements of the end product were met by cooperation between American Viscose engineers and its customer, the manufacturer. And thanks to this, you can now buy just about the finest ready-made auto seat covers ever produced in rayon . . . at prices you can afford. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Avisco

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

AMERICA'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

Going South?

Once upon a time there was an Indian princess, perhaps an ancestress of the lovely lady here illustrated. She was a very beautiful princess. She lived in Miami. Indeed, so runs the legend, it was her exclamation of pleasure that gave Miami its name. White Man told her how beautiful she was. She smiled: "O-my-am-I"!!

Be in the swim!

Where there is an evidence of fine living, there Style belongs in its own right. Indeed, whether in or out of the water, a man always wants to be "in the swim."

With men who move in such circles, the choice of the Rogers Peet label is instinctive.

White dinner coats, sports jackets, slacks, sports shirts, swim trunks, beach robes, straw hats, sports shoes—and the kind of luggage that commands and gets recognition!

Rogers Peet Company
Makers of Fine Clothes

In New York:
Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street

Thirteenth St. *at* Broadway

Warren Street *at* Broadway

And in Boston:
Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 5:30.)

Pascal Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:15.)

Efrem Zimbalist—Violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:40.)

Josef Raieff—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Martha Briney—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

National Association of American Composers and Conductors—The Harold Kohon Quartet, Tom Scott, and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Sunday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Roth Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Budapest Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Monday evening, Jan. 26, and Wednesday evening, Jan. 28, at 8:40.)

Lubka Kolessa—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Sascha Gorodnitzki—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Donald Dickson—Baritone. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Robert Kitain—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 31, at 2:30.)

Thomas Ryan—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 31, at 2:30.)

Ezio Pinza—Bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Jan. 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

Note—George Chavchavadze will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 1, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 27, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Art Tatum and others. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 31, at 11:30.)

Burl Ives—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, at 3:30.)

Benefit Concert—Risë Stevens, Ezio Pinza, Paul Draper, and others, in a program for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Waldorf-Astoria. Friday evening, Jan. 30, at 8:30. For information concerning admission, call CO 5-7460.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(*The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.*)

Boxing—Jackie Cranford vs. Gino Buonvino, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 30. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, Jan. 24: N.Y.A.C. vs. Squadron A Falcons (a match in the Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament), and another match, to be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31: N.Y.A.C. vs. Squadron A Regulars (a tournament match), and another match, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Track—The Millrose Athletic Association meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8 P.M.)

Snow Trains—Every Friday evening when snow conditions warrant, a special train will leave Grand Central at 7:05 for Manchester and Rutland, Vt. The return trip gets to New York Sunday night at 11:30.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meet-

Imagination creates a super finish
TO MAKE CARS LAST LONGER FOR YOU

Demonstrating smoothness of *Superfinish,* developed by creative imagination at Chrysler Corporation

A mirror that reflects more miles!

The "mirror" in this picture is tough steel—*Superfinished.*

It's really mirror-smooth . . . when that engineer runs a needle across its surface, even his medical stethoscope doesn't detect the slightest scratch.

That *Superfinish* method, used on many vital moving parts of our cars, successfully cuts down what used to be considered "normal" wear!

It was developed by Chrysler production experts seeking a new and finer metal-finishing process. In those days, certain car parts lasted longer when hand-finished than when finished by the best factory methods. Could they invent a machine that would duplicate or improve on slow hand work without its high cost?

They could and did. And the result is *Superfinish*—a method of finishing metal far more smoothly than ever before possible. Vital parts of all Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars are *Superfinished* today. These cars are quieter, perform better, because *Superfinish* allows closer fit and better lubrication of parts. Wear is cut to a minimum. A few seconds of *Superfinishing* can mean *many extra months* of trouble-free operation for your car's moving parts.

This great development is another example of how we apply practical *imagination* to make our cars the most advanced of all—year after year.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH DODGE DE SOTO CHRYSLER

Airtemp Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration **Chrysler** Marine & Industrial Engines **Dodge** Job-Rated Trucks **Oilite** Powdered Metal Products **Mopar** Parts & Accessories **Cycleweld**

MR. JAMES WARNER BELLAH, DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR OF "IRREGULAR GENTLEMAN"

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Lord Calvert . . . so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* . . . is a truly distinguished whiskey, intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. Enjoy Lord Calvert in your next highball and discover the most genuinely pleasant drink you ever tasted. Tonight, at your favorite bar or store . . . speak the name Lord Calvert!

A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty can attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is "A Trip to Mars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of Bibles in various forms, languages, and editions, including papyrus, Gutenberg, illuminated manuscript, and American Indian. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"From the Neck Up," an exhibition of hats, earrings, masks, nose plugs, and innumerable other furbelows of this kind that man—or, more likely, woman—has thought of. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Paintings by European artists, including Raeburn, Francis Cotes, and Lucas Cranach, owned by Dr. Silvain S. Brunschwig and others. (Auction, Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ Books illustrated by modern French painters, including Bonnard, Chagall, and Dufy, collected by Carlton Lake. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, and Monday, Jan. 26, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 2 and 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ Prints by such modern French artists as Matisse, Rouault, Segonzac, and Bonnard, from the collections of Carlton Lake and another owner. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 26-27, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ English furniture and objects of art, owned by Mrs. John Russell Pope and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Jan. 24, and Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 26-28, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, at 2 P.M.)

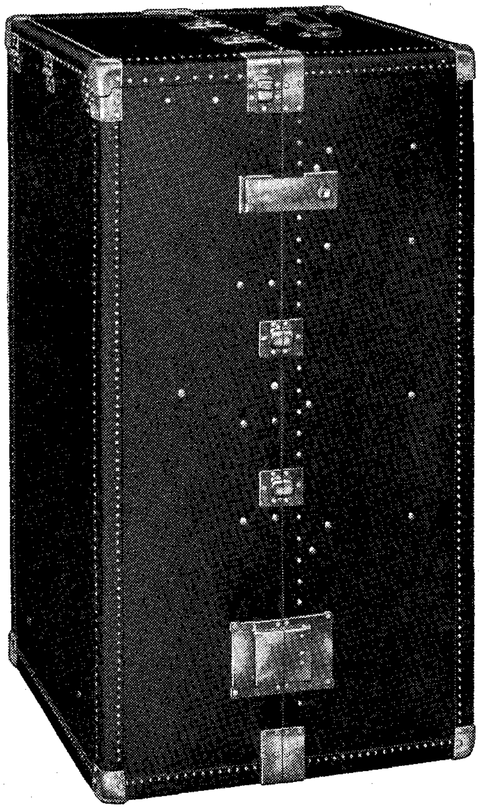
ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings is broadcast Mondays through Fridays at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

Music—Metropolitan Opera: "Die Walküre," with Rose Bampton, Helen Traubel, and Lauritz Melchior, Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Ernest Ansermet conducting, Saturday, Jan. 24, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Alexander Hilsberg conducting, Saturday, Jan. 24, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ London Symphony, Clarence Raybould conducting, Sunday, Jan. 25, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Lily Pons, soprano, Monday, Jan. 26, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Budapest Quartet, Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 1:15 P.M., WJZ.

Television—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Jan. 25, at 9:10 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Leo G. Carroll and Betty Field in "Angel Street," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Basketball: Navy vs. George Washington, Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:45 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Boxing: Jackie Cranford vs. Gino Buonvino, Friday, Jan. 30; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Track: Millrose Athletic Association meet, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8 P.M., WCBS.



A vacation is really a vacation with a Hartmann WARDROBE TRUNK...

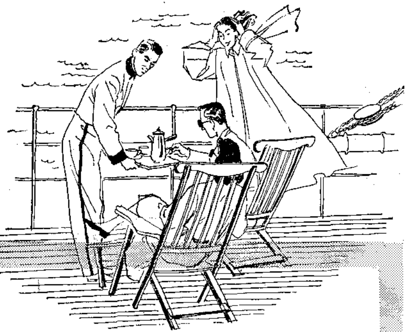
no weighty problems on your trip...

no pressing ones when you arrive

For cruises, and extended vacationland stays . . . the Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk . . . takes luggage off your hands . . . gives your clothes the wardrobe-closet comfort and protection they enjoy at home.

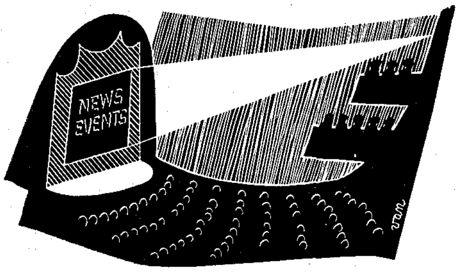
Hartmann

HARTMANN COMPANY · RACINE, WISCONSIN



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Fugitive—A disappointing film, in spite of the eminence of its makers. (It was directed by John Ford, and Dudley Nichols adapted a novel by Graham Greene for the screen play.) It tries, unsuccessfully, to draw profound religious inferences from the story of a harried priest in an anti-clerical Latin-American country. Henry Fonda is only depressing as the hero, and the rest of the cast are not much help, either. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attempt to deal with the anti-Semitic problem that isn't a great improvement on the novel. With John Garfield, Gregory Peck, and Dorothy McGuire. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

I Know Where I'm Going—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey in a British comedy about a lady with her eye on the main chance who succumbs to the blandishments of a kilted Scot. The plot may be antique, but it's handled with so much refreshing good humor that you probably won't care. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—A very literal screen translation of the lengthy O'Neill melodrama, which suffers somewhat from the reluctance of its producers to alter it to fit the cinematic medium. Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou, neither of them quite up to the standard set by Alla Nazimova and Alice Brady in the stage production, lead the cast. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740. Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and Sundays at 2, 5:15, and 8:30 P.M.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Hollywood has added considerable confusion to James Thurber's story, but Danny Kaye helps to compensate for any inadequacies with some fine foolish turns. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 23-25. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting Jan. 26. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Jan. 27.)

Shoe-Shine—The simply told tragedy of two Roman boys who get mixed up in the city's black market during the American occupation. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659; through Jan. 23.)

Tawny Pipit—An English piece that manufactures some gentle fun from such mild ingredients as birdwatchers and nest-rifling ornithologists. The cast, headed by Bernard Miles, is always fine. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 22.)

To Live in Peace—An Italian film that, without any preaching, considers the brotherhood of man, as expressed by a peasant who befriends a pair of G.I.s, one of them colored, in an Italian village during the war. Humorous, compassionate, and altogether satisfactory. Aldo Fabrizi is magnificent as the peasant, and the others in the cast are almost as good. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Volpone—A wonderfully funny French adaptation of the Ben Jonson farce about a miser. Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet demonstrate what a pair of good actors can do with a good theme when they have enough room to turn around in. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Jan. 26.)

Angel and Sinner (1947)—A French combined version of de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi." (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 23.)

A Cage of Nightingales (1947)—A French story of a schoolteacher who transforms a gang of juvenile hoodlums into lyrical cherubs. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Jan. 22.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French; with Louis Jouvet. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; through Jan. 23.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working girls' home. In French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 26.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; tentative, Jan. 27.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; matinée only, Jan. 22.)

Ninotchka (1939)—The Garbo comedy. With Melvyn Douglas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 23.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. A British picture. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Jan. 28.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. An English picture, with Charles Laughton again. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Jan. 22.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 26-28.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Jan. 28.)

Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; tentative, Jan. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Jan. 22-25, at 3 P.M.: "Since You Went Away" (1944), with Claudette Colbert and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 26, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"If Winter Comes," Walter Pidgeon, Deborah Kerr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"T-Men," Dennis O'Keefe.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Through Jan. 23: "Women in the Night," Tala Birell.
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through Jan. 27: "Tycoon," John Wayne, Laraine Day, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Judith Anderson.
From Jan. 28: "Night Song," Merle Oberon, Dana Andrews.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"I Walk Alone," Lizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Captain from Castile," Tyrone Power, Jean Peters.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Jan. 27: "An Ideal Husband," Paulette Goddard, Michael Wilding.
From Jan. 28 (tentative): "You Were Meant for Me," Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Jan. 27: "Good News," June Allyson, Peter Lawford; and "Murder in Reverse," revival, William Hartnell.
From Jan. 28: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Treasure of Sierra Madre," Humphrey Bogart.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
THE FUGITIVE.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"The Voice of the Turtle," Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, Eve Arden.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Secret Beyond the Door," Joan Bennett, Michael Redgrave.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
Through Jan. 23: **SHOE-SHINE.**
From Jan. 24: "A Lover's Return" (in French), Louis Jouvet, Gaby Morlay.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Jan. 23: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS**, revival; "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, Jean Cocteau film; and "Lot in Sodom," revival, short Surrealist film.
From Jan. 24: "Hôtel du Nord" (in French), revival; and "The Nine Bachelors" (in French), revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"The Eternal Return" (in French), another Cocteau piece.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
NINOTCHKA, revival.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Jan. 22 (matinée only): **HENRY V**, revival.
From Jan. 23: "Holiday Camp," Flora Robson, Dennis Price.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Furia" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TO LIVE IN PEACE.

When does a man start slipping?

The moment comes to every man.

The moment when he realizes that he isn't the man he used to be . . .

That the days of his peak earning power are over . . .

That some day not so very far away some younger man will step into his shoes.

When does this time come?

It varies with many things.

But of one thing you can be sure. It will come to you as surely as green apples get ripe—and fall off the tree.

Is this something to worry about? Well, yes. But . . . constructively. For that kind of worrying can lead you to save money systematically.

What's the best way to do this? By buying U. S. Savings Bonds . . . *automatically*. Through the Payroll Savings Plan. Or through the Bond-A-Month Plan at your checking account bank.

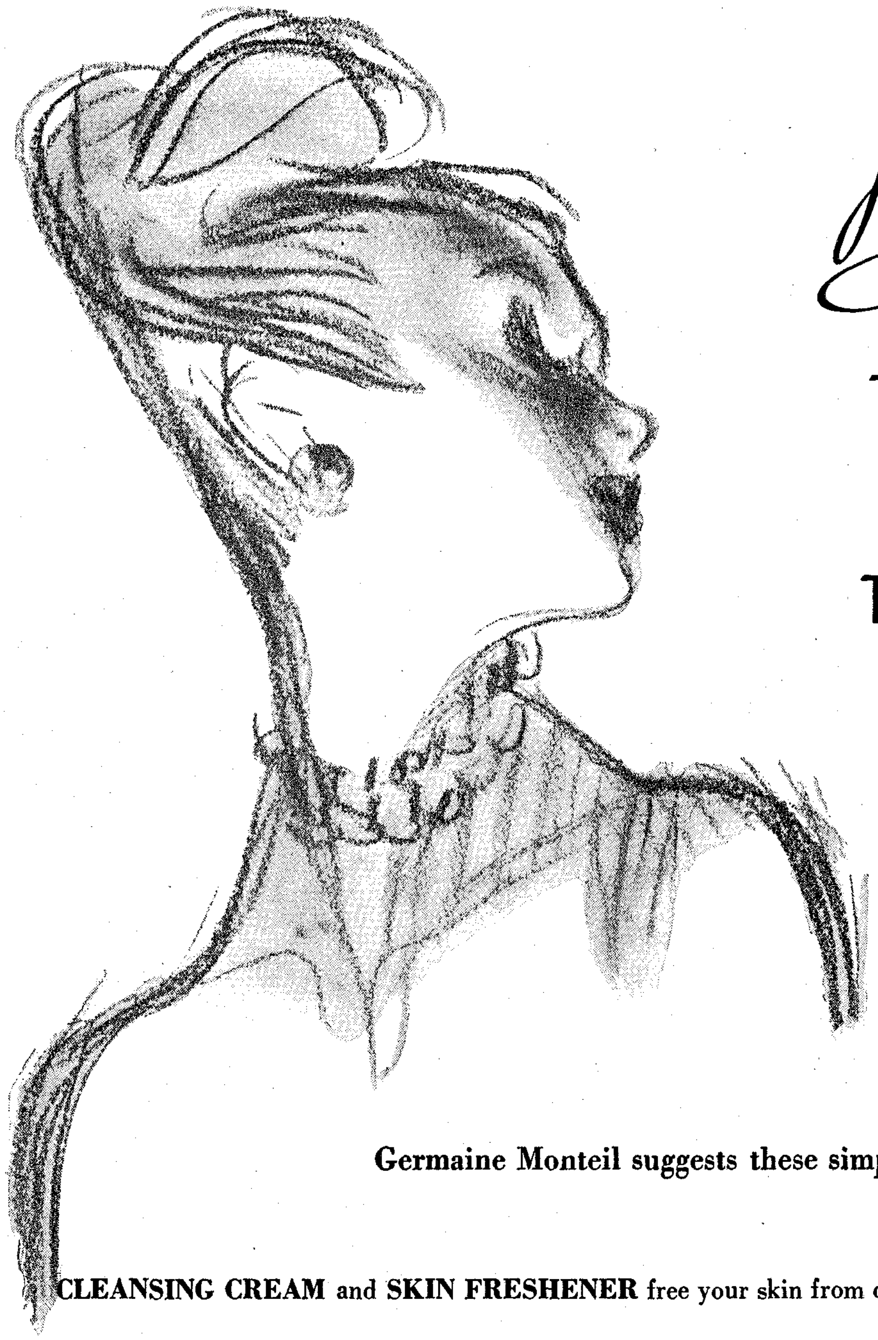
Either method is an almost foolproof system of saving. It's automatic. You don't put it off. There's no "I'll start saving next month"—no "Let's bust the piggy bank."

And you get back four dollars, at maturity, for every three invested.

So why not take this one step now that will make your future so much brighter?

Get on the Payroll Savings Plan—or the Bond-A-Month Plan—today.

Sure saving because it's automatic—U.S. Savings Bonds



Beauty—

TO HAVE

and

TO HOLD

Germaine Monteil suggests these simple steps to loveliness:

CLEANSING CREAM and **SKIN FRESHENER** free your skin from daily grime; rouse it to living loveliness.

NIGHT and **ROSE SKIN CREAM** soothe and lubricate your skin while you sleep.

ASTRINGENT and **PLASTIC CREAM** — foundations for classic beauty.

BEAUTY BALM and **SENSITONE LOTION** protect your skin . . . give it young translucency . . .
the one for normal skins, the other for sensitive skins.

POWDER swiftly vanishes, leaving only beauty in its wake.

LIPSTICK animates your own skin tone with the very pulse of color.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

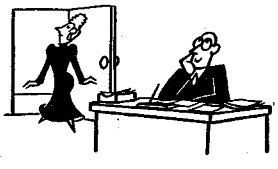
Notes and Comment

COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY NOTE: A tailor on East Thirteenth Street has put a sign in his window reading, "We Shorten Dresses While U Wait."

INFLATION NOTE: The Whelan drugstores are featuring a piggy bank advertised to hold "up to $1,000."

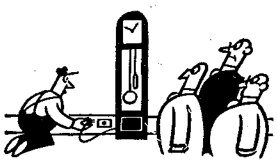
NOTHING, we think, could more patly illustrate the difference between being the President of the United States and being an ordinary citizen of Independence, Missouri, than the current discussion about a porch for the White House. The Trumans want a porch—"an outside breathing space," according to the President's secretary—where they can get some air and still have some privacy. If Mr. Truman were in Independence, he would wait until, one day, he ran into the carpenter down the street, a man he had known since they went to school together, and ask him whether he could find time to build a porch. "Well," the man would say, "might be able to do it in a week or so." Three weeks later, the carpenter would appear with an assistant—a young man learning the trade or an older man who combined farming with part-time carpentry; the two would make some calculations, drive off to buy the lumber and nails, come back, and get to work. In three or four days, the porch would be done. Total cost: labor, $90; lumber and nails, $50; paint, $15; and another $20 for a man to put the paint on, unless Mr. Truman decided to do it himself. As soon as the paint dried (a day later than whenever it said on the can), the Trumans would move some rockers and a glider out there, and in the spring they would put in some flowering vines to shield them from the street a little, and sit and watch people go by. At the White House, things are different. Starting from the same impulse, a desire to have a porch, the procedure is to consult the National Fine Arts Commission (it disapproved), hire an architect and instruct him that his aim is to "restore the integrity of the six classic columns of the portico," award a contract to a construction company ($15,000), try to get support from the D.A.R., the S.A.R., and state historical museums, check the specifications with Congressional leaders, and prime some columnists with suitable arguments. It all seems hardly worth the trouble, particularly since the Trumans don't *own* the house.

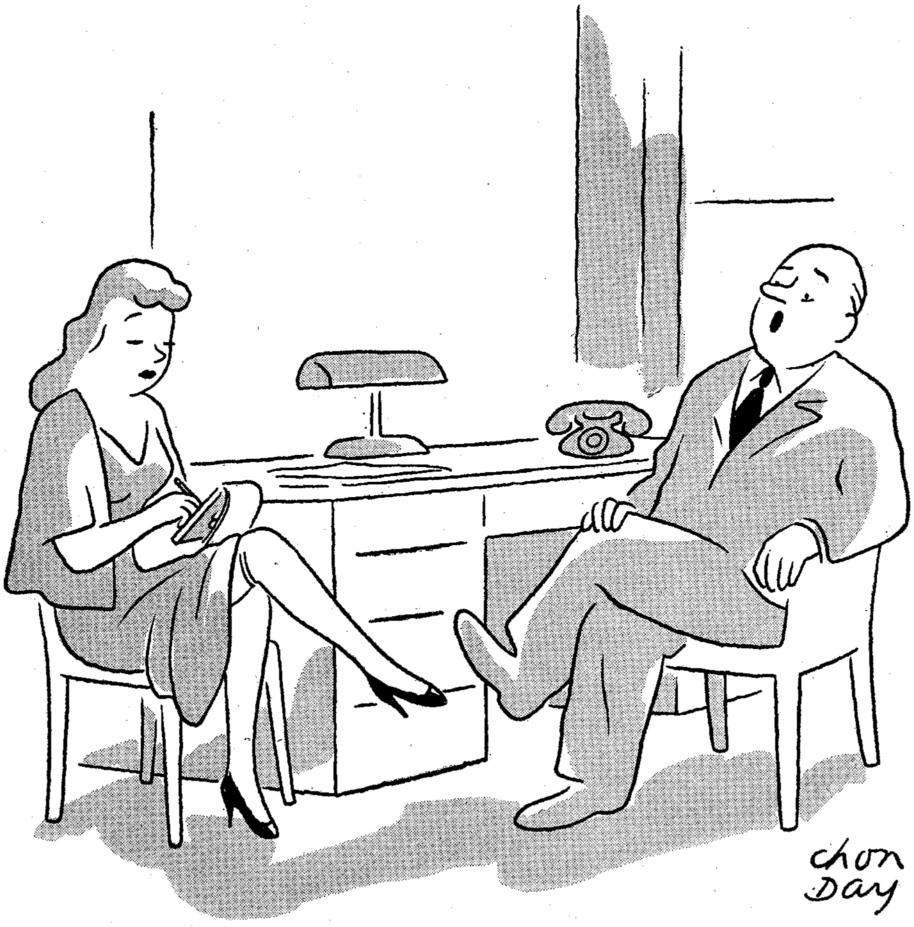
THE most outspoken criticism we have heard of the Kinsey book came from a woman in our own office—a magnificent person, a retired adventuress who was the toast of European capitals in Franz Josef's day and who has long been in charge of our Up and Down & This and Them Department. "Why, it's a scandal the way all the old dodoes around this office are reading that silly Kinsey book," she said. "Can you imagine anyone wanting to revive sex now? And the innocence of these old characters! I've skimmed through the book and I had to know all that stuff at fourteen before Mother would let us girls go to the Grange dances. Behavior patterns, my eye! Every girl knows that the behavior of the male is unspeakable. He's a skeezix." And she breezed out of the room, trailing memories of Budapest, Cairo, Prague, Nice, when half the old skeezixes of Europe were sitting at her feet.



HAVING taken over the future and wired it for light, heat, and sound, General Electric is now invading the past. It has been advertising an electric grandfather's clock, the tacit implication of its copy being, seemingly, that G. E. can not only imitate the past but improve on it. The new product is described as "a truly magnificent grandfather's clock of eighteenth-century design—even to weights and pendulum." The modern touches are that the weights don't make the clock go or the chimes ring, and that although the pendulum swings—for verisimilitude and out of fear that if it didn't swing, people would distrust the whole proposition—it is electrically impelled to do so.

G. E. faced one of the most ticklish problems of its career when it had to decide whether an electric grandfather's clock should tick. On the one hand, it had made much of the fact that all its clocks are absolutely silent. On the other hand, all the non-electric grandfather's clocks ever made had ticked. G. E. engineers stood confidently ready to provide a tick. The final verdict was no tick, and a switch to shut off the chimes at night, if desired. Switches of this sort existed in Grandfather's day, but, from what we've heard, the chimes were usually allowed to ring throughout the night. In the event of sickness or insomnia, Grandfather would put on his slippers and go downstairs to switch them off. The G.E. grandfather's clock is known as the Adams and sells for $535, plus $107 federal tax. It comes knocked down, like a prefabricated garage, and should be as-





"Gentlemen: Regarding your garter of the fourteenth . . ."

•   •

sembled, levelled, and calibrated by a specialist authorized by G.E. to do it. One clock was recently shipped to Liberia, however, and nobody knows who's going to get it together over there.

While we were at it, we had an assistant inquire of a few stores about the grandfather's-clock business in general. He found it rather slow. Macy's has sold ten or twelve Adamses and had one on display at the time of his call. The only electric grandfather's clock Gimbel's had was a fourteen-inch-high model, sometimes known in the trade as a grandson clock. This type has an electrically activated pendulum, no weights, and sells for $14.95. Gimbel's was quick to assure our aide that it had a number of honest-to-goodness antique wind-up grandfather's clocks, ranging in price from $142 to $503, none guaranteed to be in working order. Bloomingdale's sells electric grandfather's clocks put out by the Revere Clock Company. The cheapest model, which is also known as the Adams, sells for only $474, tax included. Our man asked Bloomingdale's who buys grandfather's clocks these days. "Three classes of people," he was told. "First, people who had a grandfather with one, and didn't get it in his will; second, people whose interior decorators instruct them to buy one; third, people who want something to fill up a space in the front hall too small for a credenza and too big for a mop."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a notice in the barbershop of the Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field: "This chair is reserved for officers except when not occupied."

The faintly ferocious slogan of a demolition concern in Dallas, Texas, is "We could wreck the Pyramids."

The Uptown Theatre, a Boston double-feature house that calls itself "Boston's finest," does its best to prove its point by habitually designating the lesser of its two offerings as the "Associate Feature."

There's a barbecue-and-soft-drink stand in Miami called the Juke of Windsor.

The library of the Chicago Law Institute has reported the loss, apparently by theft, of a legal tome containing the American Bar Association's "Canons of Ethics."

On Their Feet

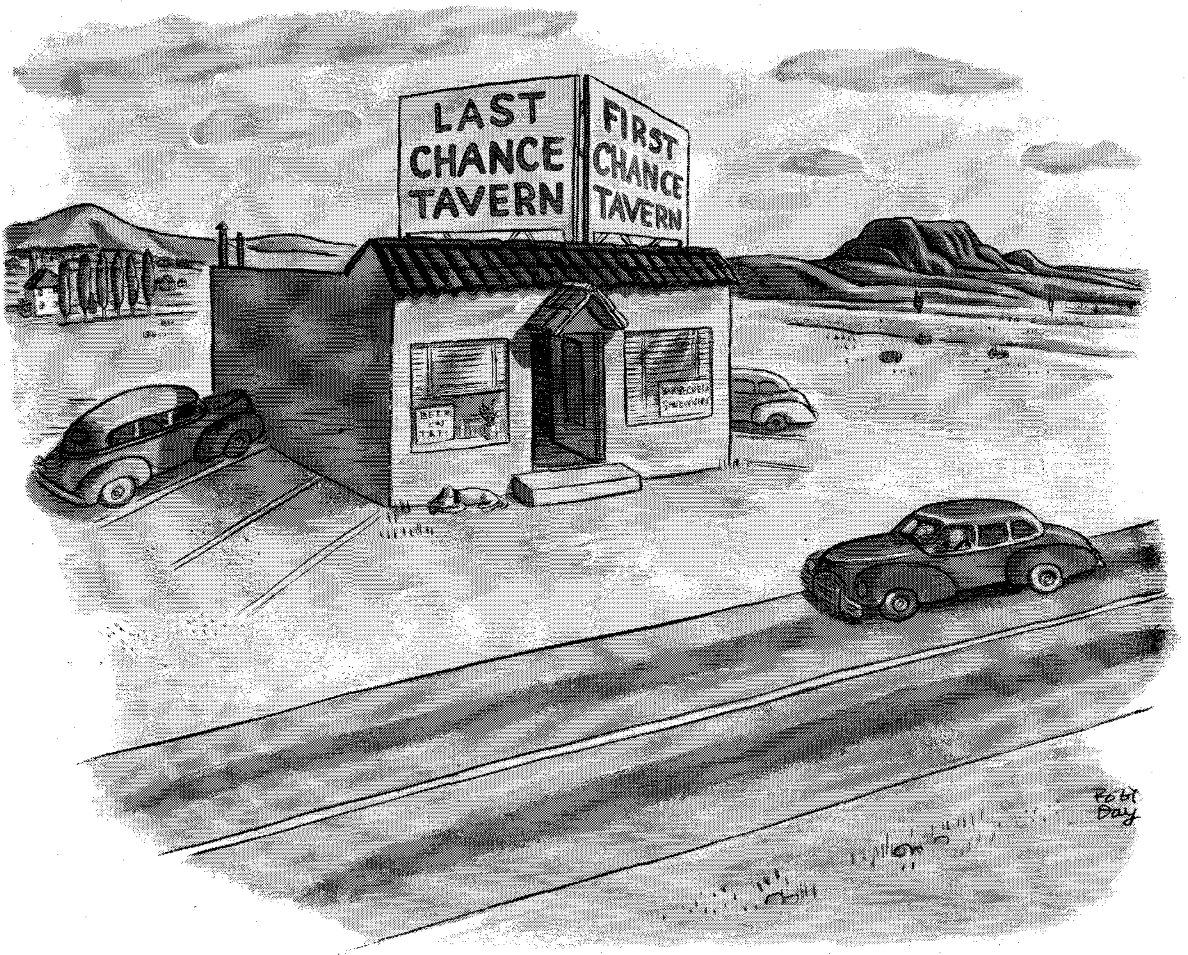
THE four fastest skaters in all Korea stopped off on their journey to St. Moritz and the Winter Olympics long enough to take in the ice show at the Center Theatre and a few other sights, and for us to take *them* in. We met them in an abandoned church on East Houston Street, where the Korean-American Trading Company has its American base, and communicated with them through two local bilingual Korean businessmen named Walter Jhung and Won Soon Lee. The skaters were Dong Sung Moon, Chong Kook Lee, Hiyo Chang Lee, and Young Chin Choi, all bright-eyed, exceedingly cheerful young men, who embraced with effusive smiles and happy nods everything to which their interpreters committed them.

Jhung started things off by explaining, in a single, alarmingly long breath, that he doesn't ice-skate himself but sometimes roller-skates; that the skating season in Korea is only a month and a half long; that, like most Western sports, it is comparatively new to Koreans, who get their exercise mostly by swinging, and flying kites; that the Korean Olympic men prefer a skate with a seventeen-inch blade; and that they wish Olympic skating races were held under American rather than European rules. Jhung paused, took a deep breath, and told us that rock throwing used to be practically a national pastime in Korea but has largely gone out among adults now. Entire populations of villages used to meet in competitions at which they threw rocks at each other and at inanimate objects. After consulting with his visiting countrymen, Jhung then explained—and it seemed pleasantly one-worldish to be getting such information from him—that in European-style races the skater skates against time. One man starts in the inside lane and another in the outside lane; when they've reached the halfway point, they switch lanes, so the distance travelled will be equal, and are both clocked. When those two finish, two more skaters take off. The man who completes the course in the least time wins. If you happen to fall down, it's just too bad for you. In the American style, it's every man for himself, and if you happen to knock another skater down, it's just too bad for him.

While Jhung let his lungs refill, Won

Soon Lee told us that Korea had wanted to send a couple of female figure skaters to the Winter Olympics but hadn't had sufficient funds, that American soldiers in Korea took up a collection to help pay the cost of sending representatives to the Summer Olympics, that the money for the Winter Olympics was subscribed by the Korean people, and that this is the first time Korea has ever been represented in the Olympics as an independent nation. Up to now, the Koreans have had to appear under the Japanese flag. Drawing another deep breath and signalling to Won Soon Lee that he was back in shape, Jhung informed us that Young Chin Choi is by a good many years the senior member of the team, being thirty-six, and, when not skating, head of an export company in Seoul; that Hiyo Chang Lee is twenty-eight and a junior at Korea University; that Dong Sung Moon is twenty-five and also a junior there; and that Chong Kook Lee is twenty-seven and a post-graduate student at Dong Gook University. The three students are majoring in economics. "We've been stepped on for a long time," Jhung said, "but we have real hopes now that Korea will be able to get on its feet."

There are no indoor rinks in Korea, and the team was particularly interested in a tour it made of the refrigerating apparatus and rink at Madison Square Garden. Through Jhung, with smiles, nods, and a courteous raising of eyebrows, they indicated their astonishment at the fact that ice three-quarters of an inch thick could be so hard. It was even better, they thought, than the ice at Lake Placid, where they practiced for a few days before coming here. We asked them if they'd tried the rink at Rockefeller Center, and they said they had but didn't like it—too dinky for those seventeen-inch blades.



Lost Soul

A WRITER we've heard of found that he couldn't get much work done in his three-room apartment, because of his wife, children, dog, pet turtle, and friends, and decided to try the Public Library. He'd heard that Maxwell Anderson worked on "What Price Glory?" there. He set up in the main reading room, and the first day wrote steadily and successfully for eight hours solid, except for a brief break for lunch. Next morning, he was back early, but he'd hardly more than laid out his papers before him when an attendant came over and said he couldn't just sit there and write—the rules didn't permit it. It turned out that he'd be all right, though, if he had a book and kept it open in front of him, any book. Without giving it a thought, the writer picked Volume 21 of the Encyclopædia Britannica, SORD to TEXTILE, arranged it on the table, and tried to get back into the heady swing of the day before. He didn't succeed, and he realized after a while that this was because his nagging subconscious had become preoccupied with SORD. Presently, he was engrossed in the career of Sordello, a brawling thirteenth-century troubadour. From that, he proceeded helplessly to SORDINO, SORDONI, and SORDUN, a "musical term somewhat promiscuously applied." At last accounts, he was deep in SPECTROSCOPY and hadn't set a pencil to paper in three days, poor fellow.

Away

A LOCAL lady tells us that she bought a green evening gown one afternoon last week and, thinking that she might want a purse or gloves to match it, asked the salesgirl what shade she'd call it. The girl reflected a moment and replied, "Pine green, Ma'am." Then, glancing out over the concrete sidewalk and the bleak street beyond, she added, "That's a tree that grows in Canada."

Here to Stay

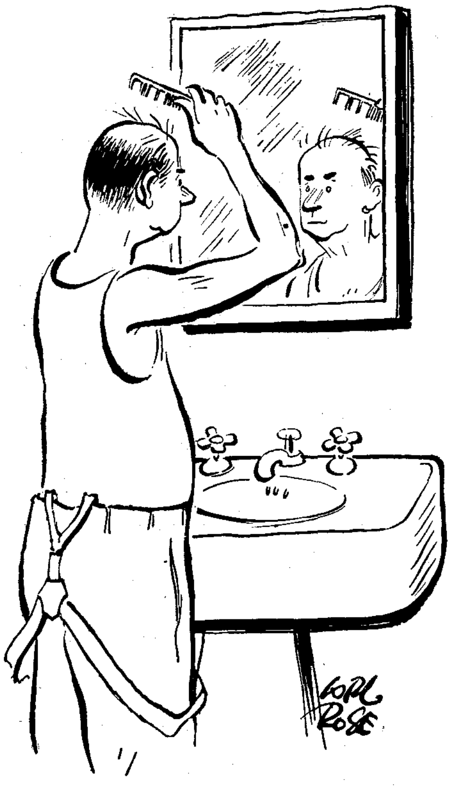
WE'VE finally come to grips with the subject of self-service commercial laundries, which have broken out all over town, the way those glittering frozen-food stores did a couple of years ago. Three chains of self-service laundries are now operating here—Launderette, Laundromat, and Launder-Ease—and we'll do our best to keep the names straight. Launderette is the oldest and largest of the three, with a hundred and fifty or so outlets in the city and a total of some twelve hundred throughout the country, located in—oh, say, seven hundred cities and towns. The laundries are all run on the same principle as the Howard Johnson restaurants: each outlet is separately owned but uses the equipment of a single concern and lives up to uniform standards. In the case of Launderettes, the concern is the Telecoin Corporation, which is the official distributor of the commercial-model Bendix washing machine. The number of Bendixes, or Bendices, in a Launderette varies from ten to sixty, and the charge is from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents. Some Launderettes are coin-operated, some not. It's the same with Launder-Eases. All Laundromats are coin-operated. In practically every laundry that charges a quarter, soap is five cents extra and bluing and bleach cost another five cents. The Bendix holds nine pounds of wash, and the Launderette company's slogan is "Your Whole Week's Wash in Thirty Minutes." The wash comes out damp-dry, but many Launderettes are equipped with Bendix driers, which dry clothes completely, or ninety-nine per cent completely, in another thirty minutes. Coin-operated or not, all the laundries have attendants on hand to make change or collections, give advice, and, what is of prime importance, see to it that nobody tries to stuff more than nine pounds of wash into a machine. There's a set of scales to settle disputes. Laundromat has a hundred local outlets at present and uses the Westinghouse Laundromat washer, which, like the Bendix, takes nine pounds and thirty minutes. No slogan worked out yet. Launder-Ease has only one laundry around here so far—in Flushing; it plans to open its first Manhattan outlet soon. It uses the Launderall washer, which is made by the F. L. Jacobs Company, of Detroit: nine pounds, thirty minutes. Its slogan is "Launderall washes cleaner."

The chains profess to believe that there isn't much competition between them and ordinary laundries, citing Census Bureau figures to show that only ten per cent of the nation's wash is done by professional launderers—or at least was in 1939. They also express the belief that the increasing sales of automatic washers for home use won't diminish their business. The economics are beyond us.

All but a few early, primitive self-service laundries provide chairs and benches for their waiting customers, and during the day women sit around talking and knitting—those who don't go out for half an hour's shopping. Occasionally, a child comes in with a baby-carriage load of laundry, has it done, and then wheels it home. In the evening, up to half the customers are men, who while away their time with a game of gin rummy or have a beer or two at a nearby bar. The Telecoin people are taking their duty to the public wash so seriously that they've opened a school for laundry managers in Parkchester, where the first Launderette was established, back in 1944. Sample of the rules to be learned: "Maintain a dependable supply of water of adequate flow rate, free from contamination and softened to not more than three grains' hardness." The only hard-water problem in New York City occurs in some parts of Queens, which are still supplied from wells. If the Launderette business should slip, Telecoin has a couple of other coin-operated apparatuses to fall back on—the Tele-Juice, which dispenses six varieties of refrigerated canned fruit and vegetable juices, and the Telecoin System Radio, a receiving set that operates for a certain length of time upon the insertion of a coin.

Reference

THERE was a card on the bulletin board of the Dartmouth Club recently, posted there on behalf of a gentleman looking for someone to share his apartment for a couple of months. "I never attended Dartmouth College," the notice said, "but I am a graduate of Princeton ('31), and I imagine everything will work out all right."

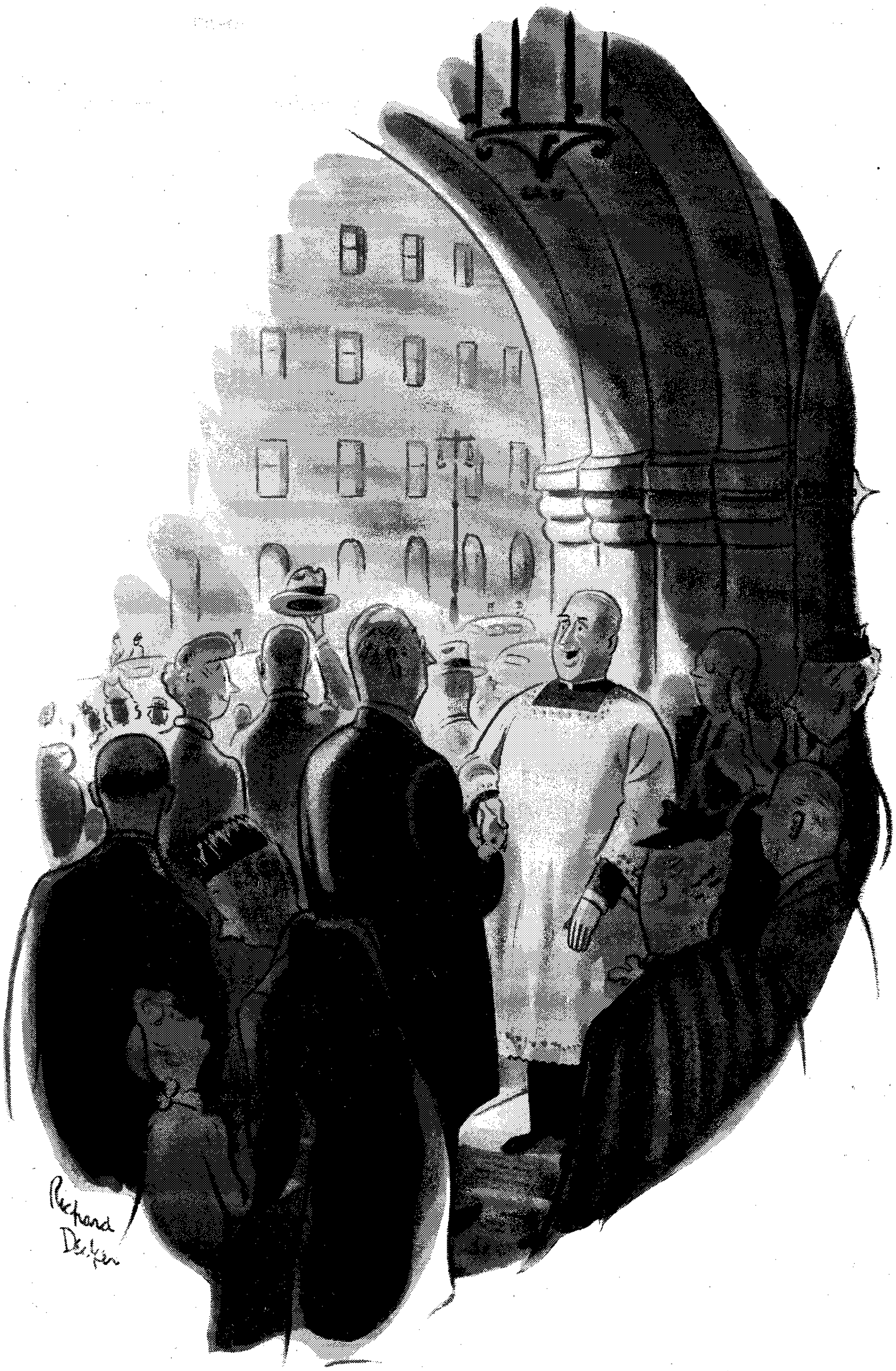


Pioneers

WE paid a backstage call last week on Paul and Grace Hartman, the nimble couple who are presently clowning in "Angel in the Wings," and found Mr. Hartman muttering about a line that appeared in one of their notices: "Hartman remains . . . the worst-dressed man in the world." "The truth of the matter is," said Mr. Hartman, who was wearing evening pumps, Argyle socks, a T shirt, blue denim trousers, and a frayed white terrycloth bathrobe, "I've been the least-dressed man in the world. I seldom have had anything on but tailcoats, when I was performing, and warm bathrobes, when I was not. I am inexperienced. After all, it doesn't take any thought to buy a dozen white dress ties." We complimented him on his socks, and he brightened and told us that after spending nearly a quarter of a century in night clubs he and his wife are delighted to find themselves theatrical personages. "There is nothing so wonderful," added Mrs. Hartman, "as being on a stage with no competition from steaks, potatoes, and drinks." The Hartmans have been in Broadway shows before, but only as a specialty act; "Angel in the Wings" is all theirs. "We have always been radical pioneers," Mr. H. told us. "Before us, practically no dancers ever talked. Our first version of this show, when we experimented with it last year on the summer-theatre circuit, was far more radical than it is now. We had to make compromises with tradition. Originally, for instance, we didn't have any finale. I've never been a finale man. I believe in letting an audience catch its trains." "Originally, sweetie," said Mrs. H., "you wanted to end with something that was *longer* than a finale."

The Hartmans have been husband and wife and professional partners since 1923. They are both natives of San Francisco. Paul's father, Ferris Luce Hartman, was a comic-opera impresario there. Before the first World War, the movies began to interfere with his business, and he took a musical company to Japan for a year, to give the cinema craze time to die down. When he found that he'd miscalculated, he sportingly took up movie-directing on the side. Paul was carried onstage at the age of two weeks, just for the record, and when two and a half had a speaking role in a Christmas show his father had written years before and put on every December. When Paul was eighteen, he played a seventy-five-year-old man in this offering. Enter Grace, as a member of her future father-in-law's chorus line. Shortly after Paul removed his makeup and revealed himself as a contemporary, they eloped, not entirely to their families' pleasure. The next year, they had a son, whom they named, appeasingly, after his paternal grandfather. The son, now twenty-three, is a writer and goes by the name of Ted Luce. By one of those nice twists with which theatrical histories abound, his first major literary achievement was the composition of some of the material his parents are using in their current success.

While still minors, the Hartmans embarked for the Orient, as a dance-and-comedy act. They learned sleight-of-hand from some Indian fakirs ("For dancers, magic is a wonderful breath-getter," Mrs. Hartman told us) and were stranded in Java once when a night-club proprietor decamped without warning but with a fistful of their back wages. Some philanthropic Dutch planters succored them. They subsequently toured Europe and worked in an appalling number of night clubs in this country. In 1937, while appearing in a New Jersey spot that also featured a team doing conventional ballroom dancing, they started satirizing this ancient cultural institution. "Straight ballroom dancing is so close to being ridiculous anyway that we figured all it would take was a homely face like mine and a little exaggeration," said Mr. Hartman. Since then, they have been a top-flight night-club attraction. It is generally assumed by people who see them perform that Paul is the less practical of the two, and, extracurricularly, he lends support to this theory by devoting himself with painstaking diligence to the writing of full-length plays, none of which has yet come close to production. Grace, regarded as the sane, sensible type, likes to draw architectural plans in her spare time and, in fact, designed a small house at Kings Point, Long Island, that now serves as their permanent residence. She gave the plans to a builder just before she and her husband took off on a long road trip, and on their return they found the house finished. Only trouble was that the driveway was on one side of it and the garage on the other. The builder had faithfully followed Mrs. Hartman's layout. After investigating the cost of road building, Mrs. Hartman ordered another garage, and they ended up with a home consisting, in the main, of one large living room and two large two-car garages.



"Glad you enjoyed it. I only hope I didn't tramp on too many toes."

• •

Precautionary

A DOCTOR standing outside Presbyterian Hospital one raw night last week was startled when a colleague, known to him as a man of exceptional balance, drove up, parked his car, stepped out with his black bag, opened the bag, took out a hypodermic needle, stuck the needle in the lock of his car door, and pressed the plunger. The observer of this puzzling chain of events walked over and asked what was up. "Ten c.c. of anti-freeze," his friend explained in a terse, professional manner. "Lock froze up nastily the other night. Been giving it injections regularly ever since."

O CITY OF BROKEN DREAMS

WHEN the train from Chicago left Albany and began to pound down the river valley toward New York, the Malloys, who had already experienced many phases of excitement, felt their breathing quicken, as if there were not enough air in the coach. They straightened their backs and raised their heads, searching for oxygen, like the crew of a doomed submarine. Their daughter, Mildred-Rose, took an enviable way out of the agitation. She fell asleep. Evarts Malloy wanted to get the suitcases down from the rack, but Alice, his wife, studied the timetable and said that it was too soon. She stared out of the window and saw the noble Hudson.

"Why do they call it the rind of America?" she asked her husband.

"The Rhine," Evarts said. "Not the rind."

"Oh."

They were in their early thirties. They looked overworked. They had left their home in Wentworth, Indiana, the day before, and in spite of the excitements of travel and their brilliant destination, they both wondered, now and then, if they had remembered to turn off the gas and extinguish the rubbish fire behind the barn. They were dressed, like the people you sometimes see in Times Square on Saturday nights, in clothing that had been saved for their flight. His light shoes had perhaps not been out of the back of the closet since his father's funeral or his brother's wedding. She was wearing her new gloves for the first time—the gloves she had been given for Christmas ten years ago. His tarnished collar pin and his initialled tie clip, with its gilt chain, his fancy socks, the rayon handkerchief in his breast pocket, and the carnation made of feathers in his lapel had all been husbanded in the top drawer of his bureau for years in the firm conviction that life would someday call him from Wentworth.

Alice Malloy had dark, stringy hair, and even her husband, who loved her more than he knew, was sometimes reminded by her lean face of a tenement doorway on a rainy day, for her countenance was long, vacant, and weakly lighted, a passage for the gentle transports and miseries of the poor. Evarts Malloy was very thin. He had worked as a bus driver and he stooped a little. Their child slept with her thumb in her mouth. Her hair was dark and her dirty face was lean, like her mother's. When a violent movement of the train roused her, she drew noisily at her thumb until she lost consciousness again. She had been unable to store up as much finery as her parents, since she was only five years old, but she wore a white fur coat. The matching hat and muff had been lost generations before; the skins of the coat were sere and worn, but as she slept, she stroked them, as if they had remarkable properties that assured her that all was well, all was well.

The conductor who came through the car taking tickets after Albany noticed the Malloys, and something about their appearance worried him. As he came back through the car, he stopped at their seat and talked with them, first about Mildred-Rose and then about their destination.

"You people going to New York for the first time?" he asked.

"Yes," Evarts said.

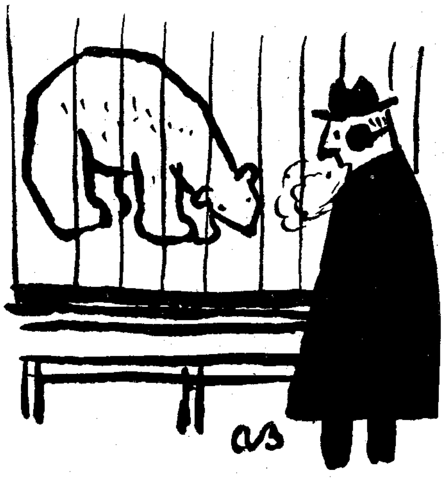
"Going down to see the sights?"

"Oh, no," Alice said. "We're going on business."

"Looking for a job?" the conductor asked.

"Oh, no," Alice said. "Tell him, Evarts."

"Well, it really isn't a job," Evarts said. "I'm not looking for a job, I mean. I mean I sort of have a job." His manner was friendly and simple and he told his story enthusiastically, for the conductor was the first stranger to ask for it. "I was in the Army, you see, and then, when I got out of the Army, I went back home and began driving the bus again. I'm a night bus driver. But I didn't like it. I kept getting stomach aches, and it hurt my eyes, driving at night, so in my spare time, during the afternoons, I began to write this play. Now, out on Route 7, near Wentworth, where we live, there's this old woman named Mama Finelli, who has a gas station and a snake farm. She's a very salty and haunting old character, and so I decided to write this play about her. She has all these salty and haunting sayings. Well, I wrote this first act—it takes place in Heaven, you see, that's what makes it so unique—and then Tracey Murchison, the producer, comes out from New York to give a lecture at the Women's Club about the problems of the theatre. Well, Alice went to this lecture, and when he was complaining, when Murchison was complaining about the lack of young playwrights, Alice raises her hand and she tells Murchison that her husband is a young playwright and will he read his play. Didn't you, Alice?"



"Yes," Alice said.

"Well, he hems and haws," Evarts said, "Murchison hems and haws, but Alice pins him down, because all these other people are listening, and when he finishes his lecture, she goes right up on the platform and she gives him the play—she's got it in her pocketbook. Well, then she goes back to his hotel with him and she sits right beside him until he's read the play—the first act, that is. That's all I've written. Well, in this play there's a milkmaid. He wants this part for his wife, Madge Beatty, right off. I guess you know who Madge Beatty is. So you know what he does then? He sits right down and he writes out a check for thirty-five dollars and he says for me and Alice to come to New York! So we take all our money out of the savings bank and we burn our bridges and here we are."

"Well, I guess there's lots of money in it," the conductor said. Then he wished the Malloys luck and walked away.

Evarts wanted to take the suitcases down at Poughkeepsie and again at Harmon, but Alice checked each place against the timetable and made him wait. Neither of them had seen New York before, and they watched its approaches greedily, for Wentworth was a dismal town and even the slums of Manhattan looked wonderful to them that afternoon. When the train plunged into the darkness beneath Park Avenue, Alice felt that she was surrounded by the inventions of giants, and she roused Mildred-Rose and tied the little girl's bonnet with trembling fingers.

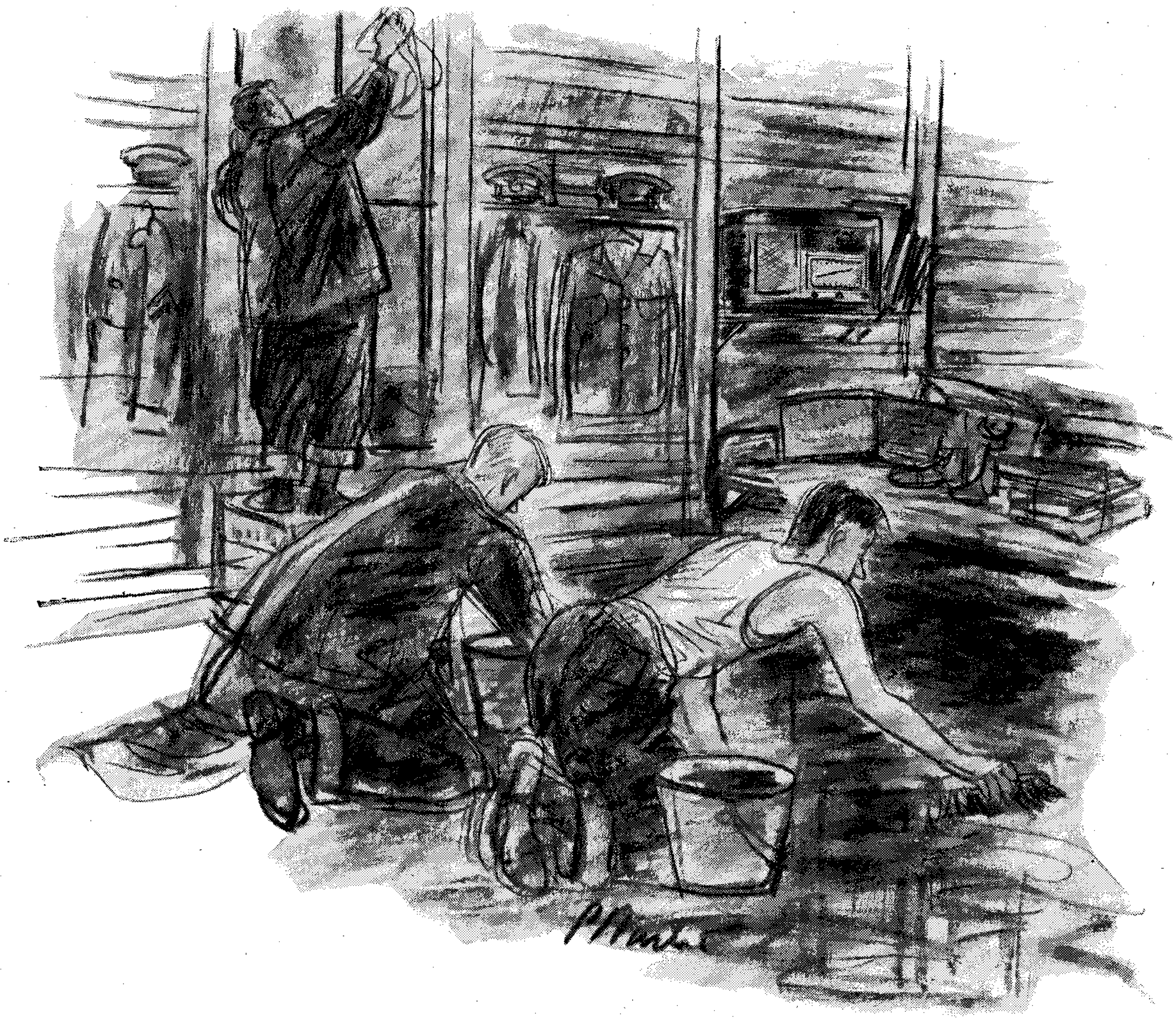
As the Malloys stepped from the train, Alice noticed that the paving, deep in the station, had a frosty glitter, and she wondered if diamonds had been ground into the concrete. She forbade Evarts to ask directions. "If they find out we're green, they'll fleece us," she whispered. They wandered through the marble waiting room, following the noise of traffic and klaxons as if it were

• •

the bidding of life. Alice had studied a map of New York, and when they left the station, she knew which direction to take. They walked along Forty-second Street to Fifth Avenue. The faces that passed them seemed purposeful and intent, as if they all belonged to people who were pursuing the destinies of great industries. Evarts had never seen so many beautiful women, so many pleasant, young faces, promising an easy conquest. It was a winter afternoon, and the light in the city was clear and shaded with violet, just like the light on the fields around Wentworth.

Their destination, the Hotel Mentone, was on a side street west of Sixth Avenue. It was a dark place, with malodorous chambers, miserable food, and a lobby ceiling decorated with as much gilt and gesso as the Vatican chapels. It was a popular hotel among the old, it was attractive to the disreputable, and the Malloys had found the way there because the Mentone advertised on railroad-station hoardings all through the West. Many innocents had been there before them, and their sweetness and humility had triumphed over the apparent atmosphere of ruined splendor and petty vice and had left in all the public rooms a humble odor that reminded one of a country feed store on a winter afternoon. A bellboy took them to their room. As soon as he had gone, Alice examined the bath and pulled aside the window curtains. The window looked onto a brick wall, but when she raised it, she could hear the noise of traffic, and it sounded, as it had sounded in the station, like the irresistible and titanic voice of life itself.

THE Malloys found their way, that afternoon, to the Broadway Automat. They shouted with pleasure at the magical coffee spigots and the glass doors that sprang open. "Tomorrow,



". . . between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. Remember, young men, the United States Army has, to a large extent, become a huge scientific-research organization."

I'm going to have the baked beans," Alice cried, "and the chicken pie the day after that and the fish cakes after that." When they had finished their supper, they went out onto the street. Mildred-Rose walked between her parents, holding their calloused hands. It was getting dark, and the lights of Broadway answered all their simple prayers. High in the air were large, brightly lighted pictures of bloody heroes, criminal lovers, monsters, and armed desperadoes. The names of movies and soft drinks, restaurants and cigarettes were written in a jumble of light, and in the distance they could see the pitiless winter afterglow beyond the Hudson River. The tall buildings in the East were lighted and seemed to burn, as if fire had fallen onto their dark shapes. The air was full of music, and the light was brighter than day. They drifted with the crowd for hours.

Mildred-Rose got tired and began to cry, so at last her parents took her back to the Mentone. Alice had begun to undress her when someone knocked softly on the door.

"Come in," Evarts called.

A bellboy stood in the doorway. He had the figure of a boy, but his face was gray and lined. "I just wanted to see if you people were all right," he said. "I just wanted to see if maybe you wanted a little ginger ale or some ice water."

"Oh, no, thank you kindly," Alice said. "It was very nice of you to ask, though."

"You people just come to New York for the first time?" the bellboy asked. He closed the door behind him and sat on the arm of a chair.

"Yes," Evarts said. "We left Wentworth—that's in Indiana—yesterday on the nine-fifteen for South Bend. Then we went to Chicago. We had dinner in Chicago."

"I had the chicken pie," Alice said. "It was delicious." She slipped Mildred-Rose's nightgown over her head.

"Then we came to New York," Evarts said.

"What are you doing here?" the bellboy asked. "Anniversary?" He helped himself to a cigarette from a package on the bureau and slipped down into the chair.

"Oh, no," Evarts said. "We hit the jackpot."

"Our ship's come in," Alice said.

"A contest?" the bellboy asked. "Something like that?"

"Oh, no," Evarts said.

"You tell him, Evarts," Alice said.

"Yes," the bellboy said. "Tell me, Evarts."

"Well, you see," Evarts said, "it began like this." He sat down on the bed and lighted a cigarette. "I was in the Army, you see, and then when I got out of the Army, I went back to Wentworth . . ." He repeated to the bellboy the story he had told the conductor.

"Oh, you lucky, lucky kids!" the bellboy exclaimed when Evarts had finished. "Tracey Murchison! Madge Beatty! You lucky, lucky kids." He looked at the poorly furnished room. Alice was arranging Mildred-Rose on the sofa, where she would sleep. Evarts was sitting on the edge of the bed swinging his legs. "What you need now is a good agent," the bellboy said. He wrote a name and address on a piece of paper and gave it to Evarts. "The Hauser Agency is the biggest agency in the world," he said, "and Charlie Leavitt is the best man in the Hauser Agency. I want you to feel free to take your problems to Charlie, and if he asks who sent you, tell him Bitsey sent you." He went toward the door. "Good night, you lucky, lucky kids," he said. "Good night. Sweet sleep. Sweet dreams."

THE Malloys were the hard-working children of an industrious generation, and they were up at half past six the next morning. They scrubbed their faces and their ears and brushed their teeth with soap. At seven o'clock, they started for the Automat. Evarts had not slept that night. The noise of traffic had kept him awake, and he had spent the small hours sitting at the window. His mouth felt scorched with tobacco smoke, and the loss of sleep had left him nervous. They were all surprised to find New York still sleeping. They were shocked. They had their breakfast and returned to the Mentone. Evarts called Tracey Murchison's office, but no one answered. He telephoned the office several times after that. At ten o'clock, a girl answered the phone. "Mr. Murchison will see you at three," she said. She hung up. Since there was nothing to do but wait, Evarts took his wife and daughter up Fifth Avenue. They stared in the store windows. At eleven o'clock, when the doors of Radio City Music Hall opened, they went there.

This was a happy choice. They prowled the lounges and toilets for an hour before they took their seats, and when, during the stage show, an enormous samovar rose up out of the orchestra pit and debouched forty men in Cossack uniform singing "Dark Eyes," Alice and Mildred-Rose shouted with joy. The stage show, beneath its grandeur, seemed to conceal a simple and familiar intelligence, as if the drafts that stirred the miles of golden curtain had blown straight from Indiana. The performance left Alice and Mildred-Rose distracted with pleasure, and on the way back to the Mentone, Evarts had to lead them along the sidewalk to keep them from walking into hydrants. It was a quarter of three when they got back to the hotel. Evarts kissed his wife and child goodbye and started for Murchison's.

He got lost. He was afraid that he would be late. He began to run. He asked directions of a couple of policemen and finally reached the office building.

The front room of Murchison's office was dingy—intentionally dingy, Evarts hoped—but it was not inglorious, for there were many beautiful men and women there, waiting to see Mr. Murchison. None of them were sitting down, and they chatted together as if delighted by the delay that held them there. The receptionist led Evarts into a further office. This office was also crowded, but the atmosphere was of haste and trouble, as if the place were being besieged. Murchison was there and he greeted Evarts strenuously. "I've got your contracts right here," he said, and he handed Evarts a pen and pushed a stack of contracts toward him. "Now I want you to rush over and see Madge," Murchison said as soon as Evarts had signed the contracts. He looked at Evarts, plucked the feather carnation out of his lapel, and tossed it into a wastebasket. "Hurry, hurry, hurry," he said. "She's at 400 Park Avenue. She's crazy to see you. She's waiting now. I'll see you later tonight—I think Madge has something planned—but hurry."

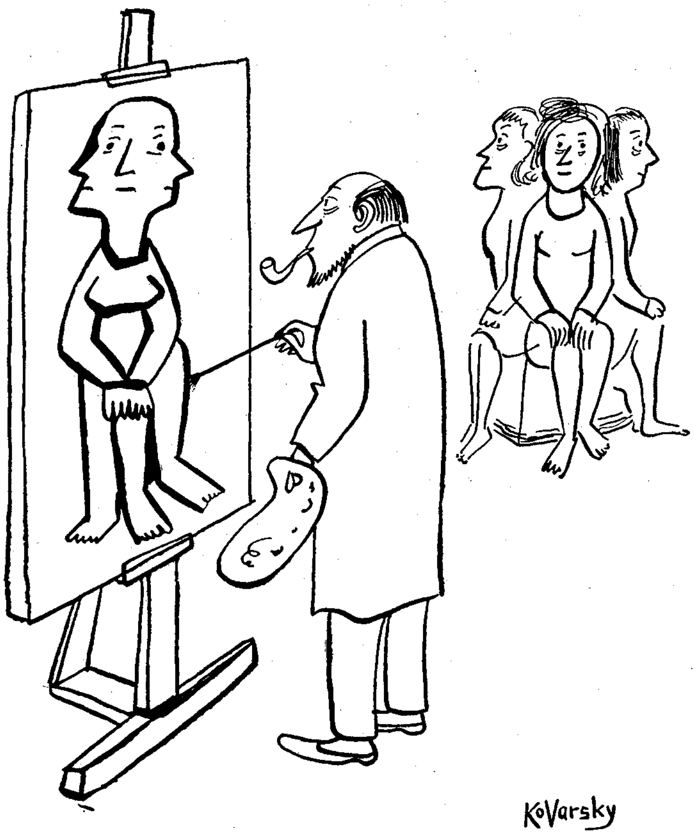
Evarts rushed into the hall and rang impatiently for the elevator. As soon as he had left the building, he got lost and wandered into the fur district. A policeman directed him back to the Mentone. Alice and Mildred-Rose were waiting in the lobby, and he told them what had happened. "I'm on my way to see Madge Beatty now," he said. "I've got to hurry!" Bitsey, the bellboy, overheard this conversation. He dropped some bags he was carrying and joined the group. He told Evarts how to get to Park Avenue. Evarts kissed Alice and Mildred-Rose again. They waved goodbye as he ran out the door.

Evarts had seen so many movies of Park Avenue that he observed its breadth and bleakness with a sense of familiarity. He took an elevator to the Murchisons' apartment and was led by a maid into a pretty living room. A fire was burning, and there were flowers on the mantel. He sprang to his feet when Madge Beatty came in. She was frail, animated, and golden, and her hoarse and accomplished voice made him feel naked. "I read your play, Evarts," she said, "and I loved it, I loved it, I loved it." She moved lightly around the room, talking now directly at him, now over her shoulder. She was not as young as she had first appeared to be, and in the light from the windows she looked almost wizened. "You're going to do something with the milkmaid when you write the second act, I hope," she said. "You're going to build it up and build it up and build it up."

"I'll do anything you want, Miss Beatty," Evarts said.

"Now, there are a few changes I want to suggest in the first act," she said. Her tone had become less emotional. She continued to move lightly around the room. "When the little girl says, 'Can you imagine that?'—it's on page eight in the first act—would you mind changing the line to 'Can you fancy that?' I don't know what it is, it just seems more *right* for me, somehow. And later on, when the little girl says, 'Sit still, Sybylla,' I find the line awfully essey. Would you mind terribly 'Be quiet, Sybylla,' or something like that?" She sat down and folded her beautiful hands. Her feet were very big, Evarts noticed. Her shins were thin, and this made her feet seem very big. "Oh, we love your play, Evarts," she said. "We love it, we want it, we need it. Do you know how much we need it? We're in debt, Evarts, we're dreadfully in debt." She laid a hand on her breast and spoke in a whisper. "We owe one million nine hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars." She let the precious light flood her voice again. "But now I'm keeping you from writing your beautiful play," she said. "I'm keeping you from work, and I want you to go back and write and write and write, and I want you and your wife to come here any time after nine tonight and meet a few of our warmest friends."

Evarts asked the doorman how to get back to the Mentone, but he misunderstood the directions and got lost again. He walked around the East Side until he found a policeman, who



directed him back to the hotel. It was so late when he returned that Mildred-Rose was crying with hunger. The three of them washed and went to the Automat and walked up and down Broadway until nearly nine. Then they went back to the hotel. Alice put on her evening dress, and she and Evarts kissed Mildred-Rose good night. In the lobby, they met Bitsey and told him where they were going. He promised to keep an eye on Mildred-Rose.

THE walk over to the Murchisons' was longer than Evarts remembered. Alice's wrap was light. She was blue with cold when they reached the apartment building. They could hear in the distance, as they left the elevator, someone playing a piano and a woman singing "A kiss is but a kiss, a sigh is but a sigh . . ." A maid took their wraps, and Mr. Murchison greeted them from a farther door. Alice ruffled and arranged the cloth peony that hung from the front of her dress, and they went in.

The room was crowded, the lights were dim, the singer was ending her song. There was a heady smell of animal skins and astringent perfume in the air. Mr. Murchison introduced the Malloys to a couple who stood near the door, and abandoned them. The couple turned their backs on the Malloys. Evarts was shy and quiet, but Alice was excited and began to speculate, in a whisper, about the identities of the people around the piano. She felt sure that they were all movie stars, and she was right.

The singer finished her song, got up from the piano, and walked away. There was a little applause and then a curious silence. Mr. Murchison asked another woman to sing. "I'm not going to go on after *her*," the woman said. The situation, whatever it was, had stopped conversation. Mr. Murchison asked several people to perform, but they all refused. "Perhaps Mrs. Malloy will sing for us," he said bitterly.

"All right," Alice said. She walked to the center of the room. She took a position and, folding her hands and holding them breast-high, began to sing.

Alice's mother had taught her to sing whenever her host asked, and Alice had never violated any of her mother's teachings. As a child, she had taken singing lessons from Mrs. Bachman, an elderly widow who lived in Wentworth. She had sung in grammar-school assemblies and in high-school assemblies. On family holidays, there had always come a time, in the late afternoon, when she would be asked to sing; then she would rise from her place on the hard sofa near the stove or come from the kitchen, where she had been washing dishes, to sing the songs Mrs. Bachman had taught her.

The invitation that night had been so unexpected that Evarts had not had a chance to stop his wife. He had felt the bitterness in Murchison's voice, and he would have stopped her, but as soon as she began to sing, he didn't care. Her voice was well pitched, her figure was stern and touching, and she sang for those people in obedience to her mannerly heart. When he had overcome his own bewilderment, he noticed the respect and attention the Murchisons' guests were giving her music. Many of them had come from towns as small as Wentworth; they were goodhearted people, and the simple air, rendered in Alice's fearless voice, reminded them of their beginnings. None of them were whispering or smiling. Many of them had lowered their heads, and he saw a woman touch her eyes with a handkerchief. Alice had triumphed, he thought, and then he recognized the song as "Annie Laurie."

Years ago, when Mrs. Bachman had taught Alice the song, she had taught her to close it with a piece of business that brought her success as a child, as a girl, as a high-school senior, but that, even in the stuffy living room in Wentworth, with its inexorable smells of poverty and cooking, had begun to tire and worry her family. She had been taught on the closing line, "Lay me doun and dee," to fall in a heap on the floor. She fell less precipitously now that she had got older, but she still fell, and Evarts could see that night, by her serene face, that a fall was in her plans. He considered going to her, embracing her, and whispering to her that the hotel was burning or that Mildred-Rose was sick. Instead, he turned his back.

Alice took a quick breath and attacked the last verse. Evarts had begun to sweat so freely that the brine got into his eyes. "I'll lay me doun and dee," he heard her sing; he heard the loud crash as she hit the floor; he heard the screams of helpless laughter, the tobacco coughs, and the oaths of a woman who laughed so hard she broke her pearl bib. The Murchisons' guests seemed bewitched. They wept, they shook, they stooped, they slapped one another on the back, and walked, like the demented, in circles. When Evarts faced the scene, Alice was sitting on the floor. He helped her to her feet. "Come, darling," he said. "Come." With his arm around her, he led her into the hall.

"Didn't they like my song?" she asked. She began to cry.

"It doesn't matter, my darling," Evarts said, "it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter." They got their wraps and walked back through the cold to the Mentone.

Bitsey was waiting for them in the corridor outside their room. He wanted to hear all about the party. Evarts sent Alice into the room and talked with the bellboy alone. He didn't feel like describing the party. "I don't think I want to have anything more to do with the Murchisons," he said. "I'm going to get a new producer."

"That's the boy, that's the boy," Bitsey said. "Now you're talking. But, first, I want you to go up to the Hauser Agency and see Charlie Leavitt."

"All right," Evarts said. "All right, I'll go and see Charlie Leavitt."

Alice cried herself to sleep that night. Again, Evarts couldn't sleep. He sat in a chair by the window. He fell into a doze, a little before dawn, but not for long. At seven o'clock, he led his family off to the Automat.

BITSEY came up to the Malloys' room after breakfast. He was very excited. A columnist in one of the two-cent newspapers had reported Evarts' arrival in New York. A Cabinet member and a Balkan king were mentioned in the same paragraph. Then the telephone began to ring. First, it was a man who wanted to sell Evarts a second-hand mink coat. Then a lawyer and a dry-cleaner called, a dressmaker, a nursery school, several agencies, and a man who said he could get them a good apartment. Evarts said no to all these importunities, but in each case he had to argue before he could hang up. Bitsey had made a noon appointment for him with Charlie Leavitt, and when it was time, he kissed Alice and Mildred-Rose and went down to the street.

The Hauser Agency was located in one of the buildings in Radio City. Now Evarts' business took him through the building's formidable doors as legitimately, he told himself, as anyone else. The Hauser offices were on the twenty-sixth floor. He didn't call his floor until the elevator had begun its ascent. "It's too late now," the operator said. "You got to tell me the number of the floor when you get in." This branded him as green to all the other people in the car, Evarts knew, and he blushed. He rode to the sixtieth floor and then back to the twenty-sixth. As he left the car, the elevator operator sneered.

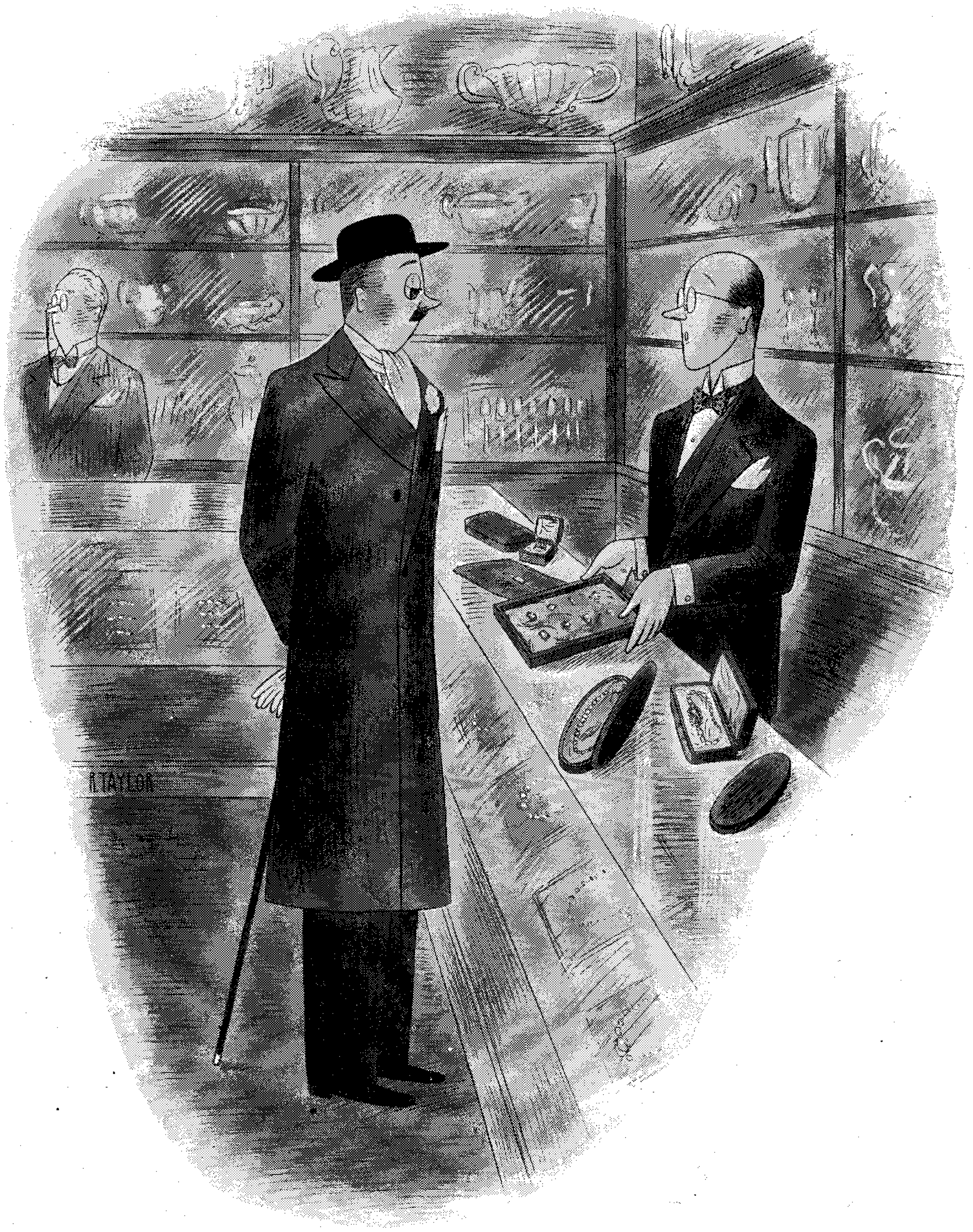
At the end of a long corridor, there was a pair of bronze doors, fastened by a bifurcated eagle. Evarts turned the wings of the imperial bird and stepped into a lofty manor hall. The panelling on its walls was worm-pitted and white with rot. In the distance, behind a small glass window, he saw a woman wearing earphones. He walked over to her, told her his business, and was asked to sit down. He sat on a leather sofa and lighted a cigarette. The richness of the hall impressed him profoundly. Then he noticed that the sofa was covered with dust. So were the table, the magazines on it, the lamp, the bronze cast of Rodin's "Le Baiser"—everything in the vast room was covered with dust. He noticed at the same time the peculiar stillness of the hall. All the usual noises of an office were lacking. Into this stillness, from the distant earth, rose the recorded music from the skating rink, where a carillon played "Joy to the World! The Lord Is Come!" The magazines on the table beside the sofa were all five years old.

After a while, the receptionist pointed to a double door at the end of the hall, and Evarts walked there, timidly. The office on the other side of the door was smaller than the room he had just left but dimmer, richer, and more imposing, and in the distance he could still hear the music from the skating rink. A man was sitting at an antique desk. He stood as soon as he saw Evarts. "Welcome, Evarts, welcome to the Hauser Agency!" he shouted. "I hear you've got a hot property there, and Bitsey tells me you're through with Tracey Murchison. I haven't read your play, of course, but if Tracey wants it, I want it, and so does Sam Farley. I've got a producer for you, I've got a star for you, I've got a theatre for you, and I think I've got a pre-production deal lined up. One hundred thou' on a four-hundred-thou' ceiling. Sit down, sit down."

Mr. Leavitt seemed either to be eating something or to be having trouble with his teeth, for at the end of every sentence he worked his lips noisily and thoughtfully, like a gourmet. He might have been eating something, since there were crumbs around his mouth. Or he might have been having trouble with his teeth, because the labial noises continued all through the interview. Mr. Leavitt wore a lot of gold. He had several rings, a gold identification bracelet, and a gold bracelet watch, and he carried a heavy gold cigarette case, set with jewels. The case was empty, and Evarts furnished him with cigarettes as they talked.

"Now, I want you to go back to your hotel, Evarts," Mr. Leavitt shouted, "and I want you to take it easy. Charlie Leavitt is taking care of your property. I want you to promise me you won't worry. Now, I understand that you've signed a contract with Murchison. I'm going to declare that contract null and void, and my lawyer is going to declare that contract null and void, and if Murchison contests it, we'll drag him into court and have the judge declare that contract null and void. Before we go any further, though," he said, softening his voice, "I want you to sign these papers, which will give me authority to represent you." He pressed some papers and a gold fountain pen on Evarts. "Just sign these papers," he said sadly, "and you'll make four hundred thousand dollars. Oh, you authors!" he exclaimed. "You lucky authors!"

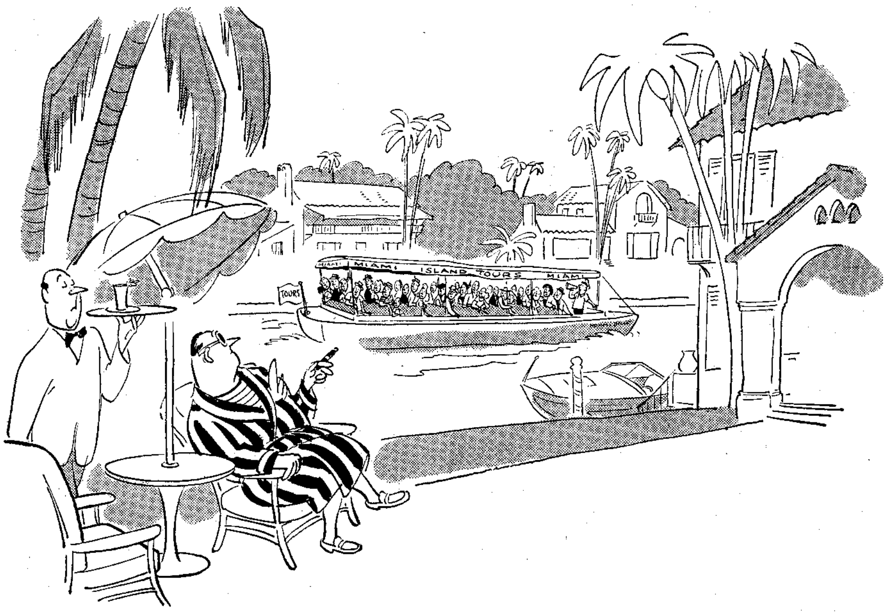
As soon as Evarts had signed the papers, Mr. Leavitt's manner changed and he began to shout again. "The producer I've got for you is Sam Farley. The star is Susan Hewitt. Sam Farley is Tom Farley's brother. He's married to Clarissa Douglas and he's



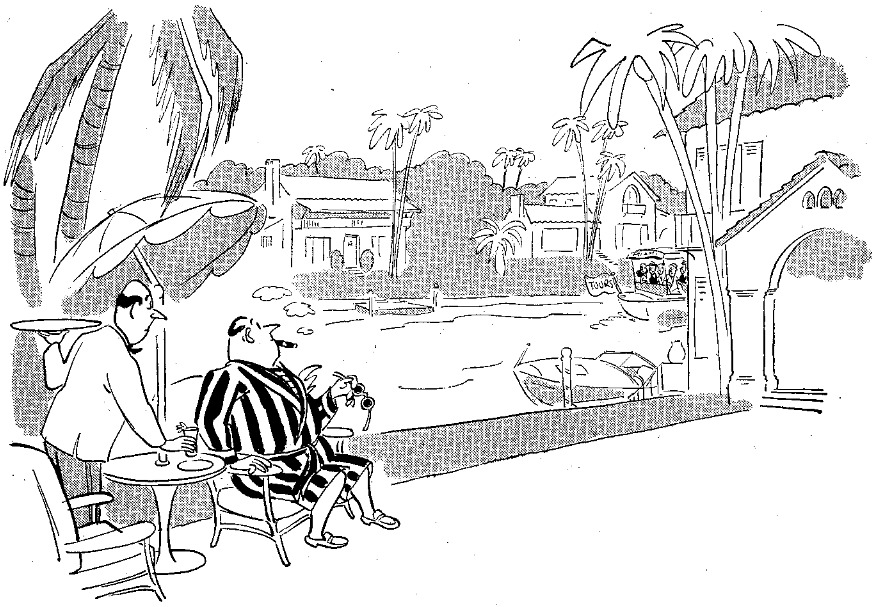
"I don't know your wife, of course, but perhaps I can help you if you will give me some idea of the nature of your indiscretion."

George Howland's uncle. Pat Levy's his brother-in-law and Mitch Kabابian and Howie Pommeroy are related to him on his mother's side. She was Lottie Mayes. They're a very close family. They're a great little team. When your show opens in Wilmington, Sam Farley, Tom Farley, Clarissa Douglas, George Howland, Pat Levy, Mitch Kababian, and Howie Pommeroy are all right down there in that hotel writing your third act. When your show goes up to Baltimore, Sam Farley, Tom Farley, Clarissa Douglas, George Howland, Pat Levy, Mitch Kababian, and Howie Pommeroy, they go up to Baltimore with it. And when your show opens up on Broadway with a high-class production, who's down there in the front row, rooting for you?" Mr. Leavitt had strained his voice, and he ended in a hoarse whisper, "Sam Farley, Tom Farley, George Howland, Clarissa Douglas, Pat Levy, Mitch Kababian, and Howie Pommeroy.

1



2



"Now, I want you to go back to your hotel and have a good time," he shouted after he had cleared his throat. "I'll call you tomorrow and tell you when Sam Farley and Susan Hewitt can see you, and I'll telephone Hollywood now and tell Max Rayburn that he can have it for one hundred thou' on a four-hundred-thou' ceiling, and not one iota less." He patted Evarts on the back and steered him gently toward the door. "Have a good time, Evarts," he said.

As Evarts walked back through the hall, he noticed that the receptionist was eating a sandwich. She beckoned to him.

"You want to take a chance on a new Buick convertible?" she whispered. "Ten cents a chance."

"Oh, no, thank you," Evarts said.

"I also got a nice line of novelty jewelry here," she said. She quickly pulled a large board from behind a chair. Many pins and rings were secured to it. "Handmade out of coin silver by Navajos," she said. "Every piece different."

"No, thank you," Evarts said.

"Fresh eggs?" she asked. "I bring them in from Jersey every morning. Or, if you want something for your girl, I've got a nice, cheap, slightly damaged alligator handbag here."

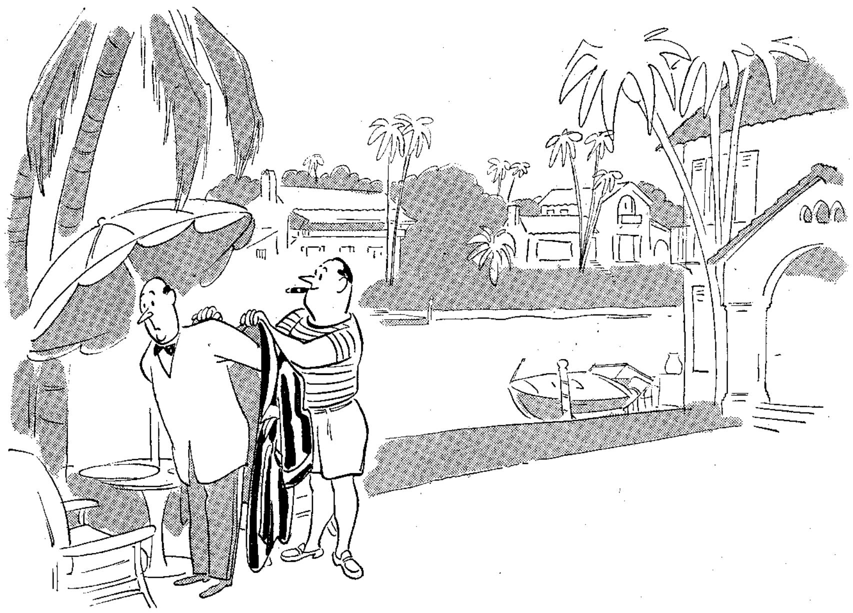
"No, thank you," Evarts said.

Evarts hurried back through the crowds to the Mentone, where Alice, Mildred-Rose, and Bitsey were waiting. He described his interview with Leavitt to them. "When I get that four hundred thou'," he said, "I'm going to send some money to Mama Finelli." Then Alice remembered a lot of other people in Wentworth who needed money. By way of a celebration, they went to a spaghetti house that night instead of the Automat. After dinner, they went to Radio City Music Hall. Again, that night, Evarts was unable to sleep.

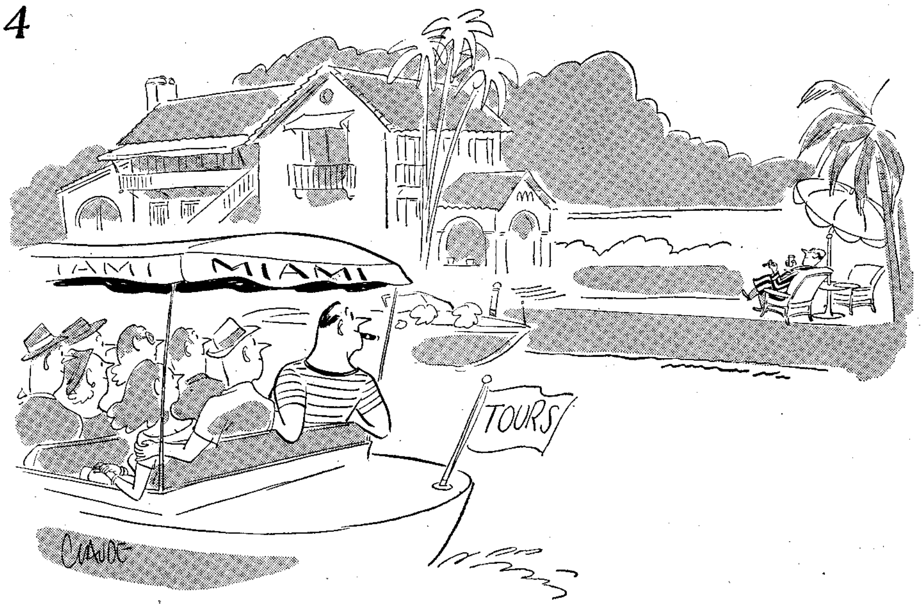
In Wentworth, Alice had been known as the practical member of the family. There was a good deal of jocularity on this score. She drew up the budget and managed the egg money, and it was often said that Evarts would have misplaced his head if it hadn't been for Alice. This businesslike strain in her character led her to remind Evarts on the following day that he had not been working on his play. She took the situation in hand. "You just sit in the room," she said, "and write the play, and Mildred-Rose and I will walk up and down Fifth Avenue, so you can be alone."

Evarts tried to work, but the telephone began to ring again and he was interrupted regularly by jewelry salesmen, theatrical lawyers, and laundry services. At about eleven, he picked up the phone and heard a familiar and angry voice. It was Murchison. "I brought you from Wentworth," he shouted, "and I made you what you are today. Now they tell me you breached my contract and double-crossed me with Sam Farley. I'm going to break you, I'm going to ruin you, I'm going to sue you, I'm—" Evarts hung up, and when the phone rang a minute later, he didn't answer it. He left a note for Alice, put on his hat, and

3



4



walked up Fifth Avenue to the Hauser offices.

When he turned the bifurcated eagle of the double doors and stepped into the manor hall that morning, he found Mr. Leavitt there, in his shirtsleeves, sweeping the carpet. "Oh, good morning," Leavitt said. "Occupational therapy." He hid the broom and dustpan behind a velvet drape. "Come in, come in," he said, slipping into his jacket and leading Evarts toward the inner office. "This afternoon, you're going to meet Sam Farley and Susan Hewitt. You're one of the luckiest men in New York. Some men never see Sam Farley. Not even once in a lifetime—never hear his wit, never feel the force of his unique personality. And as for Susan Hewitt . . ." He was speechless for a moment. He said the appointment was for three. "You're going to meet them in Sam Farley's lovely home," he said, and he gave Evarts the address.

Evarts tried to describe the telephone conversation with Murchison, but Leavitt cut him off. "I asked you one thing," he shouted. "I asked you not to worry. Is that too much? I ask you to talk with Sam Farley and take a look at Susan Hewitt and see if you think she's right for the part. Is that too much? Now, have a good time. Take in a newsreel. Go to the zoo. Go see Sam Farley at three o'clock." He patted Evarts on the back and pushed him toward the door. As Evarts walked through the manor hall, the receptionist called softly after him, "Fresh eggs? Costume jewelry?"

Evarts ate lunch at the Mentone with Alice and Mildred-Rose. He had a headache. After lunch, they walked up and down Fifth Avenue, and when it got close to three, Alice and Mildred-Rose walked with him to Sam Farley's house. It was an impressive building, faced with rough stone, like a Spanish prison. He kissed Mildred-Rose and Alice goodbye and rang the bell. A butler opened the door. Evarts could tell he was a butler because he wore striped pants. The butler led him upstairs to a drawing room.

"I'm here to see Mr. Farley," Evarts said.

"I know," the butler said. "You're Evarts Malloy. You've got an appointment. But he won't keep it. He's stuck in a floating crap game in the Acme Garage, at a Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street and he won't be back until tomorrow. Susan Hewitt's coming, though. You're supposed to see her. Oh, if you only knew what goes on in this place!" He lowered his voice to a whisper and brought his face close to Evarts'. "If these walls could only talk! There hasn't been any heat in this house since we came back from Hollywood and he hasn't paid me since the twenty-first of June. I wouldn't mind so much, but the son of a bitch has never learned to let the water out of his bathtub. He takes a bath and leaves the dirty water standing there. To stagnate. On top of everything else, I cut my finger washing dishes yesterday." There was a dirty bandage on the butler's forefinger, and he began, hurriedly, to unwrap layer after layer of bloody gauze. "Look," he said, holding the wound to Evarts' face. "Cut right through to the bone. Yesterday you could see the bone. Blood. Blood all over everything. Took me half an hour to clean up. It's a miracle I didn't get an infection." He shook his head at this miracle. "When the mouse comes, I'll send her up." He wandered out of the room, trailing the length of bloody bandage after him.

Evarts' eyes were burning with fatigue. He was so tired that if he had rested his head against anything, he would have fallen asleep. He heard the doorbell ring and the butler greet Susan Hewitt. She ran up the stairs and into the drawing room.

She was young, and she came into the room as if it were her home and she had just come back from school. She was light, her features were delicate and very small, and her fair hair was brushed simply and had begun to darken, of its own course, and was streaked softly with brown, like the grain in pine wood. "I'm so happy to meet you, Evarts," she said. "I want to tell you that I love your play." How she could have read his play, Evarts did not know, but he was too confused by her beauty to worry or to speak. His mouth was dry. It might have been the antic pace of the last days, it might have been his loss of sleep—he didn't know—but he felt as though he had fallen in love.

"You remind me of a girl I used to know," he said. "She worked in a lunchwagon outside South Bend. Never worked in a lunchwagon outside South Bend, did you?"

"No," she said.

"It isn't only that," he said. "You remind me of all of it. I mean the night drives. I used to be a night bus driver. That's what you remind me of. The stars, I mean, and the grade crossings, and the cattle lined up along the fences. And the girls in the lunch counters. They always looked so pretty. But you never worked in a lunch counter."

"No," she said.

"You can have my play," he said. "I mean I think you're right for the part. Sam Farley can have the play. Everything."

"Thank you, Evarts," she said.

"Will you do me a favor?" he asked.

"What?"

"Oh, I know it's foolish," he said. He got up and walked around the room. "But there's nobody here, nobody will know about it. I hate to ask you."

"What do you want?"

"Will you let me lift you?" he said. "Just let me lift you. Just let me see how light you are."

"All right," she said. "Do you want me to take off my coat?"

"Yes, yes, yes," he said. "Take off your coat."

She stood. She let her coat fall to the sofa.

"Can I do it now?" he said.

"Yes."

He put his hands under her arms. He raised her off the floor and then put her down gently. "Oh, you're so light!" he shouted. "You're so light, you're so fragile, you don't weigh any more than a suitcase. Why, I could carry you, I could carry you anywhere, I could carry you from one end of New York to the other." He got his hat and coat and ran out of the house.

EVARTS felt bewildered and exhausted when he returned to the Mentone. Bitsey was in the room with Mildred-Rose and Alice. He kept asking questions about Mama Finelli. He wanted to know where she lived and what her telephone number was. Evarts lost his temper at the bellboy and told him to go away. He lay down on the bed and fell asleep while Alice and Mildred-Rose were asking him questions. When he woke, an hour later, he felt much better. They went to the Automat and then to Radio City Music Hall, and they got to bed early, so that Evarts could work on his play in the morning. He couldn't sleep.

LINES OF COUNSEL TO A FUTURE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Any red-blooded boy can grow up to be President, my son,
But he must first learn how to run.

One way is to insist that you are much too busy to give it a thought, like
Governor Dewey,
Keeping as straight a face as if this were not the most obvious hooey.

Another is to tour the country diligently creating a draft,
Like Senator Taft.

Everybody knows that to come right out and say you want the job is a technique
not worth trying.
(If Mr. Stassen wins that way, it will be most mortifying.)

Run hard, run fast, my son, but run the other way, like General Ike,
If you want the lightning to strike.

It is all right, like MacArthur, to be a gorgeous hero,
But be careful who sings your praises, or you will end with zero.

To be a Favorite Son, like Governor Warren, is considered very smart.
You may not win the race that way, but at least you get a start.

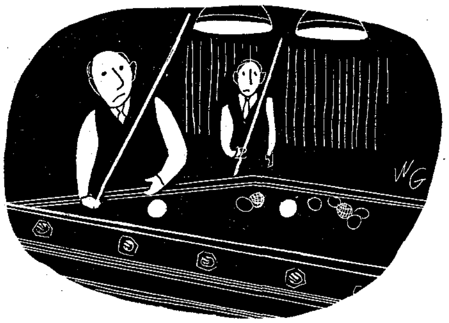
If you plan to be a Dark Horse, like Vandenberg, Baldwin, or Bricker,
Be sure you know the right people to handle a last-minute dicker.

And if, at last, the nasty old convention will only name you for Vice-President,
Accept with due reluctance, son, like the present White House resident.

—ARTHUR BARTLETT

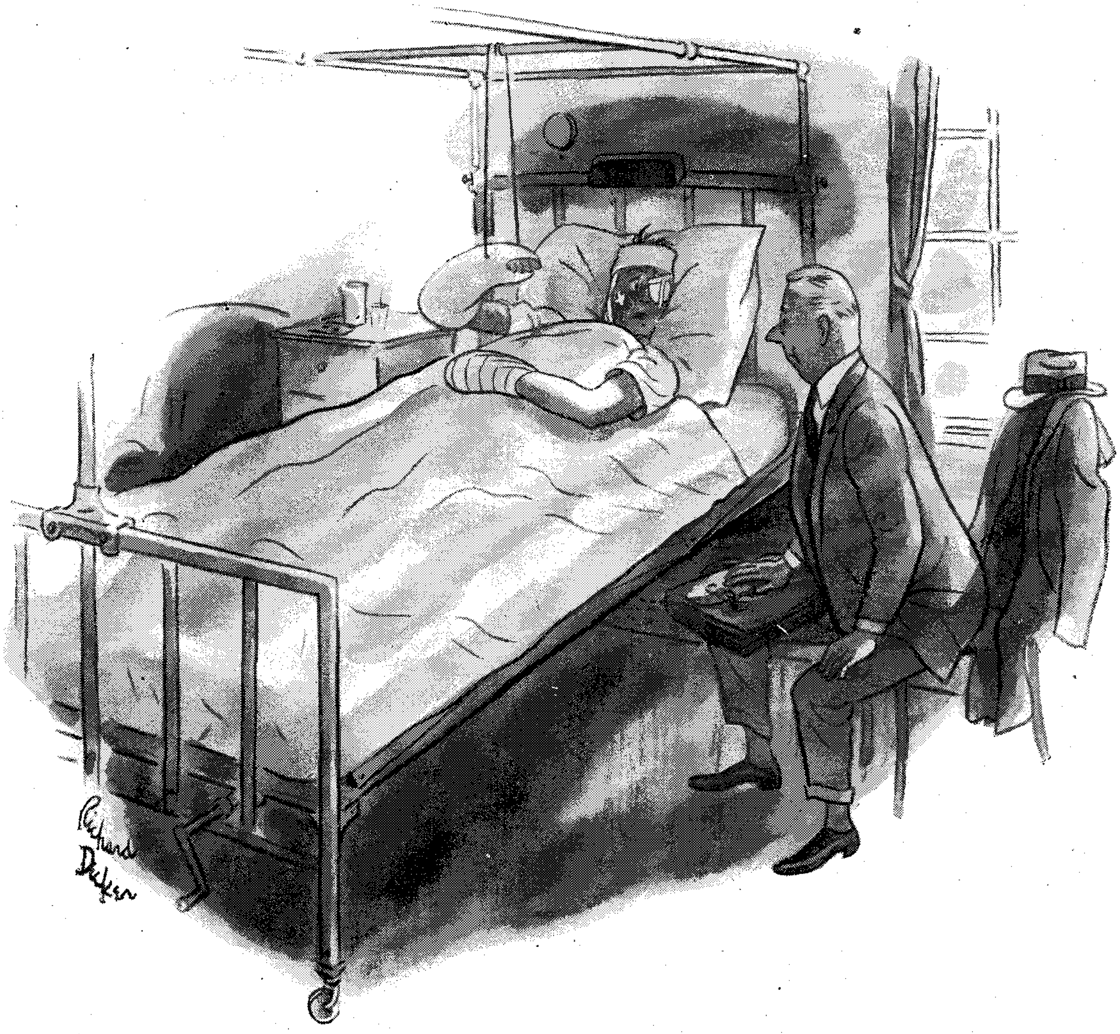
• •

After breakfast, Alice and Mildred-Rose left Evarts alone in the room and he tried to work. He couldn't work, but it wasn't the telephone that troubled him that day. The difficulty that blocked his play was deep, and as he smoked and stared at the brick wall, he recognized it. He was in love with Susan Hewitt. This might have been an incentive to work, but he had left his creative strength in Indiana. He shut his eyes and tried to recall the strong, dissolute voice of Mama Finelli, but before he could realize a word, it would be lost in the noise from the street.



If there had been anything to set his memory free—a train whistle, a moment of silence, the smells of a barn—he might have been inspired. He paced the room, he smoked, he sniffed the sooty window curtains and stuffed his ears with toilet paper, but there seemed to be no way of recalling Indiana at the Mentone. He stayed near the desk all that day. He went without lunch. When his wife and child returned from Radio City Music Hall, where they had spent the afternoon, he told them he was going to take a walk. Oh, he thought as he left the hotel, if I could only hear the noise of a crow!

He strode up Fifth Avenue, holding his head high, trying to divine in the confusion of sound a voice that might lead him. He walked rapidly until he reached Radio City and could hear, in the distance, the music from the skating rink. Something stopped him. He lighted a cigarette. Then he heard someone calling him. "Behold the lordly moose, Evarts," a woman shouted. It was the hoarse, dissolute voice of Mama Finelli, and he thought that desire had deranged



"The accident itself didn't amount to much. This fellow backed into me and dented my fender. I got out and asked him, 'Didn't you ever take driving lessons?' and he said, 'Listen, wise guy, one more crack like that and . . .' "

• •

him until he turned and saw her, sitting on one of the benches, by a dry pool. "Behold the lordly moose, Evarts," she called, and she put her hands, spread like antlers, above her head. This was the way she greeted everyone in Wentworth.

"Behold the lordly moose, Mama Finelli," Evarts shouted. He ran to her side and sat down. "Oh, Mama Finelli, I'm so glad to see you," he said. "You won't believe it, but I've been thinking about you all day. I've been wishing all day that I could talk with you." He turned to drink in her vulpine features and her whiskery chin. "How did you ever get to New York, Mama Finelli?"

"Come up on a flying machine," she cried. "Come up on a flying machine today. Have a sandwich." She was eating some sandwiches from a paper bag.

"No, thanks," he said. "What do you think of New York?" he asked. "What do you think of that high building?"

"Well, I don't know," she said, but he could see that she did know and he could see her working her face into shape for a retort. "I guess there's just but the one, for if there hada been two, they'd of pollinated and bore!" She whooped with laughter and struck herself on the legs.

"What are you doing in New York, Mama Finelli? How did you happen to come here?"

"Well," she said, "man named Tracey Murchison calls me on the telephone long distance and says for me to come up to New York and sue you for libel. Says you wrote a play about me and I can sue you for libel and git a lot of money and split it with him, fairly, he says, and then I don't have to run the gas station no more. So he wires me money for the flying-machine ticket and I come up here and I talk with him and I'm going to sue you for libel and split it with him, sixty-forty. That's what I'm going to do," she said.

LATER that night, the Malloys returned to the marble waiting room of Grand Central and Evarts began to search for a Chicago train. He found a Chicago train, bought some tickets, and they boarded a coach. It was a rainy night, and the dark, wet paving, deep in the station, did not glitter, but it was still Alice's belief that diamonds had been ground into it, and that was the way she would tell the story. They had picked up the lessons of travel rapidly, and they arranged themselves adroitly over several seats. After the train started, Alice made friends with a plain-spoken couple across the aisle, who were travelling with a baby to Los Angeles. The woman had a brother there, who had written to her enthusiastically about the climate and the opportunities.

"Let's go to Los Angeles," Alice said to Evarts. "We still have a little money and we can buy tickets in Chicago and you can sell your play in Hollywood, where nobody's ever heard of Mama Finelli or any of the others."

Evarts said that he would make his decision in Chicago. He was weary and he fell asleep. Mildred-Rose put her thumb into her mouth, and soon both she and her mother had lost consciousness, too. Mildred-Rose stroked the sere skins of her coat and they told her that all was well, all was well.

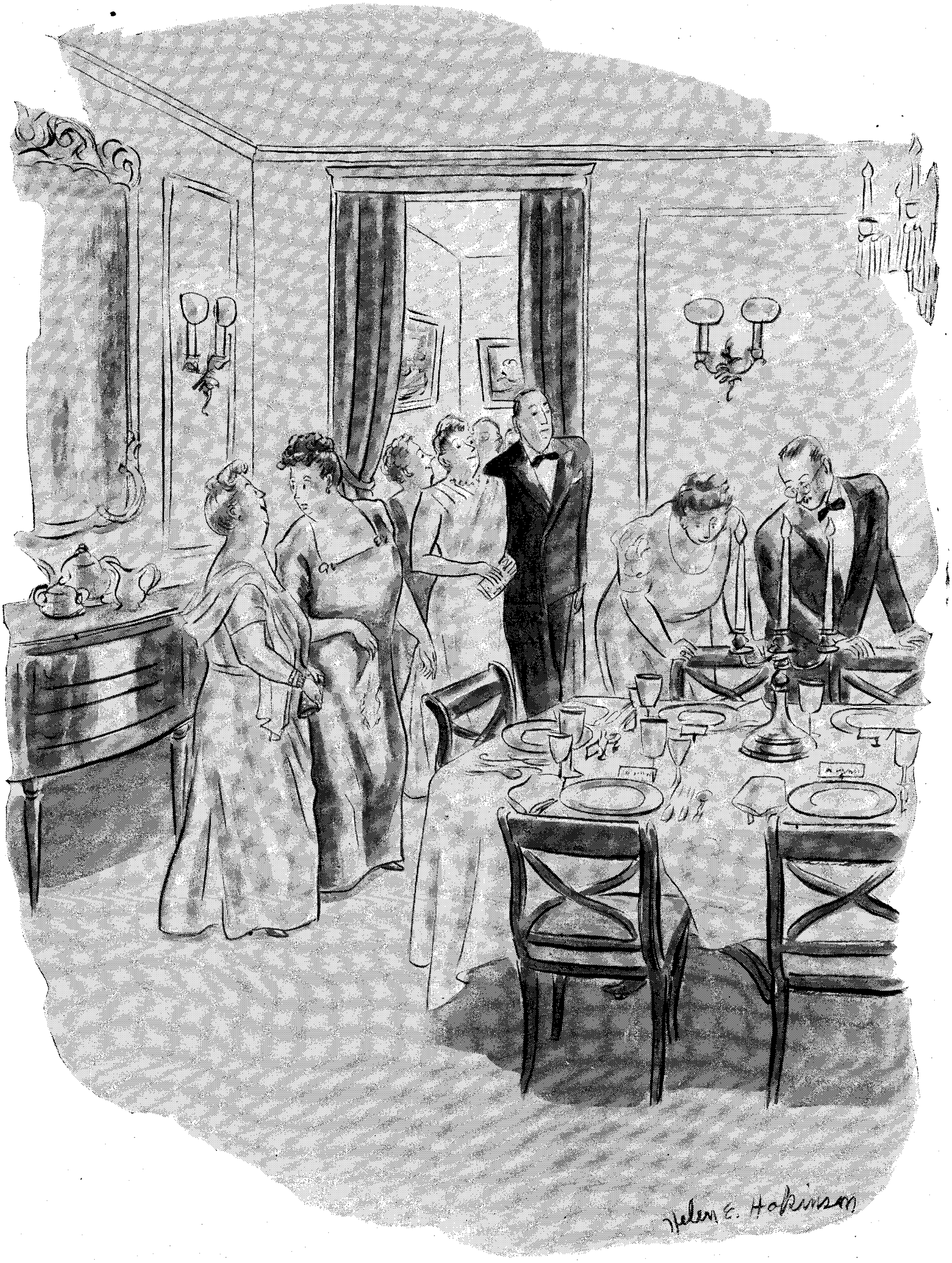
The Malloys may have left the train in Chicago or, having tasted confusion and smelled distant riches, they may have travelled west through Kansas and Nebraska—eating cheese sandwiches in the railroad stations and playing hearts in the lounge car—over the mountains and on to the Coast.

—JOHN CHEEVER

•

GENTLEMAN wishes to exchange or sell a $400,000 well paying concern in Holland for some interesting thing in Canada. Box W405.—*Toronto Star.*

We know where there's an old gnarled cedar root in the shape of a woman's torso.


Helen E. Hokinson

"I've put you next to a man who may or may not be dangerous."

THEN HE GOES FREE

WHILE Cress Delahanty's father and mother awaited the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Kibbler to speak to them about Cress and Edwin, Jr., Mr. Delahanty reminded his wife how wrong she had been about Cress.

"Not two months ago," he said, "in this very room, you told me you weren't worried because Cress wasn't as interested in the boys as a girl her age should be. In this very room. And now look what's happened."

"Don't keep repeating 'in this very room,' " said Mrs. Delahanty. "As if it would have been different if I had said it on the back porch. Or out of doors. Besides, what *has* happened?"

Mr. Delahanty took off his hat—the Delahantys had been ready to leave their California ranch and drive in to town to the movies when Mrs. Kibbler phoned—and sailed it out of the living room toward the hall table, which he missed. "Don't ask me what's happened," he said. "I'm not the girl's mother."

Mrs. Delahanty took off her own hat, jabbing the pins back into it. "What do you mean, you're not the girl's mother?"

Mr. Delahanty sat down heavily upon the sofa. "Girls confide in their mothers," he said.

"Girls confide in their mothers! Where do you pick up these things, John Delahanty? You know perfectly well Cress doesn't confide in anyone." Mrs. Delahanty came over to the sofa and looked down anxiously at her husband. "John, exactly what did Mrs. Kibbler say?"

"The gist of it," said Mr. Delahanty, "was—"

"I don't care about the gist of it. I want to know what she really said."

"What she really said was that she wanted to have a little talk with us about Cress—and Edwin, Jr."

"I know that." Impatience made Mrs. Delahanty's usually soft voice sharp. "But *what* about them?"

Mr. Delahanty drew his feet up toward the sofa, then bent down and retied a shoelace. "About what Cress did to him—Edwin, Jr."

"*Did* to him!" said Mrs. Delahanty, aghast.

"That's what his mother said."

Mrs. Delahanty sat down on the hassock at her husband's feet. "*Did* to him," she repeated again. "Why, what could Cress do to him? He's two or three years older than Cress—fifteen or sixteen, anyway. What could she do to him?"

Mr. Delahanty straightened up. "She could hit him, I guess," he ventured.

"Hit him? What would she want to hit him for?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Delahanty. "I don't know that she did hit him. Maybe she kicked him. Anyway, his mother seems to think the boy's been damaged in some way."

"Damaged?" repeated Mrs. Delahanty angrily. "Damaged? Why, Cress is too tenderhearted to hurt a fly. And you sit there talking of hitting and kicking."

"Well," said Mr. Delahanty mildly, "Edwin's got teeth out. I don't know how else she could get them out, do you?"

"I'm going to call Cress and ask her about this," said Mrs. Delahanty. "I don't believe it for a minute."

"I don't think calling her will do any good. She left while I was talking to Mrs. Kibbler."

"What do you mean, 'left'?"

"Went for a walk, she said."

"Well, teeth out," repeated Mrs. Delahanty unbelievingly. "Teeth out! I don't believe it. I don't believe Cress did it or that that boy's teeth *are* out. Anyway, I'd have to see them out to believe it."

"You're going to," Mr. Delahanty said. "Mrs. Kibbler's bringing Edwin especially so you can."

Mrs. Delahanty sat for some time without saying anything at all. Then she got up, walked back and forth in front of her husband, turning her hat, which she held, around and around on one finger. "Well, what does Mrs. Kibbler expect us to do now?" she asked. "If they really are out, that is?"

"For one thing," replied Mr. Delahanty, "she expects us to pay for some new ones. And for another . . ." Mr. Delahanty paused to listen. Faintly, in the distance, a car could be heard. "Here they are now," he said.

Mrs. Delahanty stopped her pacing. "Do you think I should make some cocoa for them, John? And maybe give them some marguerites?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Delahanty. "I don't think Mrs. Kibbler considers this a social visit."

As the Kibbler car turned in to the long driveway, between the orange grove on one side and the lemon grove on the other, that led to the Delahanty house, Mrs. Delahanty, out of sheer nervousness, bent and lit the fire that was laid in the fireplace. She had never met the Kibblers before, though she knew, of course, that they lived in town and that Cress and Edwin, Jr., attended the same school there.

MR. DELAHANTY went to the door while Mrs. Delahanty stood by the fire, unwilling to take one step toward meeting the Kibblers.

Mrs. Kibbler was a small woman with a large, determined nose, prominent blue eyes, and almost no chin. Her naturally curly hair—she wasn't wearing a hat—sprang away from her head in a great, cage-shaped pompadour that dwarfed her face.

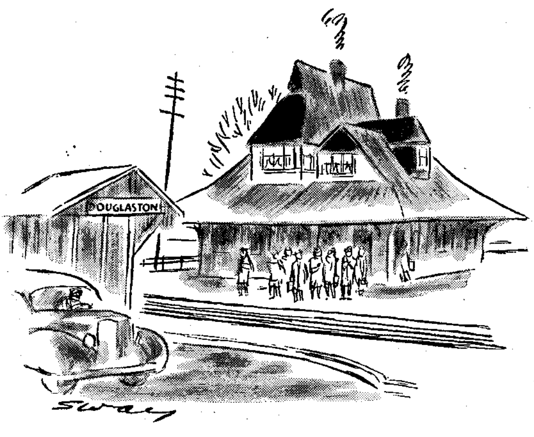
Behind Mrs. Kibbler was Mr. Kibbler, short, dusty, soft-looking, and bald except for a thick fringe of hair about his ears, which made the top of his head, by contrast, seem more naked than ordinary baldness could.

Behind Mr. Kibbler was Edwin, Jr. He was as thin as his mother, as mild and soft-looking as his father, and to these qualities he added an unhappiness all his own. He gave one quick look at the room and the Delahantys through his thick-lensed spectacles, then kept his eyes on the floor.

Mr. Delahanty closed the door behind the callers and introduced his wife to Mrs. Kibbler. Mrs. Kibbler, in turn, introduced her husband and son to the Delahantys. While the Kibblers were seating themselves—Mrs. Kibbler and Edwin, Jr., on the sofa, Mr. Kibbler on a straight-backed chair in the room's darkest corner—Mrs. Delahanty busied herself with the fire.

Mrs. Kibbler looked at the fire with some surprise. "Do you find it cold this evening, Mrs. Delahanty?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Delahanty. "I



don't. It's really warm. I don't know why I lit the fire."

To this, Mrs. Kibbler made no reply. Instead, without preliminaries, she turned to her son. "Edwin," she said, "show the Delahantys what their daughter did to your teeth."

Mrs. Delahanty wanted to close her eyes, to look into the fire, or find, as Edwin, Jr., had done, a spot on the floor to examine. There was an almost imperceptible ripple along the length of the boy's face, as if he had tried to open his mouth but found he lacked the strength. He momentarily lifted his eyes from the floor and darted a glance into the dark corner where his father sat. But Mr. Kibbler continued to sit in expressionless silence.

"Edwin," said Mrs. Kibbler to her husband, "speak to your son."

"Do what your mother says, Son," said Mr. Kibbler.

Very slowly, as if it hurt him, Edwin opened his mouth. His teeth were white, and in his thin face they seemed very large. The two middle teeth, above, had been broken off on a slanting line, and the left lower incisor appeared to be missing entirely.

"Wider, Edwin," Mrs. Kibbler urged. "I want the Delahantys to see exactly what their daughter is responsible for."

But before Edwin could make any further effort, Mrs. Delahanty cried, "No, that's enough!"

"I didn't want you to take our word for anything," Mrs. Kibbler said reasonably. "I wanted you to see."

"Oh, we see, all right," said Mrs. Delahanty earnestly.

Mr. Delahanty leaned forward and spoke to Mrs. Kibbler. "While we see the teeth, Mrs. Kibbler, it just isn't a thing we think Crescent would do. Or, in fact, that she *could* do it. We think Edwin must be mistaken."

"You mean lying?" asked Mrs. Kibbler flatly.

"Mistaken," repeated Mr. Delahanty.

"Tell them, Edwin," said Mrs. Kibbler.

"She knocked me down," said Edwin, very low.

Mrs. Delahanty, although she was already uncomfortably warm, held her hands toward the fire and even rubbed them together a time or two.

"I simply can't believe that," she said.

"You mean hit you with her fist and knocked you down?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"No," said Edwin, even lower than before. "Ran into me."

"But not on purpose?" said Mrs. Delahanty.

Edwin nodded. "Yes," he said. "On purpose."

"But why?" asked Mr. Delahanty. "Why? Cress wouldn't do such a thing, I know—without some cause. Why?"

"Tell them why, Edwin," said his mother.

Edwin's head went even nearer the floor, as if the spot he was watching had diminished or retreated.

"For fun," he said.

It was impossible not to believe the boy as he sat there hunched, head bent, one eyelid twitching. "But Cress would never do such a thing," said Mrs. Delahanty.

"She did do it," said Mrs. Kibbler flatly. "Knocked the water cooler on top of him, and Providence alone can explain why his glasses weren't broken!"

"What had you done, Edwin?" asked Mrs. Delahanty again.

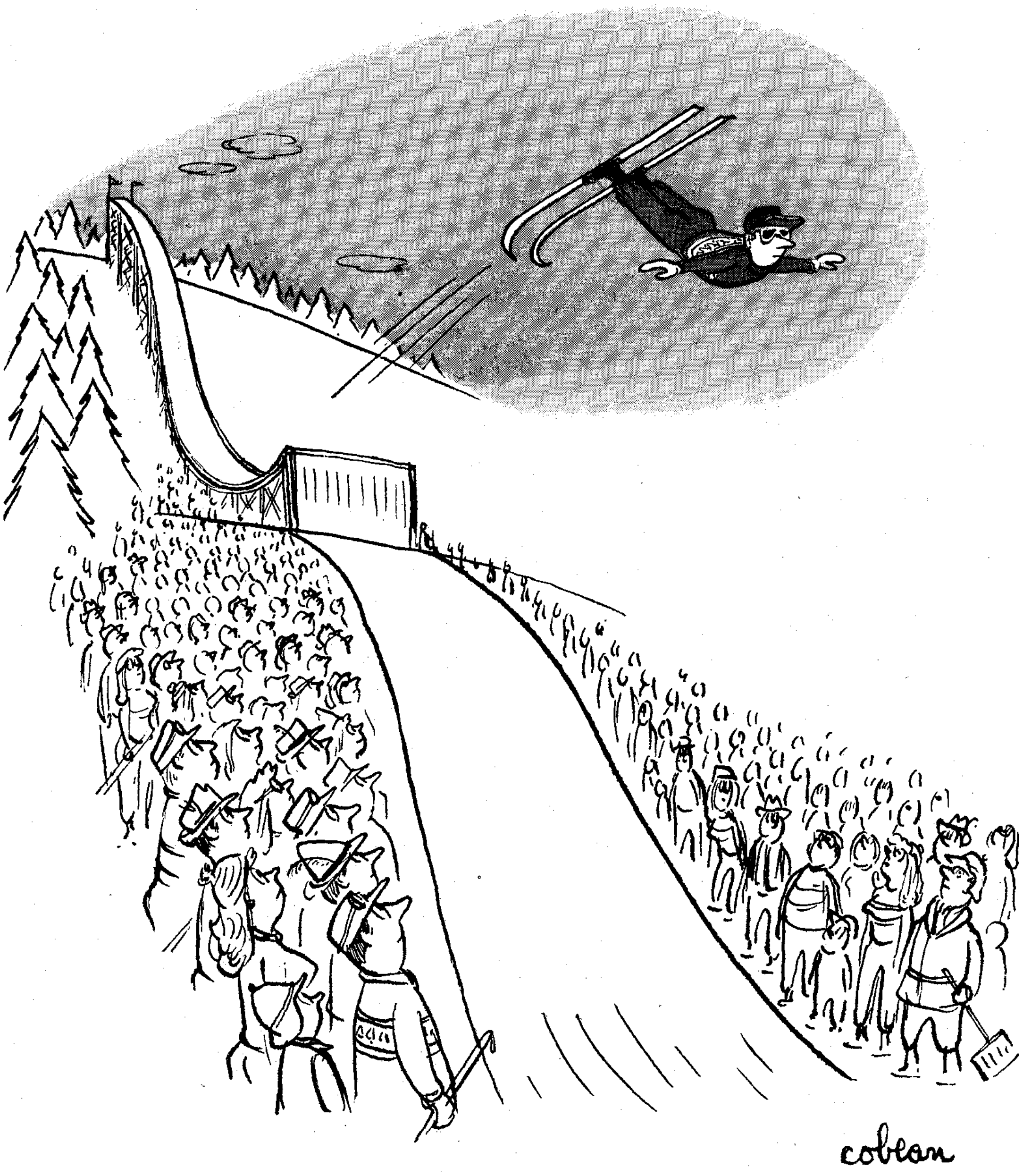
"Nothing," whispered Edwin.

"All we want," said Mrs. Kibbler, "is what's perfectly fair. Pay the dentist's bill. And that girl of yours apologize to Edwin."

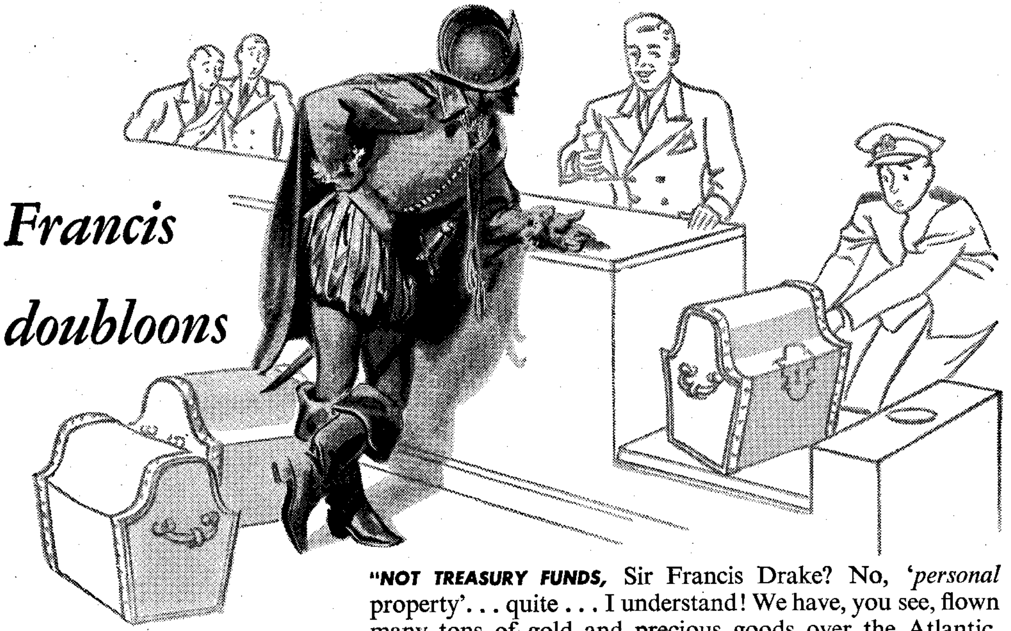
Mrs. Delahanty got up suddenly and walked over to Edwin. She put one hand on his thin shoulder and felt him twitch under her touch like a frightened colt. "Go on, Edwin," she said. "Tell me the truth. Tell me why."

Edwin slowly lifted his head. "Go on, Edwin," Mrs. Delahanty encouraged him.

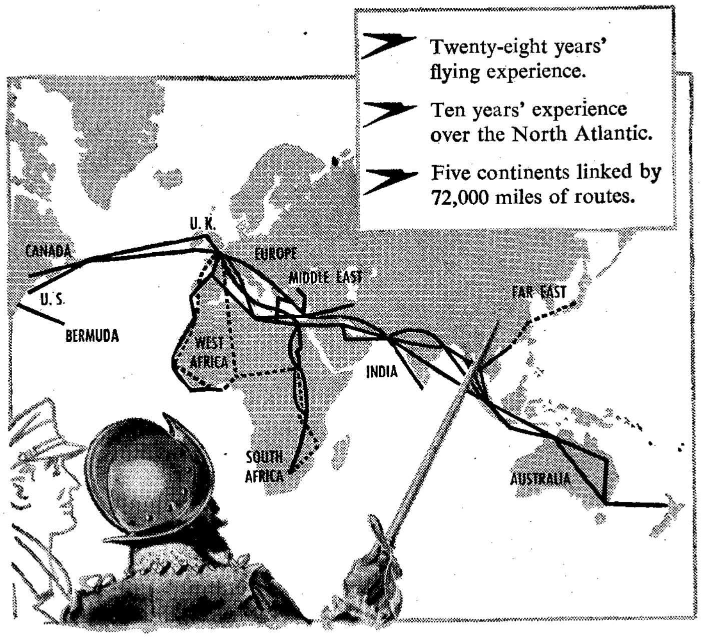
"He told you once," said Mrs. Kibbler. "Fun. That girl of yours is a



"Certainly, Sir Francis we'll ship your doubloons in advance."

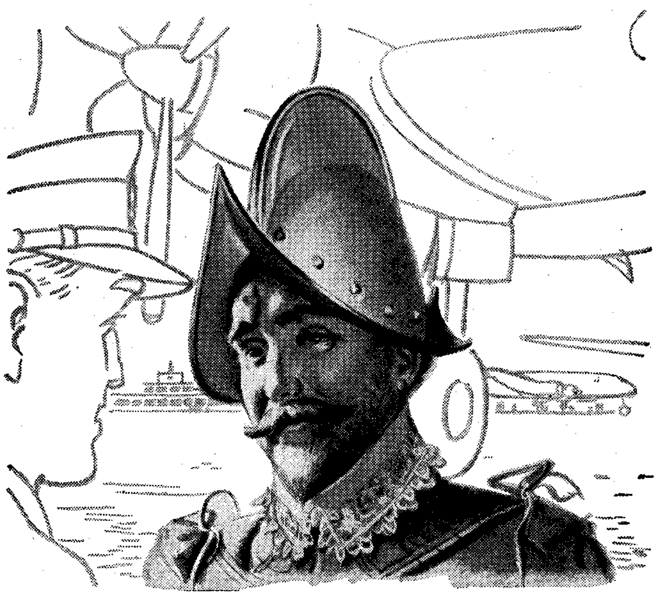


"NOT TREASURY FUNDS, Sir Francis Drake? No, *'personal* property'. . . quite . . . I understand! We have, you see, flown many tons of gold and precious goods over the Atlantic. But these, as heavy *private* baggage, we'll ship ahead of you, as we often do for our Speedbird passengers."



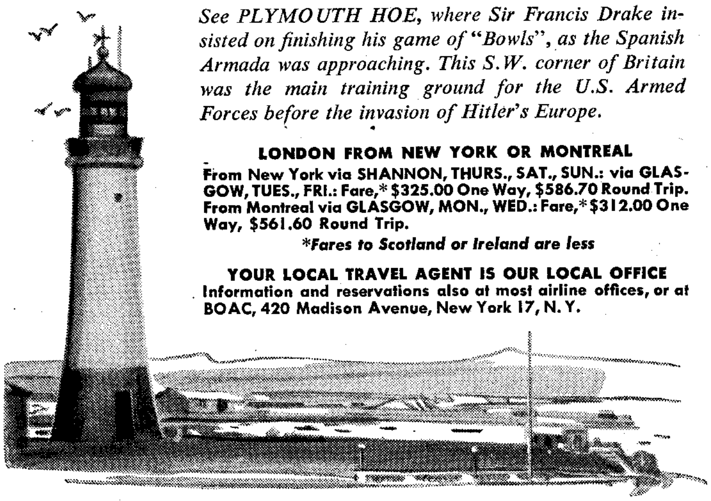
- Twenty-eight years' flying experience.
- Ten years' experience over the North Atlantic.
- Five continents linked by 72,000 miles of routes.

"AS THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN to sail right round the world, you'll be interested in this map. Nearly three years, wasn't it, that ocean voyage took you? And today, from New York, we can put you down into Australia in just four days and a bit! Yes, Sir . . . it's a small world by Speedbird."



"OVER UNCHARTED SEAS you sailed as a pioneer, Sir. In the same pathfinding spirit, BOAC was first to fly the present, *direct* North Atlantic route as a two-way, all-year-round air service. That was back in 1941; and now seventeen Speedbird Captains have logged more than 100 transatlantic flights apiece."

OVER THE ATLANTIC . . . AND ACROSS THE WORLD



See PLYMOUTH HOE, where Sir Francis Drake insisted on finishing his game of "Bowls", as the Spanish Armada was approaching. This S.W. corner of Britain was the main training ground for the U.S. Armed Forces before the invasion of Hitler's Europe.

LONDON FROM NEW YORK OR MONTREAL

From New York via SHANNON, THURS., SAT., SUN.: via GLASGOW, TUES., FRI.: Fare,* $325.00 One Way, $586.70 Round Trip. From Montreal via GLASGOW, MON., WED.: Fare,* $312.00 One Way, $561.60 Round Trip.

Fares to Scotland or Ireland are less

YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT IS OUR LOCAL OFFICE

Information and reservations also at most airline offices, or at BOAC, 420 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

SPEEDBIRD SERVICE

B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Routes to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa in association with Qantas Empire Airways Limited, Tasman Empire Airways Limited and South African Airways respectively.

She's a daughter of Aquarius

JAN. 21—FEB. 19

Kind-hearted . . . undemonstrative . . . modest and unassuming . . . a good counsellor.

Whatever sign of the Zodiac you were born under, follow your lucky star and let us photograph you as you really are.

Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach
PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN
683 FIFTH AVENUE
WIckersham 2-4517

FABIAN BACHRACH, PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN

BOSTON • WASHINGTON • HARTFORD • BALTIMORE
EAST ORANGE • PHILADELPHIA • PROVIDENCE

big, boisterous thing, from all I hear. She owes my boy an apology."

Edwin's face continued to lift, until he was looking directly at Mrs. Delahanty. He started to speak but had said only three words, "Nobody ever wants—" when Cress walked in from the hall. She had evidently been there for some time, for she went directly to Edwin.

"I apologize for hurting you, Edwin," she said.

Then she turned to Mrs. Kibbler. "I've got twelve-seventy-five saved for a bicycle. That can go to help pay for his teeth."

AFTER the Kibblers left, the three Delahantys had nothing to say to each other. The fire had about died down and, outside, an owl, his hunting finished, flew back toward the hills, softly hooting.

"I guess if we hurried, we could just about catch the second show," Mr. Delahanty said.

"I won't be going to shows for a while," said Cress.

The room was very quiet. Mrs. Delahanty traced the outline of one of the bricks in the fireplace.

"I can save twenty-five cents a week that way. Toward his teeth," she explained.

Mrs. Delahanty took the poker and stirred the coals, so that for a second there was an upward drift of sparks, but the fire was too far gone to blaze. Because it had not yet been completely dark when the Kibblers came, only one lamp had been turned on. Now that night had arrived, the room was only partially lighted, but no one seemed to care. Mr. Delahanty, in Mr. Kibbler's dark corner, was almost invisible. Mrs. Delahanty stood by the fireplace. Cress sat where Edwin had sat, looking downward, perhaps at the same spot at which he had looked.

US
MAIL
ZONE
18

"One day at school," she said, "Edwin went out in the fields at noon and gathered wild-flower bouquets for everyone—a lupine, a poppy, two barley heads, four yellow violets. He tied them together with blades of grass. They were sweet little bouquets. He went without lunch to get them fixed, and when we came back from eating, there was a bouquet on every desk in the study hall. It looked like a flower field when we came in, and Edwin did it to surprise us."

Mr. Delahanty asked, "Did the kids like that?"

"Yes," said Cress. "They liked it. They tore their bouquets apart and used the barley beards to tickle each other. Miss Ingols made Edwin gather up every single flower and throw them in the wastepaper basket."

After a while, Cress said, "Edwin has a collection of bird feathers. The biggest is from a buzzard, the littlest from a hummingbird. They're all different colors. The brightest is from a woodpecker."

"Does he kill birds just to get a feather?" Mr. Delahanty asked.

"Oh, no!" said Cress. "He just keeps his eyes open for where a bird might drop a feather. It would spoil his collection to get a feather he didn't find that way."

Mr. Delahanty sighed and stirred in his wooden chair, so that it creaked a little.

"Edwin would like to be a missionary to China," said Cress. Some particle in the fireplace as yet unburned blazed up in a sudden spurt of blue flame. "Not a preaching missionary," she explained.

"A medical missionary?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"Oh, no! Edwin says he's had to take too much medicine to ever be willing to make other people take it."

There was another long silence in the room. Mrs. Delahanty sat down in the big chair by the fireplace and once more held a hand toward the coals. There was just enough life left in them to make the tips of her fingers rosy. She didn't turn toward Cress at all or ask a single question.

Back in the dusk, Cress's voice went on. "He would like to teach them how to play baseball."

"Edwin doesn't look to me as though he would be much of a baseball player." Mr. Delahanty's voice was matter-of-fact.

"Oh, he isn't," Cress agreed. "He isn't even any of a baseball player. But he could be a baseball authority. Know everything and teach by diagram. That's what he'd have to do. And learn from the Chinese how they paint. He says some of their pictures look like they had been painted with one kind of bird feather and some with another. He knows they don't really paint with

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
ALLEGRO
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Entire Production staged by AGNES de MILLE
MAJESTIC Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
ST. JAMES Thea., W. 44. Evgs. Incl. Sun.
Mats. Saturday & Sunday 2:30

THE NATIONAL COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
Wk. Jan. 26—AUDITORIUM, Louisville, Ky.
Wk. Feb. 2—EMERY Thea., Cincinnati, Ohio

THE LONDON COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
LONDON—THEATRE ROYAL, Drury Lane

CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Commencing Jan. 26th (For 5 Weeks)
SHUBERT Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

TUNE IN TO
THE THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR
ABC Network 9:30 P.M. EST SUNDAY

ORDER BY MAIL FROM BOX OFFICES

Limited Engagement
D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY
OF LONDON
in **GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS**
NOW through January 24th
"COX AND BOX" & "H.M.S. PINAFORE"
Week of Jan. 26th . . . . . . THE GONDOLIERS
CENTURY Theatre, 7th Avenue at 59th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN"
Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS
in
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
Man and Superman
ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. • CI 5-5226
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30
MOVES TO HUDSON THEATRE 44th St. East of B'way MONDAY, Feb. 16th

"Eloquent, fresh and surprising humor"
—GIBBS, The New Yorker
BROCK PEMBERTON *presents*
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON *presents*
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Playing ST. LOUIS—through Jan. 31

"A DIRECT HIT!"—Walter Winchell
PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with
JAY FASSETT
PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

bird feathers," she explained. "That's just a fancy of his."

The night wind moving in off the Pacific began to stir the eucalyptus trees in the windbreak. Whether the wind blew off sea or desert didn't matter; the long eucalyptus leaves always lifted and fell with the same watery, surflike sound.

"I'm sorry Edwin happened to be standing by that water cooler," said Mr. Delahanty. "That's what did the damage, I suppose."

"Oh, he had to stand there," said Cress. "He didn't have any choice. That's the mush pot."

"Mush pot?" said Mr. Delahanty.

"It's a circle around the box the water cooler stands on in the schoolyard," said Crescent. "Edwin spends about his whole time there during recess and while we're waiting for the bus after school."

"Crescent," asked Mr. Delahanty, "what is this mush pot?"

"It's prison," said Cress, surprise in her voice. "It's where the prisoners are kept. Only, at school we always call it the mush pot."

"Is this a game?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"It's dare base," said Crescent. "Didn't you ever play it? You choose up sides. You draw two lines, and one side stands in the middle and tries to catch the other side as they run by. Nobody ever chooses Edwin. The last captain to choose just gets him. Because he can't help himself. They call Edwin the handicap. He gets caught first thing and spends the whole game in the mush pot, because nobody will waste any time trying to rescue him. He'd just get caught again, they say, and the whole game would be nothing but rescue Edwin."

"How do you rescue anyone, Cress?" asked her father.

"Run from home base to the mush pot without being caught. Then take the prisoner's hand. Then he goes free."

"Were you trying to rescue Edwin, Cress?"

Cress didn't answer her father at once. Finally, she said, "It was my duty. I chose him for our side. I chose him first of all and didn't wait just to get him. So it was my duty to rescue him. Only, I ran too hard and couldn't stop. And the water cooler fell down on top of him and knocked his teeth out. And humiliated him. But he was free," she said. "I got there without being caught."

Mrs. Delahanty spoke with a great surge of warmth and anger. "Humiliated him! When you were only trying

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
present

in association with JOSHUA LOGAN
"DEFINITELY A HIT."
—*Morehouse, Sun*
JOHN LOVES MARY
The Gay Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MR. LOGAN
MUSIC BOX Thea., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"A HILARIOUS EVENING."
—*Atkinson, Times*
HELEN HAYES
In the Comedy Hit
"Happy Birthday"
by ANITA LOOS
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
PLYMOUTH THEA, 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"MERMAN'S A WOW!"—*Chapman, News*
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT *and* DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY
by
GARSON KANIN
with
JUDY HOLLIDAY • PAUL DOUGLAS
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

"A SUPERB DRAMA"
Atkinson, Times
IRENE M. SELZNICK *presents*
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ALLEGRO*

"ONE OF THE FINEST SCORES IN THE HISTORY OF OUR MUSICAL THEATRE. I predict the critics will be humming and dancing to 'A Fellow Meets a Girl', 'So Far', 'The Gentleman is a Dope' and 'You Are Never Away'."

—BILLY ROSE, PM

*THIRTEENTH IN A SERIES OF N. Y. DRAMATIC CRITICS' PRAISE OF "ALLEGRO" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL

BRIGADOON

Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

with

DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • ALBERT RUIZ

Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"Our advice would be to run, not walk (as Woollcott used to say) to see the Paul and Grace Hartman revue, 'Angel in The Wings', which is one long laugh from beginning to end."

—DANTON WALKER, News

MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE Hartmans
in The Smash Musical Hit
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A Memorable Hit!" —LIFE MAG.

ROBERT WHITEHEAD & OLIVER REA present
JUDITH ANDERSON · DENNIS KING · FLORENCE REED
in "MEDEA"
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats., Wed. & Sat.

KATHARINE CORNELL GODFREY TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
MARTIN BECK, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat

39th RIOTOUS WEEK at Pre-War Prices!
"Exuberant-Authentic."—Atkinson, Times
"A Young Man's Fancy"
The Co-Ed Camp Comedy Sensation
"EACH TIME I SEE IT, I laugh longer and louder! 1st rate-keen fun!"—Robt. Garland, Jrl.-Amer.
CORT THEATRE 48th St. E. of B'way.

to help him. Trying to rescue him. What gratitude!"

Cress said, "But he didn't want to be rescued, Mother. Not by me, anyway. He said he liked being in the mush pot. He said he got there on purpose, to observe. He gave me back the feathers I'd found for him. One was a roadrunner feather. The only one he had."

"Well, you can start a feather collection of your own," said Mrs. Delahanty with energy. "I often see feathers when I'm walking through the orchard. After this, I'll save them for you."

"I'm not interested in feathers," said Cress. Then she added, "I can get two bits an hour any time suckering trees for Mr. Hudson or helping in the cafeteria at school. That would be two-fifty a week, at least. Plus the twelve-seventy-five. How much do you suppose his teeth will be?"

"Cress," said her father, "you surely aren't going to let the Kibblers go on thinking you knocked their son down on purpose, are you? Do you want Edwin to think that?"

"Edwin doesn't really think that," Cress said. "He knows I was rescuing him. But now that I've apologized—and if we pay for the new teeth and everything—maybe after a while he will believe I did it on purpose."

She stood up and walked to the hall doorway. "I'm awfully tired," she said. "I guess I'll go to bed."

"But, Cress," asked Mrs. Delahanty, "why do you want him to believe it? When it isn't true."

Cress was already through the door, but she turned back to explain. "You don't knock down people you are sorry for," she said.

After Cress had gone upstairs, Mrs. Delahanty said, "Well, John, you were right, of course."

"Right?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"About Cress's being interested in the boys."

"Yes," said Mr. Delahanty, who had been thinking about that very thing. "Yes, I'm afraid I was."

—Jessamyn West

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

Barron's
National Business and Financial Weekly
40 New Street
New York 4, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I believe we are in an excellent position to save you some money.

Not . . .

ATLANTIS PRODUCTIONS
The Theatre Guild • H. M. Tennent Ltd.
John C. Wilson
present
The Winslow Boy
A New Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN
ALAN WEBB
MADGE COMPTON • BETTY SINCLAIR
GEORGE BENSON • MICHAEL KINGSLEY
VALERIE WHITE
MICHAEL NEWELL • OWEN HOLDER
DOROTHY HAMILTON • LEONARD MICHELL
FRANK ALLENBY
Directed by GLEN BYAM SHAW
Decor by MICHAEL WEIGHT
EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & Broadway
Evgs. at 8:40. MATS Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

"I RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY."
Wolcott Gibbs, The New Yorker
FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE presents
Basil RATHBONE • Wendy HILLER
"The Heiress"
by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
with Patricia COLLINGE
Production by JED HARRIS
BILTMORE, W. 47 ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.

"For Love or Money"

introduces a brilliant young actress in June Lockhart. She's the brightest American ingenue to hit Broadway since Margaret Sullavan made her exciting debut."

—MOREHOUSE, Sun

with John LODER • Vicki CUMMINGS • June LOCKHART
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"DRAPER STILL WITHOUT RIVAL."
Garland, Journal-American
JOHN C. WILSON presents
RUTH DRAPER
IN HER CHARACTER SKETCHES
Every Sunday Evg. at 8:40—4 Mats. Every Week Tues., Wed., Fri. & Sun. $1.20 to $3.60. Tax incl.
EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way. PE. 6-9540

CONCERT

CARNEGIE HALL JAN. 28 WED. EVE. at 8:30
GORODNITZKI
PIANIST
(Steinway) (Columbia Records)

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Gregory PECK • Ann TODD • Charles LAUGHTON
Charles COBURN • Ethel BARRYMORE
and Louis JOURDAN and VALLI
in David O. Selznick's production of Hitchcock's
"THE PARADINE CASE"
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

Our Brothers' Keepers

Millions all over the world today are suffering an undeserved and cruel fate—a fate that, except for a difference in geography, might well be yours. Put yourself in their place and decide for yourself whether you can refuse to be your brother's keeper.

The peace for which we all fought together cannot be realized if hunger and privation stalk across more than half the world, if the grim spectre of another war lurks amid the misery and discontent engendered by our real enemy— famine overseas.

Give Them This Day . . . Contribute to your local American Overseas Aid—United Nations Appeal for Children; or to AOA-UNAC National Headquarters, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

OF ALL THINGS

THE heads of two hundred and nineteen colleges, meeting in Cincinnati, voted about three to one against universal military training. The prexies think it would be better if they could have the boys' undivided attention.

•

Twenty Republican senators of isolationist leanings have banded themselves together to make a study of the Marshall Plan. They assure us that the sole object of their organization is self-improvement.

•

The Long Island Railroad is facing the serious charge of being a fair-weather friend. Patrons of the line complain that its trains do not choose to run on stormy days.

•

The New York area has been in the grip of a severe winter, but there are pleasant indications that spring will be held this year as usual. Seed catalogues and baseball players' contracts are arriving in every mail.

•

Reports say that Hollywood is in reduced circumstances because of Great Britain's prohibitive tax on American films. We are told that some movie stars are within one or two swimming pools of utter destitution.

•

The efforts of the supporters of Eisenhower as a candidate for President to get a go-ahead signal have met with complete failure. The General gives us no light on the subject, either green or red.

•

The British Government announces that it is still selling arms and ammunition to the Arab nations in accordance with old treaties. The Arabs are expected to be perfect gentlemen and not use these weapons in Palestine.

•

William O'Dwyer has completed two years as Mayor of New York, to the general satisfaction of the citizens. Admirers say he jumps from crisis to crisis like Eliza crossing the ice.

•

The President's architectural plans for the White House have run into severe criticism, and the thing may become a political issue. The President is suspected of wanting to carry on a back-porch campaign.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE IMPORTANT 4/5ths* OF YOUR DRINK?"

* It's a good thing to know... 4/5ths of the average highball is mixer. So why risk spoiling it with an ordinary club soda? Insist on the best—insist on Canada Dry. Here's why:

1. Pin-Point Carbonation—means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. Exclusive Formula—makes your drinks taste better.
3. Special Processing—assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. Superior Quality—uniform the world over.

THE SIGN OF A BETTER DRINK
WORLD FAMOUS
CANADA DRY WATER
World's Most Popular Club Soda
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
PIN-POINT CARBONATION
15¢ Plus deposit
(in most areas)

What in the world

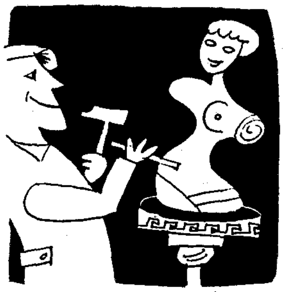
Practically everything!...and so almo

What do they read in TIME?

Practically everything, of course!

EACH WEEK 1,500,000 women and 1,800,000 men read TIME. Studies among equal numbers of TIME-reading men and women show the intensity of readership by sex for each TIME department.

The readership figures reported here for each department are based upon 1600 personal interviews.



ART
128 women readers
for 100 men

BOOKS
120 women readers
for 100 men

FOREIGN NEWS
78 women readers
for 100 men

INTERNATIONAL
74 women readers
for 100 men

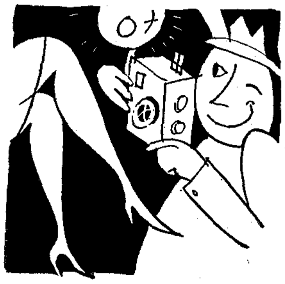
LATIN AMERICA
77 women readers
for 100 men

LETTERS
97 women readers
for 100 men

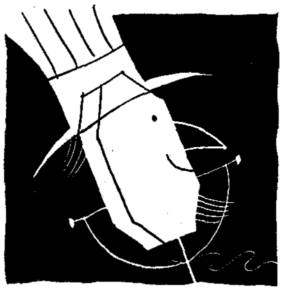
NATIONAL AFFAIRS
80 women readers
for 100 men

Autographs

PEOPLE
103 women readers
for 100 men



PRESS
78 women readers
for 100 men



RADIO
107 women readers
for 100 men

Why does TIME interest so many women so much?

Week after week, page after page of TIME satisfies a woman's *natural interests* in the world around her . . . and appeals to her *personal interest* in how the world affects her home, her family, and herself.

For TIME-reading women are alert, active, interested in *practically everything*. In a week they do more planning and buying and recommending than most women do in a month.

When you can get their interest, you've got something. And the best place to get it is in TIME!

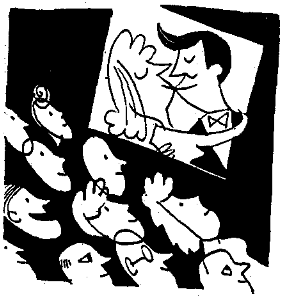
TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

interests women?

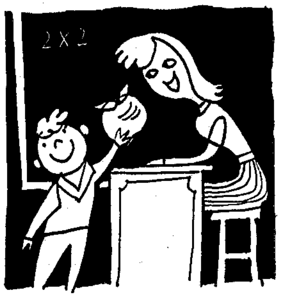
as many Women as Men are reading TIME

BUSINESS
59 women readers
for 100 men

CANADA
75 women readers
for 100 men

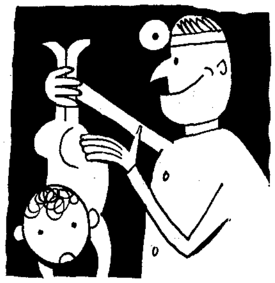


CINEMA
122 women readers
for 100 men



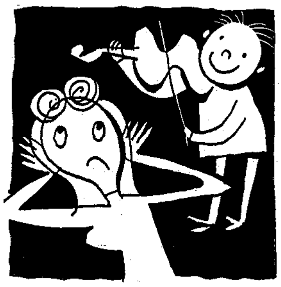
EDUCATION
97 women readers
for 100 men

MEDICINE
93 women readers
for 100 men



MILESTONES
104 women readers
for 100 men

MISCELLANY
102 women readers
for 100 men



MUSIC
117 women readers
for 100 men

RELIGION
102 women readers
for 100 men

SCIENCE
73 women readers
for 100 men

SPORT
55 women readers
for 100 men

THEATRE
114 women readers
for 100 men

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

read every week by the men and women who are everybody's Best Customers!

THE THEATRE

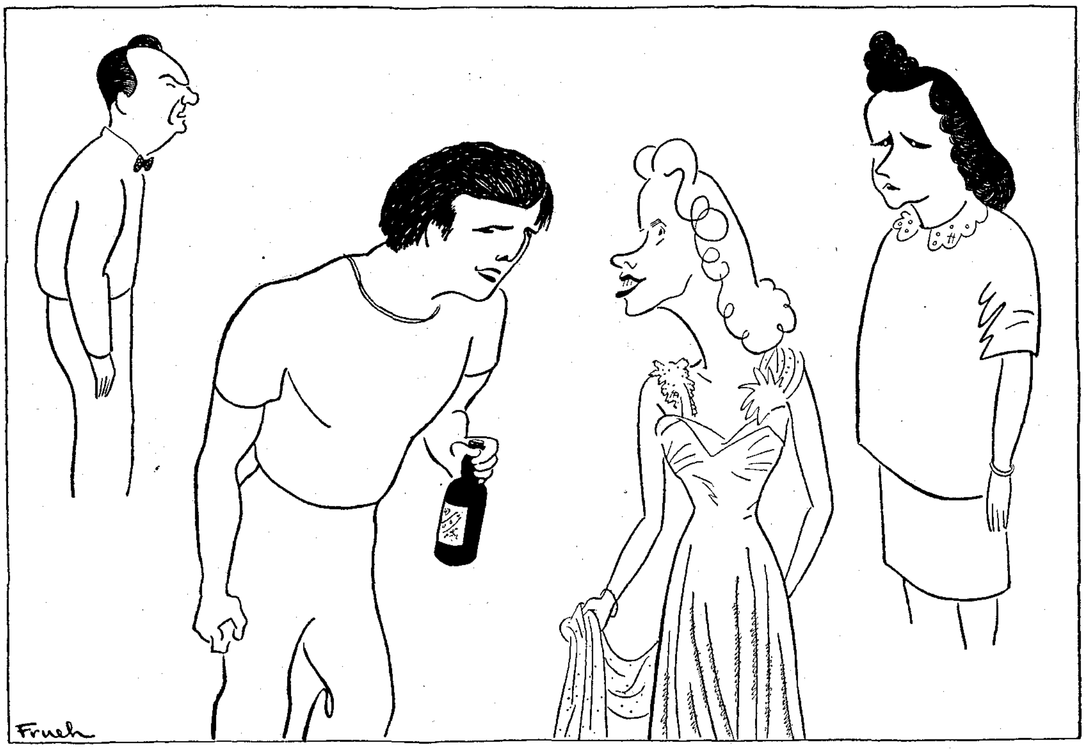
MIDSEASON MISCELLANY

According to a secret system of grading I employ in the margins of my programs ("!," "O.K.," "?," "Nope"), it seems that I found two numbers in "Make Mine Manhattan" worth ranking with the very few really funny sketches in my experience, eight satisfactory or better, nine hard to make up my mind about one way or another, and only one that stirred me to open rebellion. This is a high ranking as things go in this department, and I should say that the new revue at the Broadhurst is well above the average in its field and consequently something for you to see at your earliest convenience.

As any reviewer knows, there is nothing better calculated to drive his readers out of their minds than his attempts to describe acts that have made him laugh, so I will compress my report, as much as possible, on the two that killed me. The first is called "Hollywood Heads East," and it supposes that a director, a brooding genius in the elegant costume of his trade, is trying to shoot a scene on the steps of a New York tenement, which, however, chance to be already occupied by Mr. Rappaport, a remarkably uncoöperative garment worker, who lives upstairs. The piece is about nothing much except the terrible struggle between Rappaport and Hollywood for possession of the steps, but I am convinced that it is a great work of art. The other has to do with the sale of a pen that writes under water, and it involves lowering the customer into a glass tank full of water right there on the stage and making him write. For some reason, this is a wonderfully funny thing to do with an actor, though I'm damned if I know why. Anyway, both these items have the peculiar kind of humor that never fails to enchant me (it might be wise to note that a totally pointless joke often has the same effect), and I'd be almost tempted to recommend "Make Mine Manhattan" if there weren't another smile in it.

The other numbers that pleased me included a satire about the drama critics, plainly demonstrating that these repulsive creatures are chosen for their matchless incompetence, a point, of course, that has been made once or twice before; a nice bit about the demons who bang bottles and ashcans around under your windows in the morning; a parody of "Allegro" that captures a good deal of the quality of that lugubrious epic and perhaps a little too much of its length; and an ingenious song about a restaurant, disguised as Traftz, where they are as likely as not to put cottage cheese in your Martini. All these sketches are the work of Arnold B. Horwitt, who, though he slips a bit elsewhere in the course of the evening, is still obviously a very gifted man. They are performed principally by four comedians—Sid Caesar, David Burns, Joshua Shelley, and Max Showalter. I have an idea that Mr. Caesar, who has not appeared in a Broadway musical before, is generally regarded as the star of the show, but somehow his technique unnerves me ("master of ceremonies," for some reason, comes to my mind), and I prefer Mr. Burns, who looks quite a lot like Babe Ruth and may easily be as skillful and engaging a comic as there is around. Mr. Shelley and Mr. Showalter are appealing, too, but they have rather less to work with.

The parts of "Make Mine Manhattan" that didn't impress me particularly were its serious songs and dances—the funny ones were almost all fine—and, though I hesitate to say it, the personal charms of most of the young women who took part. The songs, to get into this a little further, were written by Richard Lewine; the choreography was done by Lee Sherman; and the leading ladies are Sheila Bond, who seems to feel that the stage needs another Betty Hutton—a proposition that might be debated—and Kyle MacDonnell, a pretty blonde with a pleasant voice but without the electric quality a girl



"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

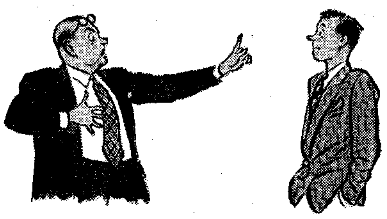
The central female figure in this composition is Jessica Tandy, the unhappy heroine of Tennessee Williams' play at the Ethel Barrymore. The tough guy with the bottle is Marlon Brando, and the others are Karl Malden and Kim Hunter.

needs for this demanding work. I'm not complaining exactly, but in view of the real excellence of the rest of the program, I just wish they'd all been a little better. The one act I couldn't bear featured Mr. Caesar, who impersonated a slot machine, making singularly unpleasant noises and no sense at all for a long, long time. Oh, well, what's one number?

IN the case of "Strange Bedfellows," at the Morosco, I found myself in the by no means unfamiliar situation of feeling only rather depressed at a play that clearly delighted the first-night audience and would undoubtedly delight subsequent and less worldly ones even more. The authors, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, have one funny point to make. In 1896, in San Francisco, it seems that the most energetic opponents of woman's suffrage were the madams and girls of the Barbary Coast, who were convinced that the first thing the indignant ladies would do with the franchise would be to vote them right out of business. The resulting embarrassing alliance between the sporting world and the lofty anti-suffragettes provides Miss Ryerson and Mr. Clements with a couple of surefire comedy scenes, elementary but pretty entertaining. The rest of the play, in my opinion, is old stuff, borrowed from a variety of sources—a bellowing domestic tyrant from "Life with Father;" a scene in which two characters get rapidly drunk, copied from almost anything you care to name; a comic Chinese servant, also from anywhere; a passage of adolescent love that sounded to me like "Seventeen;" and, of course, any number of period props and references that used to make me laugh back in my own mandolin-playing days but now just get a wan smile out of me at best. Somewhere in the middle of the evening, having run out of other inspirations, the authors pick up "Lysistrata"—the feminist heroine and her accomplices plan to deny themselves to their mates unless they support the Cause—and then things really get painful. I was dismayed when this project was telegraphed ahead to me, tormented while it was being carried out, and immeasurably relieved when the final curtain put an end to it.

The eighteen players who crowd Ralph Alswang's big, whimsical set include Joan Tetzel, John Archer, Carl Benton Reid, Ruth Amos, Nydia Westman, and Robin Craven. Miss Tetzel makes a very winning crusader for the Nineteenth Amendment, Mr. Archer

"Marriage is a serious step, my boy!"



SR: It has many pitfalls. Women—particularly *young* women—expect a great deal of a man. They expect courtesy, kindness, neatness. *Especially* neatness! You've got to spend more time on yourself, Edward. Just *look* at your shirt collar! Then look at *mine.*

JR: Yeah—that's a honey, Dad! I know mine isn't—

SR: This is the famous Arrow Collar, son. Your mother made me wear them, starting years ago. She was wise. Note how this cut follows my—er, my body lines. It's the body tapered fit—MITOGA. Now take *your* shirt—

JR: Yeah—that's a swell cut, Dad! I know mine hasn't got—

SR: Arrow Shirts flatter ALL men, my boy! Keep you looking your best—at home and in the office. Yes, keep your young lady *proud* of you. Another thing: smart women *hate* waste. Waste like shrinkage in things you wear. Arrow Shirts are *Sanforized* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%!). Now take *your* shirt—

JR: WAIT A MINUTE, will you, Dad! This isn't *my* shirt! It's my dumb brother's! I've been trying to say that I ALWAYS wear Arrows! *Always! Always!* See?

SR: Well, my goodness—why didn't you SAY SO in the first place, my boy? Letting me run on and on like this! I must say—my goodness, he's *gone!*

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.50 · $4 · $4.25 · $5

manages to look and behave rather like a matinée idol of that glossy period, and the others, though less ornamental, handle the rough humors of the script with the greatest good will.

AFTER an extremely promising first act, "Power Without Glory," an English play by Michael Clayton Hutton, declines slowly in the second and then collapses in the third, when it helplessly talks itself to death. The curtain goes up on a shabby living room behind a little shop in the London slums. Several ladies of various ages wander in and out, and their ferocious Cockney wrangling establishes a very nice atmosphere, combining broad humor and acute foreboding. They are interrupted from time to time by the hoarse sound of foghorns on the nearby Thames, and altogether it seems like a wonderful night and neighborhood for a murder. This, as it happens, is just what you get. A son of the house has killed a little slut down by the waterfront.

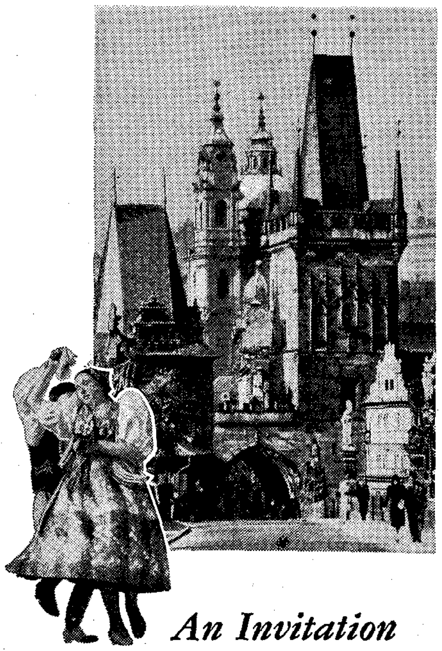
Since the author's purpose is psychological rather than melodramatic, there is no particular mystery about the murder, and presently everybody in the house is aware that the young man is the killer. Mr. Hutton is principally interested in the impact of this knowledge on three women—the boy's mother, who feels fiercely protective about him because she has always been aware of some fatal weakness in his character; his sister, who was the dead girl's closest friend; and his sweetheart, who is horrified not only by his deed but also by his willingness to let an innocent man be blamed for it, yet still can't resist his overwhelming physical appeal. Since the plot also contains an incredibly sacrificial brother, who loves the heroine, too, and is prepared to get himself hanged to make her happy, there is clearly abundant material for a play. Unfortunately, Mr. Hutton seems unable to translate very much of it into action. Instead of inventing situations to dramatize his theme, he has almost invariably greeted his moments of crisis by writing long, literary, and remarkably unpersuasive speeches that impede the play without conspicuously clearing anything up. This characteristically British fault—the British, of course, don't recognize it as a fault—is particularly discouraging this time because Mr. Hutton has a perfectly sound idea as well as an extraordinarily fine company to act it for him. The players at the Booth, all imported, are new to me, but I think the performances they give, especially those of Joan Newell, Marjorie Rhodes, and Helen Misener, are as good as any I've seen this season.

"HARVEST OF YEARS," at the Hudson, is a play about a Swedish family living in the San Joaquin Valley, in California. The members of this clan are ruled by an indomitable old matriarch, they have many complicated emotional experiences, and their resemblance to the characters in "I Remember Mama" ends right there. It seems unlikely that DeWitt Bodeen, the author, and Arthur J. Beckhard, the producer and director, have deliberately conspired to make people of Scandinavian extraction seem almost too dull and unpleasant to be endured, but that is about what they've succeeded in doing.

The cast includes Esther Dale (Mrs. Beckhard), who, as Mama, gives a rather glum impersonation of Mady Christians; Russell Hardie, who plays a homespun lover with depressing fidelity; Leona Maricle, who does one of the most grotesque drunk scenes ever put on the stage; Phillippa Bevans, who puts up with an evening of bad jokes concerning her shape with terrible resignation; and Lenka Peterson, who comes downstairs one night in her mother's wedding gown and sees Jules and—all right, all *right.* If you aren't even going to *listen.*

DISMAYING as it was, "Harvest of Years" was nothing compared with "The Men We Marry," which showed up at the Mansfield a few nights later. This outrageous piece, the work of Elisabeth Cobb and Herschel Williams, had practically everything that makes the life of the professional reviewer seem sometimes more than he can bear. The plot, or as much of it as I stayed to inspect, was some tangled moral nonsense about clear-eyed young love in an adulterous society. The dialogue was a rather touching attempt to reproduce upper-crust conversation—"I shall never cease to be astounded by the preposterous vulgarity of nice women" and (somehow I have a feeling that this sample got a little mangled in transit) "Marriage is like a bicycle, because you can't ride it uphill backward without getting off and turning around." The acting, which engaged at least two people I have always admired, Shirley Booth and John Williams, was as stately and foolish as the script.

IT seems to me that the Dramatic Workshop of the New School, under the direction of Erwin Piscator, has achieved what you might call an inter-



An Invitation to the **Heartland of EUROPE**

CZECHOSLOVAKIA *warmly welcomes Americans to visit behind the so-called "IRON CURTAIN!"*

All but vanished in this bustling age, Europe's old-world charm survives—*concentrated*—in the lovely cities and untouched villages of picturesque Czechoslovakia. In this storied land of picture-book beauty, folklore and history go hand-in-hand.

Thousands who have come in search of HEALTH will return to her famed *spas,* unique in all the world. Those seeking CULTURE revel in her legendary palaces, her varied architecture, her arts and music.

Despite "iron curtain" talk, American daily papers are sold in most of our cities. Travel is absolutely unrestricted.

Prague is the hub of a radiating system of plane and sleeper travel. Hotels are comfortable—spic and span. Visas are simplified. Your dollar goes far here.

Come Visit **Czechoslovakia**

STOCKHOLM
MOSCOW
LONDON
PARIS
PRAGUE
MADRID
ROME

SAVE ONE-THIRD ON RAILROADS BY BUYING HOTEL VOUCHERS IN NEW YORK.

For booklets, information, etc.: Write Box 820—"Czechoslovakia"—1819 Broadway, New York

esting failure with "All the King's Men," Robert Penn Warren's dramatization of his excellent novel about a Southern demagogue, presumably Huey Long. It was a big, crowded book, in which, if I may simplify things in a manner probably intolerable to the author, a subtle and overcivilized man tried to make an honest moral evaluation of a backwoods dictator—to judge, that is, how far his service to the state justified his corrupt methods. This is not an easy theme, and Mr. Warren complicated it further by the introduction of several subplots, intended, I guess, to emphasize the exhausted quality of the thinker as opposed to the enormous vitality of the man of action. A certain poetry of style did a lot to disguise the structural faults of the novel, and on the whole it made fascinating reading.

The troubles with the play version can be summarized quite easily: (1) Mr. Warren and Mr. Piscator have exercised almost no selection, and the unnecessary complex of stories on the stage might easily be quite incomprehensible to anybody who hadn't read the book. (2) In order to get everything in, they have been driven to bleak narrative sequences that not only contrast oddly with the poetry but even make it sound rather florid and pretentious. (3) The abstract argument has been separated from the concrete happenings, so that two characters debate the theme from the front of the stage while the others act out the play behind them. This technique was fine in "Our Town," but here, where it seems a more or less arbitrary device, it is only irritating, especially since the prose provided for the commentators is often too cryptic and educated to convey anything in particular to the audience. (4) Mr. Piscator's heavily Germanic, semi-representational stagecraft—a multi-level platform, something like the superstructure of a warship, revolving before literal lantern slides—produces some arresting effects but only an intermittent illusion of the American South.

In spite of the fact that all these things, along with an inevitable amateurishness in acting, combine to defeat the play as popular entertainment, "All the King's Men" is so infinitely superior in stature and intention to things like "Harvest of Years" and "The Men We Marry" that I think it deserves some notice here. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*Sign on a house out there*]

Beware of the Doggie

Anywhere under the sun our double-breasted leisure jacket, long-lapelled and buttoned once . . . for north or south . . . day or evening. Tailored to our exacting specifications in Stroock's diamond weave wool. Navy blue, brown, and beige. Also in white flannel. Regulars 36-48; longs 38-48; shorts 38-44 (all in even sizes only). Two sets of buttons, one matching, the other of simulated pearl. 42.50

Mail orders promptly filled

Neiman-Marcus Man's Shop

Dallas

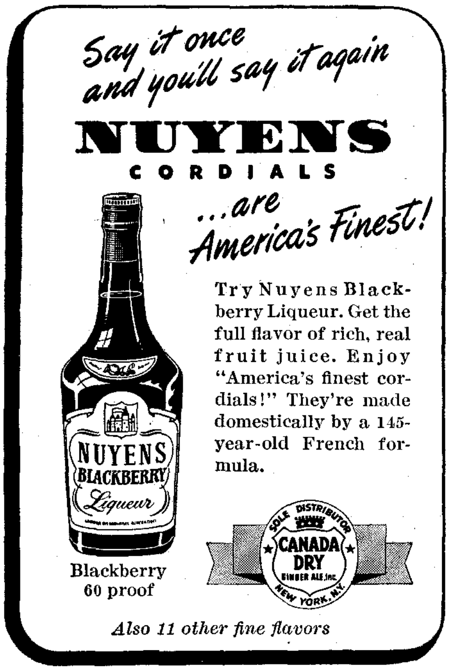
Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!
NUYENS Triple Sec

Dry, fragrantly flavored with the Curacao orange. One sip of Nuyens Triple Sec tells why Nuyens Cordials are "America's finest!" They're made domestically by a guarded, 145-year-old French formula.

Sole Distributor CANADA DRY Ginger Ale Inc. New York, N.Y.

Triple Sec
80 proof

Also 11 other fine flavors

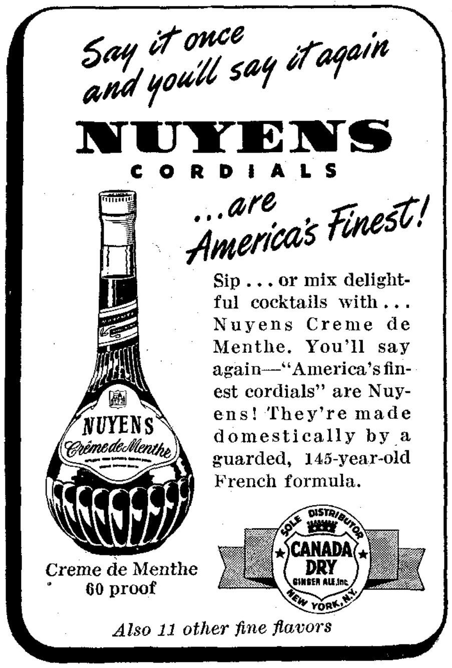

Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!
NUYENS BLACKBERRY Liqueur

Try Nuyens Blackberry Liqueur. Get the full flavor of rich, real fruit juice. Enjoy "America's finest cordials!" They're made domestically by a 145-year-old French formula.

Sole Distributor CANADA DRY Ginger Ale Inc. New York, N.Y.

Blackberry
60 proof

Also 11 other fine flavors



Sip . . . or mix delightful cocktails with . . . Nuyens Creme de Menthe. You'll say again—"America's finest cordials" are Nuyens! They're made domestically by a guarded, 145-year-old French formula.

Sole Distributor CANADA DRY Ginger Ale Inc. New York, N.Y.

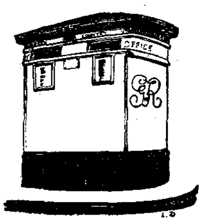
Creme de Menthe
60 proof

Also 11 other fine flavors

LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 13

BECAUSE of one of those odd changes of emotional climate that sometimes come about overnight, for no particular reason, the feeling here seems to be one of modest optimism. People have perked up remarkably after a gloomy autumn, but it is hard to say why so many casual acquaintances tell you that from now on things are likely to improve. Maybe it is the weather, which, to date, has lost its way in the calendar so completely that sooty lilacs are putting out fat green buds in the squares, and women's winter coats are being offered at knockdown prices to tempt customers who are gambling on a mild winter and saving their coupons for a spring New Look—Cripps or no Cripps. The dread of a freezing spell like last January's, and possibly another fuel crisis as well, hung over everyone's head during the early winter, and Londoners' relief at finding their water pipes and themselves still unfrozen is as deep as country people's pessimism about the fate of the crops, which the warm weather is coaxing along ahead of season. There are also rumors—which the Government denies but which cheer people all the same—that the basic petrol ration will be restored before long, in at least partial deference to the torrent of criticism that its elimination brought forth. Nothing has depressed the public more than this last, unkindest cut of all, and the changes it has brought about in daily life are acutely evident in the fights for seats on overcrowded trains and in the swollen bus queues.



On the less encouraging side, Sir Stafford Cripps' grave warning about the effect of rising prices and wages on the sale of British goods abroad was countered by the trade unions' refusal to stabilize wages, a policy that protects labor's income but may end by making British goods so expensive that it will not be worth anybody's while to cart them away. As of last week, citizens not engaged in gainful work, or in work that the Government considers necessary, must, with certain exceptions, register for what most people call "direction" but what the Government insists will be merely tactful persuasion, and what all classes unite in cordially detesting. (Writers and artists, incidentally, can claim that they are gainfully employed only if they can prove that they put in thirty hours a week closeted with their muse.)

The Beaverbrook press, which has always had an Empire bee buzzing patriotically in its bonnet, and the Communists are queerly allied, for once, in their belief that Britain should stand or fall without any Marshall Plan aid. As many other people see it, the only question is how long Britain can stay groggily upright while waiting for that aid to turn up—if it does turn up. It is obvious that a fresh, and sharper, dollar crisis will break here shortly. All in all, the current notion that though the future doesn't look exactly rosy, it is, anyway, many shades lighter than it was seems to depend more on faith than on figures.

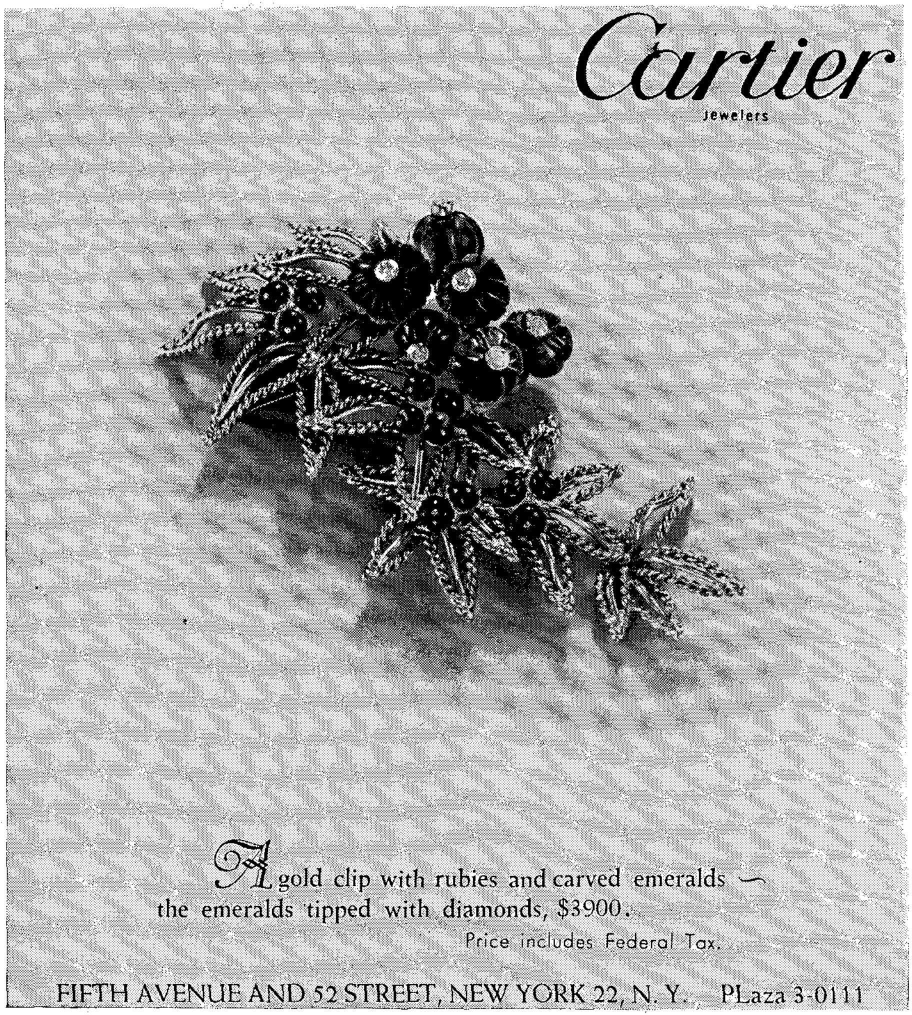
The latest shortage in London and in many other parts of the country is, quite literally, of money. Those citizens who for one dubious reason or another find it expedient to transact business in Treasury notes and keep large wads of them handy have apparently been scared by reports that paper money may be called in to check black-market hoarding. They have, presumably, begun to convert their notes into silver, a theory that is supported by the Bank of England's official Currency Circulation Figures, which show a striking drop in the number of banknotes outstanding. The results of this alarm are starting to be noticeable in everyday life. Employers with large payrolls frequently find it difficult to fill their weekly envelopes to the last coin, and many banks are rationing clients' withdrawals of silver. Notices at the cash desks of some department stores request customers to tender the exact price of their purchase, if possible, so that the cashier won't run short of change, and taxi-drivers are apt to rumble more indignantly than ever if a fare offers a pound note.

IT looks as though television will have its most successful year in 1948. Since it started up again, in June, 1946, after having been out of action for nearly seven years, it has been going ahead with a vigor that would be getting an even wider response from the public if it were not for the bottleneck in the manufacture of receiving sets, for which Britons have to put down their names on the usual waiting list. At the moment, there are between thirty-one and thirty-six thousand sets in the country. The B.B.C. expects that the figure will be boosted to fifty thousand by the end of the year, which seems nothing much by American standards but is quite a jump from the less than twenty thousand prewar sets that were estimated to be in service when people began dusting them off nineteen months ago.

In the recent shuffle of top men at Broadcasting House, television drew an energetic new boss in Norman Collins, who was formerly the director of the Light Program (the B.B.C. puts out three services—the Home, the more frivolous Light, and the intellectual Third) and is also a highly successful novelist, whose last best-seller, "London Belongs to Me" (it was published in America under the title "Dulcimer Street"), is being filmed by Rank. Collins does a large part of his day's work in a car that shuttles fairly steadily between Broadcasting House, in Portland Place, and the television headquarters at Alexandra Palace, a depressing exhibition hall of Victorian and Edwardian days, roofed with glass and shored up by the usual figures of female deities, which stands, lonely upon a peak, in one of London's northern suburbs, a half hour's run out of town.

Like the British film industry, British television is struggling against economy drives and scarcities of studio space, timber for scenery, and almost everything except enthusiasm and talented people. Its most remarkable triumph under these circumstances is the weekly production of at least two first-rate plays, which are given ambitious settings and careful polish. The other day, for instance, rehearsals for Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance" were going on in one of the two fairly cramped studios, while around the corner the last lick of paint was being given to some fascinating scenery for the Humperdinck opera "Hänsel and Gretel," the week's second production. The first television "Hamlet" was produced last month, with brilliant success. There have been, naturally, loud complaints from theatrical interests, who fear that when television really expands, it will hit the theatre badly. A similar fuss was made over the future of concerts during the war, when Beethoven heard from one's armchair seemed more alluring than a struggle through the blackout to a concert hall, but the B.B.C.'s broadcasting of the Promenade concerts resulted in immensely increased audiences at the hall.

The B.B.C. has just launched a young and highly important offspring on its career—the Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk. It is the first postwar German radio station in the British Zone, and it will eventually be run entirely by



Cartier
Jewelers

A gold clip with rubies and carved emeralds — the emeralds tipped with diamonds, $3900.
Price includes Federal Tax.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

Your first choice all through the year
Louis Sherry
CHOCOLATES BON-BONS ICE CREAM TEA PRESERVES COFFEE
Fifth Avenue Shop—In the Savoy-Plaza
5th Avenue at 59th Street • PLaza 3-6009

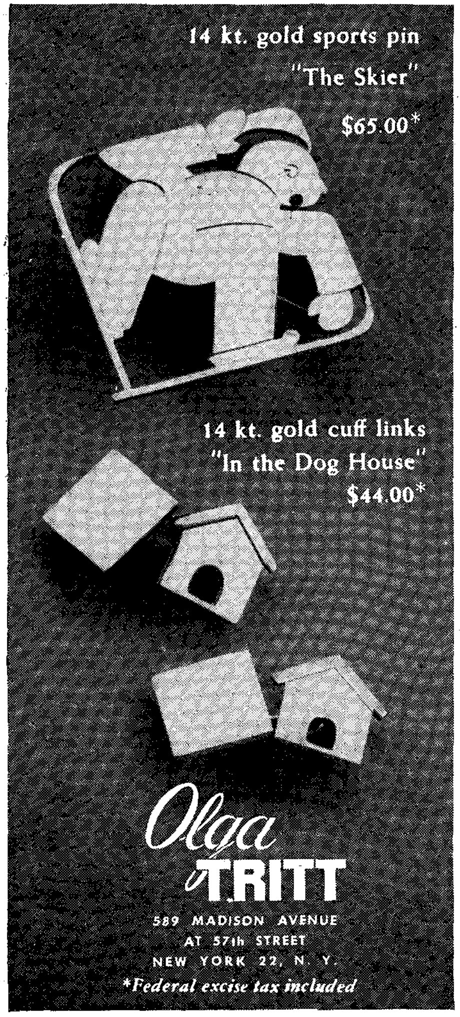
Kathleen Tue

For Points South—
or an Early Spring
Robin

Sheer wool jacket—
green or turquoise—
delightful print dress
in variegated colors.
Sizes 12 to 20

$98

118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.



14 kt. gold sports pin
"The Skier"
$65.00*

14 kt. gold cuff links
"In the Dog House"
$44.00*

Olga
TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
AT 57th STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
**Federal excise tax included*

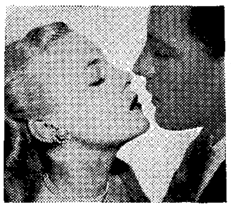
Germans, under its own charter. This charter has been drawn up on the same lines as that of the parent company in London—roughly, it provides a state-controlled organization, which, with apparent paradox, is totally independent of state or party political influences. Though the N.W.D.R. was set up on its own only on January 1st, it has been functioning for over two years, lately under the direction of Hugh Carleton Greene, who helped build up the London service of broadcasts to Germany during the war and who is the brother of Graham Greene, the novelist. Among the difficulties with which the station has to contend in its task of attuning the German ear to the painful novelty of free talk are the shortage of trained staff members (the old German radio crowd was considerably thinned out by Denazification processes), the shortage of good artists (for similar reasons), the few hours a day that the station is on the air (five), and the ever-present consciousness of addressing an audience that is low on calories, living space, warmth, and, in consequence, receptiveness. The Russians, with their usual sort of realism, have not allowed the previous Nazi sympathies of good musicians and actors to prevent their being signed on, and the radio station in the Russian Zone, some B.B.C. officials sadly admit, offers rather better programs as a rule. Some of the anti-Nazis who came to England before the war, or who escaped to London and worked on the wartime German service here, have gone back and are employed by the N.W.D.R., but they are few. The B.B.C. hopes to slacken British control gradually, and then, probably later this year, pull out, leaving only one or two observers to keep an eye on things. This method has already worked well with the German universities that are operating again in the zone. The success of the experiment will depend, as Mr. Greene said the other day, largely on the Germans themselves. Their reaction to an independent radio that supplies a rostrum for all parties and can't be told what to say by anyone often resembles skepticism for an amiable eccentricity more than ardor for an idea that has come to stay.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

New
Author
Subsides
—*Adv. of Doubleday & Co. in Touchstone.*

There'll be others along.



make the kiss test!

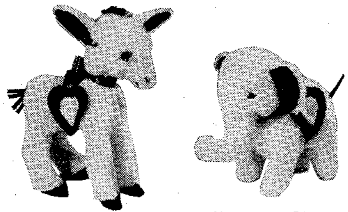
Brush clear liquid LIP-STAE
over any lipstick to keep it on you,
off him, cigarettes, napkins, glasses, clothes.
Adds a soft alluring sheen to lips.

LIP-STAE
Renoir
CONTENTS 1/4 OZ.

$1.00
plus tax

*Pat. Pend.

Renoir **LIP-STAE***
Renoir Parfums Ltd., N. Y. C. Distributors
creator of CHICHI and MY ALIBI PARFUMS



♥ VALENTINE ♥
PARTY

Donkey 10" tall — Elephant 8"
White, with red trim; saddlebag hearts. $3.50 each postpaid.
Available all year, without hearts: grey Donkey; pink Elephant.

Anne Mahoney
545 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 2

GERTRUDE NIESEN
In The Copa's Gay New Winter Revue
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
MONTE PROSER'S
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0949
DINNER $2.50

THE ART GALLERIES

Youngsters and Grownups

A LITTLE more than a year ago, in an excellent Swiss magazine of the arts called *Graphis*, I ran across a set of reproductions of water colors by French children that made me open my eyes very wide. They were the product of a series of national contests run off annually since 1935 in the primary schools of France by the old firm of J. M. Paillard, color manufacturers, and in reproduction, at least, these small paintings showed a combination of dexterity and artistic sensibility that, considering the youth of their makers, was almost incredible. Now the Museum of Modern Art has put forty-one of them on view here, in a loan exhibition that will later tour this country, and though they don't show up quite as well as they did in reproduction (reduction in size, I've noticed, often tightens up children's work considerably), they are still remarkably good.

I have always been puzzled by children's painting and by the amount of untrammelled expression they manage to cram into it. There's a tendency, I suspect, not only by indulgent parents but by all of us, to overestimate its importance, and one must not forget that a good part of the charm of such work is in the eye of the beholder, stimulated, as it is, by the freshness of the approach and the directness and simplicity of the methods. That charm seems also to be a quality that in most cases does not last. Like the ability to hang indefinitely by the hands, which disappears after infancy, the urge to seek expression in paint appears to be mainly a pre-adolescent phenomenon, and one wonders why it appears at so young an age—is it a way of coming to grips with the visual world one is growing up in?—and why it goes, and what, in the end, smothers it. One wonders, too, what will happen to the young exhibitors in the present collection. One contributor was only seven, four others were sixteen, and the average age was between twelve and thirteen, when the child's skills are usually at about their height, and the works themselves, as I've said, are the winnowings of several national contests, which permits much greater choice. Yet the general excellence of the show is almost miraculous.

The age of the children seems to have little to do with achievement. One of the best pieces in the collection is the small "The Hairdresser," a study of a barbershop front and its interior—a real jewel of solid design and wise use of color—by the seven-year-old, named Gérard. (Last names, for some reason, aren't given.) Jean, eleven, contributes another surprisingly solid painting, "Flower Vendor," while "The Garden," by Claude, aged twelve, has so much of the serenity and the immaculateness of Dutch painting that one is amazed by its sophistication. Finally, "Winter," by Christiane, aged eleven, is much more expertly done than "The Milliner," by Micheline, aged sixteen.

Each contest had a prescribed theme ("Streets" in 1935-36, "Fairs" in 1938-39, and so on), and throughout the years of the Occupation, and undoubtedly because of it, the subjects were just as innocuous. One sees no reference to the war, in fact, until 1944-45, when the theme "The Liberation" brought forth the really startlingly adult "The Liberation of Paris," by Jean, aged thirteen, and two others—"In a Village of the Ardennes," by Mireille, and "Parade of Motor Corps at Bordeaux," by Jean—that are almost as good. Mostly, though, the tone is joyous, and, as always when children's art is on view, one especially notices the vivacity of the color and the winningness and unconventionality of the point of view. In this sense, the show is as delightful as any of the sort I've ever seen, and I found myself wishing that someone in this country would start a similar competition, as broad in scope, as sustained, and as well managed as this one obviously is, for the benefit of American children. I can recommend, too, the very atmospheric "Travelling Show on the Embankment," by Paul, aged fifteen; "Getting in the Wheat," by Jeannine, aged twelve; "A Paris Street," by René, thirteen; and the charmingly detailed "The Grape Gatherers," by Jeanine, aged fifteen. A good deal of childhood painting is accidental, admittedly, but it looks as if France were possibly assured of a crop of young artists for the future.

CONCURRENTLY with the children's exhibition, the Museum is showing some forty new accessions in painting, sculpture, and other media, almost all

FLY PAL
Sunny Central Route of the
PACIFIC PACEMAKERS
to the
ORIENT

● For business or pleasure . . . a warm and friendly welcome awaits you in the Philippines. And when you fly PAL, the Sunny Central Route, you get friendly personalized service all the way.

You can relax and enjoy carefree travel. For seat reservations, customs, entry or clearance forms, and foreign hotel reservations, you have the service and assistance of experienced experts.

Veteran American pilots assure your comfort and security. A fresh plane crew takes over at every stop. Four complete crew changes between San Francisco and Manila.

Two PAL flights each week: Wednesday and Sunday at 9 P. M., from San Francisco to Manila, Hongkong, Shanghai via Honolulu, Wake, Guam. Stopover privileges.

TOURS MAY BE ARRANGED

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES INC.

PASSENGER
MAIL
EXPRESS

For Information,
ask your travel agent or call our nearest office
SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

Treat Yourself to "CRABAPPLE-SMOKED" OYSTERS

Bendiksen's
FANCY
American
SMOKED OYSTERS
PACKED BY
E. H. BENDIKSEN

"... a rare delicacy you'll be proud to serve."

The rare flavor of Bendiksen's smoked oysters is matched by no other delicacy. We leisurely smoke fresh, choice, Pacific oysters over a fire of selected crabapple wood—then trap *all* the flavor in pure salad oil.

Ask for Bendiksen's smoked oysters at your delicatessen or dep't store.

produced by
E. H. BENDIKSEN COMPANY
Ocean Park, Washington

JAMES AMSTERDAM INTERIORS YARD 215 E. 49th ST.

CHATHAM BAR

It's a *friendly* place that serves wonderful man-sized drinks! Pre-matinee luncheon and dinner a la carte.

THE Chatham
VANDERBILT AVE. AT 48th ST.
F. Burton Fisher, Managing Dir.

of them acquired last year. This is a fair haul for any museum, and though there are no really major items, it must be said that in general the Museum has chosen very wisely. Soutine, Derain, Berman, Baziotes, Arnold Friedman (his "Sawtooth Falls" is particularly effective), and Adolph Gottlieb are represented by nearly top examples of their work, and there are, in addition, fine paintings by Fannie Hillsmith (the large, well-patterned "Liquor Store Window"), Charles Seliger ("Natural History: Form Within Rock"), Harry Zolotow (the tapestry-like abstraction called "Painting"), and the little-known German Otto Dix ("Two Heads"). Among the sculptures, which are all small pieces, I liked Henry Moore's "Family Group," the Jacques Lipchitz "Seated Pierrot," and "Standing Bull," by Elie Nadelman.

AT the A. C. A., there is a showing of new oils by Gregorio Prestopino. Prestopino has turned away, though not radically, from the rather harshly styled industrial studies he was doing a few years ago, and the change goes deeper than surface manner. His painting is still blocky in design, heavily outlined, and crusty with blacks, but he has abandoned his somewhat literal approach in favor of a slightly more poetic attack and a far greater compositional freedom. It seems to me that the almost deliberate heavy-handedness of his drawing sometimes gets in the way of this new expression—as in his "Bread and the City" and "The Bridge," in both of which the poetic effect is almost destroyed by the muscularity of its handling—and his "Men and Images," otherwise a fine painting, suffers a little in the same fashion. But there is always a gay, lusty, rough-and-tumble quality about Prestopino's work, and when this fits in with his subject and treatment—as it does in "Supper in Bethlehem," "Singing Driver," "Railroad Center," and the extraordinarily active "Evening Rhythm," all of them in the show—it produces lively and exciting painting.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

LUNCH EARLY

The Bar will be open at 11:45 a.m. rather than at 12 noon as in the past. The reason for this is not necessarily to lengthen the period for stomachics but to stagger the lunch hour in the main dining room.—*Harvard Club bulletin.*

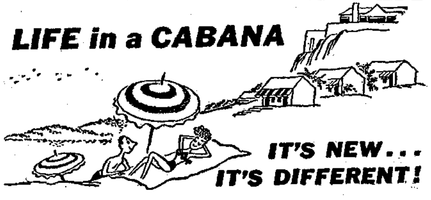
If it were the Yale Club, we'd put it down to sheer caprice—or the craving for one more stomachic before staggering in.

Rosette **Pennington**
10 E. 56th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

I want a Mollie Parnis Original. Grey, slate blue, or black, pure silk shantung with lightening touches of pink.
10-18. 69.95. Hat or shoes, 22.95

Arther Morris in Norfolk, Va.

LIFE in a CABANA



IT'S NEW... IT'S DIFFERENT!

Here is your year 'round resort on Bermuda's South Shore. Created especially for the discriminating vacationist, **THE REEFS** features luxurious "Cabana Living" (studio bedroom, private lavatory and shower, private verandah), private beach club, cocktails and entertainment, all sports. American or Bermuda Plans. Contact your travel agent or The Manager, **THE REEFS**, Bermuda.

THE REEFS ★ Bermuda

Nick and Arnold present
EDITH PIAF
FRANCE'S GREATEST CHANTEUSE
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Versailles
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

BRIDGE LESSONS
Beginners • Advanced
MRS. MARTIN
BU 8-5896
Certified Culbertson Teacher

A REPORTER IN VIENNA

WHITE FOG AT THE OPERA

ON the afternoon of March 12, 1945, shortly before the final battle for Vienna, the Staatsoper, for three-quarters of a century one of the world's great opera houses, was hit by five bombs dropped by American planes. According to the Viennese, the most likely explanation of the bombing is that the Americans were after Hitler, who was in the vicinity of the Staatsoper that day. There were no casualties in the opera house, for it had been closed since the previous June, when the season had ended, appropriately, with a performance of "Götterdämmerung." During the attack, one bomb crashed through the roof of the building and fell into the auditorium, another hit the left wing, and the three others set fire to the main stage, to the auxiliary stage behind it, and to most of the large, subterranean storerooms full of scenery, costumes, and other highly inflammable material. Because Vienna's water supply had been knocked out, the Staatsoper's automatic sprinkling system dried up as soon as the rain-catching reservoirs above the stages had been emptied. The Vienna Fire Department, consisting only of apathetic patriarchs in their middle seventies (all able-bodied younger men not already in the Wehrmacht had been dragooned into the Volkssturm for the defense of the city), was unable to do much about the flames, which destroyed almost everything but the walls and the front of the building. It was a considerable loss to the opera lovers throughout the world who, like me, had heard many memorable performances at the Staatsoper. To the people of Vienna, it was a tragedy. The Viennese have always felt about their opera as passionately as the people of Aroostook County, Maine, feel about their potatoes.

During the next four weeks, the city became a battlefield, and even the most opera-conscious Viennese had little time to mourn a mere building. On April 10th, after violent house-to-house fighting, Russian troops entered the ruins of the opera house. In its cellars, they discovered a number of badly frightened men disguised as Figaros, Rigolettos, Tannhäusers, and Godunoffs. These, it developed, were German deserters who had hidden in the building, taken off their gray uniforms, and put on what was left of the costumes that had been stored there. When the news spread through Vienna that the Staatsoper had been "liberated," former employees of the establishment—singers, instrumentalists, technical workers, ushers, stagehands, office men, janitors, conductors, and members of the chorus and the ballet—set out for it, on foot, for the retreating Germans had cut the trolley wires, leaving Vienna with no transportation of any sort. Quite a few of the opera people—Elizabeth Höngen, a first mezzo-soprano, among them—had to hike several miles from their suburban homes to reach their destination.

"I'll never forget the morning of the eleventh of April," Mme. Höngen told me recently when I called on her in her dressing room after a beautiful performance of "Così Fan Tutte" in one of the three theatres now being used temporarily by the Staatsoper company. "I hadn't heard anything from my musical friends for two or three weeks, and naturally I wondered whether they were alive. It was a happy reunion, as one after another of them showed up at the ruins of the building where we had worked together. Some bodies were still lying in the streets, and there were sounds of machine-gun fire from the banks of the Danube Canal nearby, but I guess we were all much too excited to care. None of the woman singers looked the least like a diva. We wore heavy boots and woollen stockings, ski pants or old skirts, and drab overcoats—anything to make us look unattractive. In those days, it was not advisable to look attractive—you know why. We would have made a fine chorus of smugglers in 'Carmen.' Everybody was talking at the same time, telling about his adventures, and then after a while we began to forget the past and found ourselves discussing the future. We all agreed that we would have to start from the beginning, right away, although we didn't have anything to start with—no opera house, no scores, no customers, no makeup, no music—but everybody talked just as if nothing had happened at all."

Having made this resolution, the members of the company rummaged through the wreckage until they came upon a room suitable for a more formal conference. Just as the meeting was about to get under way, an inscrutable Russian major appeared, sat down on a chair that had only three legs, and ordered everyone to give his name and address. This was done, and then two or three members of the company got up and delivered pep talks while the major still sat there. Rehearsals, they said, would begin at once. The only question was which opera to perform first and where to perform it. Some of the stagehands reported that they had found enough bits of sets to fix up something for "The Marriage of Figaro." This, then, it was decided, would be the

VISIT
THE
BROADWAY
SKATING
RINK
Kovarsky

YOUR VALENTINE

WILL LOVE
CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

Give her a lacy valentine; give her flowers, too. But the finest way to tell your wife "I love you" is a weekend or a week at these superb hotels. Come down, with *her;* there's nothing like sun-drenched, sea-salted air—and the ever-changing ocean at your door—to bring rest and relaxation. Write for reservations and full color folder.

1157 THE BOARDWALK
Atlantic City
LEEDS and LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Ownership management for more than 50 years

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof

The Crest of Quality

"21" Brands, Inc.
THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE UNITED STATES

initial presentation. Josef Krips would resume his post as conductor and Alfred Jerger, a baritone, would double as artistic director. At this point, the Russian major remarked casually that Marshal Tolbukhin, the commander of the Russian troops in Austria, had decided that it would be fitting to open the opera season on the first of May, Russia's Labor Day. That left only nineteen days in which to find an opera house, repair the sets, rehearse the orchestra and cast, and do everything else required to make "Figaro" ready.

"I particularly remember what Krips told us," Mme. Höngen said. "He told us he didn't care one bit where we played or what the difficulties were, but it was going to be a performance in the tradition of Vienna's opera. 'The Staatsoper is more than a building of stone!' he shouted. 'It's an idea, and we'll keep this idea alive!' " Mme. Höngen smiled. "The funny part of it was that we weren't a bit skeptical. The whole thing sounded perfectly reasonable, the way Krips put it. No one seemed to have the slightest doubt that we were going to produce a first-rate 'Marriage of Figaro' in less than three weeks' time."

The only house immediately available, it was generally recognized, was the Volksoper, which had always been associated with comic opera. In the old days, the Staatsoper people wouldn't have gone near the place, but the building had escaped serious damage and everybody agreed that it was far better than no opera house at all. Arrangements were made to take it over, and a rehearsal was set for ten o'clock the following morning. There weren't enough rehearsal rooms and pianos in the Volksoper to go around. Some of the cast had to search all over Vienna for a place to rehearse. One tenor wound up beside a battered piano in the back room of a *Beisl,* the Viennese equivalent of a Third Avenue joint, and another in an abandoned, partly burned-out apartment. Meanwhile, the stage manager discovered that the sets that had been salvaged from the Staatsoper were far too large for the Volksoper stage and had to be trimmed to size. He organized gangs of carpenters, painters, and designers, and set them to work outside the Volksoper, right on the street, next to some bomb craters. The sound of gunfire didn't bother them particularly, but the smell of dead bodies did.

"*Mariundjosef,* that stench was dreadful!" Ferdinand Jaschke, the opera's technical director, told me. "Everybody was stumbling over corpses. We had no materials to work with, so we got the Russians to lend us a truck and went raiding all over town with it. Our boys would come back with bits of cable, old tires, a few nails, a board or two, a few sacks of cement, and a couple of cans of paint. They also picked up lots of blackout curtains. We used them in our new sets for 'Prince Igor.' Our boys had to be a bit rough at times, but it was for a good purpose, wasn't it?"

There was no gas, no telephone, no electric power, no water, and almost nothing to eat. No one in the company can recall what they lived on. "We had to get up at five in the morning and stand in line three hours for a piece of stale bread," Mme. Höngen said. "And then it had to be soaked in water before you could eat it. It's difficult to sing on an empty stomach. Your voice doesn't seem to have any resonance; you feel tired and break out into a cold sweat at the slightest exertion. And there was Krips shouting at me because I didn't hold a note long enough! It took me two hours to walk from my home to the Volksoper every morning, and then, of course, I'd have to walk back when we were through for the day. I remember one evening when I had stayed late for a rehearsal. I started walking home, and by the time I reached the Billrothstrasse, in Döbling, it was ten o'clock, and I heard some shots. At that time, no one was permitted on the streets after ten, and patrols would shoot at sight. I began to run, and kept running until I reached my home. I was all out of breath, and my heart was pounding like an engine. I had run at least three miles."

THE main component of the Staatsoper company's present orchestra is about a hundred members of the celebrated, century-old Vienna Philharmonic, which was kept intact until early in 1945. By then, things were going so badly for the Germans that they mobilized the orchestra as a unit of the Volkssturm—Volkssturm Einheit Philharmoniker. On April 6th, this added military strength having failed to stop the Russians, the musicians were ordered by the authorities responsible for the protection of the city's inhabitants to abandon their homes, where they had been permitted to sleep even after being drafted, and move with their families and only their "most essential equipment" into the cellar of the Burgtheater, in which dramatic productions were staged before the war. The next morning, they loaded their precious instruments and whatever food they had onto pushcarts and wheelbarrows, and assembled with their wives and children at an appointed place. Then, in a sad little caravan, they set out for the Burgtheater.

"It was pitch-dark down in the cellar and very cold," Alfred Boskowsky, the orchestra's gaunt, nervous first clarinettist and a member of its board of directors, told me when I went to see him at the offices of the Philharmonic. He showed me the entry in his diary for April 7th. "We bivouacked at the Burgtheater cellar," it read. "Catastrophic news came at 1 P.M.: S.S. units were going to occupy the place. We were ordered to get out within two hours. Where to go—the more than two hundred of us, including eight babies? The S.S. said they would shoot everybody who wasn't out by three o'clock. A couple of energetic members went out looking for another hiding place and—eureka!—they found one in the house of Fire Brigade Am Hof No. 6. When we arrived, the firemen led us down underground. We had to leave our instruments behind in the Burgtheater, because we could not be sure there would be room for them where we were going. So here we are, the world-famous orchestra, with no instruments and forgotten by everybody but a few firemen."

The firemen had led the unhappy throng into the Vienna catacombs, a series of underground chambers, linked by a labyrinth of narrow corridors, that were built during the wars against the Turks. Here, in darkness and confusion, the musicians attempted to set up housekeeping with their wives and children. The babies were crying, the women were hysterical, and the men were worrying about their instruments back in the Burgtheater. Repeatedly, from aboveground, came the sounds of explosions. The only light was provided by a handful of candles, and there was food enough to last no more than a couple of days. After twenty-four hours of this life, several men in the string section came upon a passageway to the cellar of a warehouse, where they found some potatoes and a barrel of sauerkraut. Up on the street, it would have been a five-minute job to move the barrel from the warehouse to the bivouac, but it took four hours to maneuver it through the twisting burrows of

I have ***two*** *ages!..*

... how old I am ... how young I look.

For the soft, smooth skin that belies the years, thank regular Revenescence care.

Revenescence

as a cream $3, 5, 9, 15 ... as a liquid $5 (plus tax)

by Charles of the Ritz

Sun Valley
IDAHO

For detailed information address: Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1185, Omaha 2, Nebr.

the catacombs. The whole group stayed underground for five days. Then a trumpeter, after venturing out, reported that a white flag had been hoisted on the spire of St. Stephen's. The Battle of Vienna was over.

When the members of the Philharmonic came out of hiding, they learned that the Burgtheater had been burned. Alarmed, they ran to the building, even though there was still sporadic shooting in the streets. Many of their instruments, they discovered, had been ruined by the fire; others had just disappeared, apparently into the hands of looters. Only a few were fit for use. The trumpet and clarinet players were especially hard hit. (In one of the first concerts the orchestra subsequently gave, all the clarinet parts in Ravel's "Bolero," written to be played by a section of four clarinets, were played by a single instrument.) While the musicians were still grieving, some Russian soldiers appeared and announced that they would have to help rebuild a bridge over the Danube Canal, but just as they were about to set out, a *kultura*-conscious Russian colonel came along and said *nyet*, go home and play music. Three days later, using instruments that had been salvaged or borrowed, the orchestra started rehearsals, and it was in the pit of the Volksoper on the afternoon of May 1, 1945, when the Staatsoper company, right on schedule, opened with "The Marriage of Figaro."

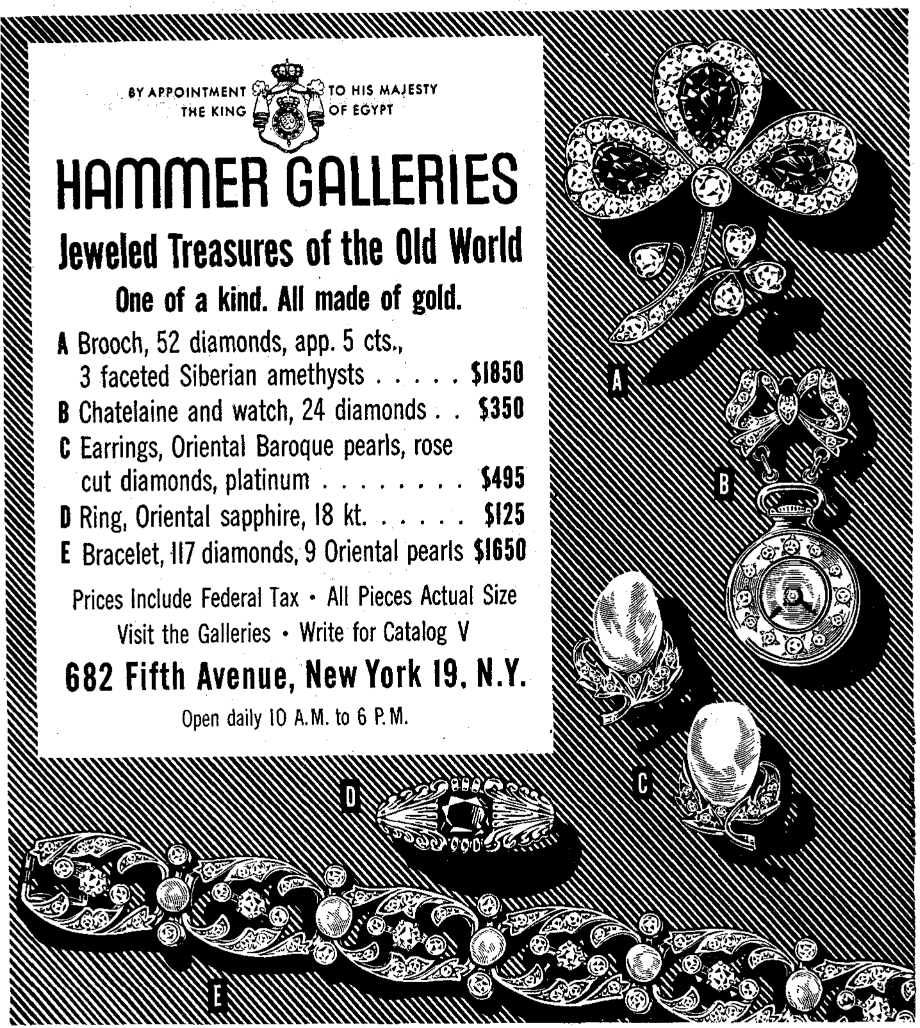
THE event was a success. There was loud applause when it was over, and Krips and the singers were called before the curtain again and again by the audience, two-thirds of whom were Allied military personnel. "Everybody backstage was crying with happiness," Krips told me. "The last time we had all been crying together—but not with happiness—was when we stood around the smoldering Staatsoper." Krips, a big, heavy, bald man in his late forties, was fired by the Nazis from the Staatsoper because he is half Jewish. "The first thing the authorities wanted me to do, after the surrender, was get rid of half the chorus and almost half the Philharmonic, because they were said to be Nazis or sympathizers," he went on. "No doubt some of them were really guilty, but a lot were merely victims of denunciations. It was open season for informers. I assured the authorities that if I followed their plan, there would be no opera and no orchestra left." It was finally decided by the four occupying powers and the Austrian government that two commissions should be set up—one by the Austrian Ministry for Education and the other by the Gewerkschaft der Bühnenangehörigen, a sort of Actors' Equity—to investigate the musicians and singers, and that those who had been members of any Nazi organization, or who had denounced non-Nazis or seized their property, should be dismissed at once. About three dozen members of the company were let go as a result of what the commissions learned about them.

On an afternoon in May, while Krips was conducting a rehearsal, the orchestra was ordered to report immediately, with its instruments, to the Hotel Imperial, the headquarters of the Russian Army of Occupation. There they were informed by a colonel that they were to play for the funeral of a Russian general, whose coffin lay on a catafalque in the middle of the lobby. Krips pointed out that they didn't have any suitable music with them, whereupon the colonel muttered darkly about sabotage and then shouted "*Spiel!*" The Philharmonic hastily set up shop at the rear of the lobby, under the suspicious eyes of a detachment of Russian tommy-gunners, who kept their weapons pointed at the string and woodwind sections, and Krips conducted the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which the orchestra knew by heart. When they finished, Krips noticed that the tommy-gunners had not relaxed their attention, so he conducted the Andante all over again. While he was at it, Russian soldiers began entering the lobby in droves and filing past the general's coffin. When the Andante again came to an end, Krips dispatched one of the musicians to his office for some orchestral arrangements, and while the man was gone, the orchestra played the Andante a third time. Seven and a half hours later, when the parade of Russian soldiers past the coffin finally ended, the Philharmonic was still in action. It had chalked up an impressive score, having played the Andante nine times, Mozart's Symphony in G Minor three times, and Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique" four times. Everybody was worn out, with the apparent exception of the tommy-gunners, whose only move throughout was to shift their aim to the brass section.

IN the month after the reopening of the opera, Krips conducted twenty-eight performances, and some of the singers appeared in as many as twenty of them. The members of the company sang whatever they were told to, and, perhaps for the first time in the history of Viennese opera, there were no feuds or professional jealousy. By the middle of July, the company had put on a dozen premières of modern operas, each with practically brand-new sets and costumes. People kept saying what a shame it was to waste such a lot of talent on the lowly Volksoper. The only other possible place was the old Theater an der Wien. It has a seating capacity of a mere 950 (as compared to the wrecked Staatsoper's 2,330 and the Volksoper's 1,600), but it also has a venerable tradition and good acoustics—intangibles that have always mattered more to the opera-conscious Viennese than box-office receipts. The Theater an der Wien, which is perhaps the only opera house in the world that looks drearier than the Metropolitan, had been used by the Nazis as a storehouse for the Wehrmacht and then, during the battle of Vienna, as a mortuary. The building was in bad condition and had been condemned by the police, but the Staatsoper people nevertheless decided to take it over. They had to do a lot of work on it. The Viennese merchants came through with many gifts of supplies, however, and volunteer labor was plentiful. On October 5, 1945, the Theater an der Wien was reopened with a performance of "Fidelio." The heating system was not ready in time, but this didn't matter, because there was no fuel anyway.

An American music critic who is now with the United States Army in Vienna attended the opening. "Vienna had an early cold wave that year," he said to me when I asked him what it was like. "Outside, it was freezing, and when I entered the auditorium, the cold seemed even worse. We sat in our overcoats, scarves, and gloves. In the second scene, which takes place in the prison courtyard, a cold draft came from the stage just as the prison doors were opened. It was a frightfully realistic effect. The singers' breaths turned to white fog. Those poor women, in their light dresses, must have been half dead with cold. The hands of the men in the orchestra were dry and chapped. A flutist told me later that he had played with numb fingers, and one of the violinists had bleeding fingertips. But the orchestra sounded beautiful, and there was complete rapport between it and the cast. In fact, it was a great performance."

THE Staatsoper company now puts on performances every night in the Theater an der Wien and in the



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF EGYPT

HAMMER GALLERIES

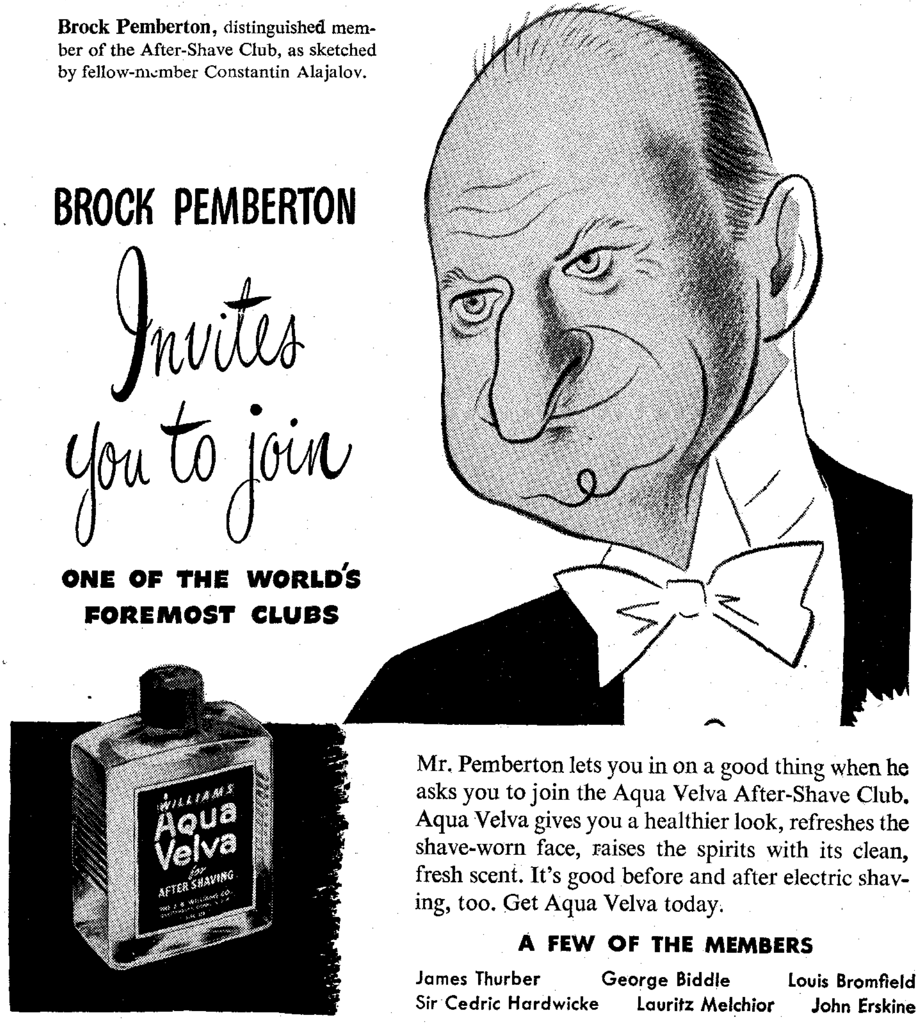
Jeweled Treasures of the Old World

One of a kind. All made of gold.

A Brooch, 52 diamonds, app. 5 cts., 3 faceted Siberian amethysts $1850
B Chatelaine and watch, 24 diamonds . . $350
C Earrings, Oriental Baroque pearls, rose cut diamonds, platinum $495
D Ring, Oriental sapphire, 18 kt. $125
E Bracelet, 117 diamonds, 9 Oriental pearls $1650

Prices Include Federal Tax • All Pieces Actual Size
Visit the Galleries • Write for Catalog V

682 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.
Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.



Brock Pemberton, distinguished member of the After-Shave Club, as sketched by fellow-member Constantin Alajalov.

BROCK PEMBERTON

Invites you to join

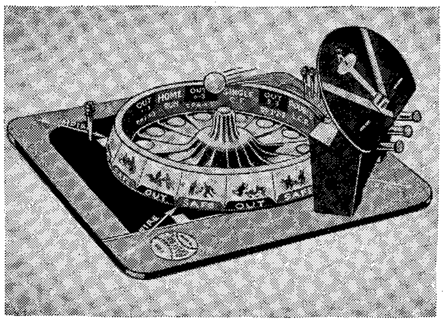
ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST CLUBS

Mr. Pemberton lets you in on a good thing when he asks you to join the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Aqua Velva gives you a healthier look, refreshes the shave-worn face, raises the spirits with its clean, fresh scent. It's good before and after electric shaving, too. Get Aqua Velva today.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

James Thurber George Biddle Louis Bromfield
Sir Cedric Hardwicke Lauritz Melchior John Erskine

Play **PRO BASEBALL**
Newest Sports Game Sensation



Action, Exciting Situations, Close Decisions as in the Big Leagues' Series

A challenge to baseball fans, youth or adult
Pitch curves or straight balls..VOLUNTARILY
Bat at skillful pitching..........VOLUNTARILY
Steal bases ....VOLUNTARILY
Make hit-and-run plays........VOLUNTARILY
Make double plays....(Inside baseball possible)

Something Different to Do:
Run Your Own World Series at Home — Great Idea for Teen-Ager Parties
Fast Exciting Fun for Adults —

Something Different to Give:
Birthday, Hostess, Student Presents; Party Prizes—
Complete with Rule Book, Score Pad, Ball, Base-Runners. $5

Endorsed by members of Organized Baseball
Ask for Pro Baseball in your favorite shop.
If you fail to find it, write or telephone:
P. M. GAME CO. 389 5th Ave., N. Y.
(corner 36th & 5th Ave.) CAledonia 5-9162

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St.
Specialty of the house
is the famed, double size English Mutton Chop served with giant, baked Idaho potato . . . usually accompanied by a tankard of good ale, and contented puffs on a long clay pipe!

VB

Forbear to remark "Apple Sauce"
as a flippant ignominy, for VB Old Fashioned Apple Sauce is used in tones of endearment by gourmets everywhere.
Old Fashioned
APPLE SAUCE
Packed by
Lyndonville Canning Co., Inc.
Lyndonville, New York

Sea-Fare
1033-1st Ave.
Sutton Place
41 W. 8th St.
Greenwich Village

Volksoper, which has been demoted to light opera again, as well as three times a week in the Redoutensaal, a small theatre in the former Royal Palace, where *opera buffa*, such as "Così Fan Tutte" and "Don Pasquale," is presented. Krips is regarded in Vienna as an able but not especially exciting conductor, and lately many Viennese have shown a preference for two more colorful men who have joined the company, Wilhelm Furtwängler and Herbert von Karajan, although (or perhaps because) this pair was honored by the Nazis during the war and they later had a little trouble getting Denazified. In the past two and a half years, the Staatsoper has put on twenty-six operas at the Theater an der Wien, twenty-four at the Volksoper, and half a dozen at the Redoutensaal, and has presented three premières at the Salzburg Festival. This is only a starter, according to Dr. Egon Hilbert, who, as head of all state theatrical enterprises, is also the boss of the Staatsoper. Hilbert grew up in the Staatsoper's fourth gallery, and I often saw him there when, in my youth, I lived in Vienna. He was arrested by the Nazis in April, 1938, and sent as a political prisoner to the Dachau concentration camp, where he remained for seven years.

"During those long nights in Dachau," Hilbert said to me in his office recently, "I kept thinking of the things I would do if I were put in charge of the opera. I knew it must get rid of the provincialism it had acquired after the first war. Well, we've already been to Paris—that was last March—and we had a sensational success there with 'Così' and 'Don Giovanni.' We did the same thing in October in Covent Garden in London. My secretary will show you the press reviews. Even the London *Times* threw aside its customary understatement. This March, we'll be in Paris again, and Brussels and Amsterdam, and sooner or later—we hope—we'll be in New York. After our first year, we had a net profit of three million schilling. That would be three hundred thousand dollars if the official rate of exchange meant anything, which, of course, it doesn't. It really amounts to—well, perhaps around thirty-seven hundred dollars black market. And we made what we did without the state subsidy we had before the war. Later, the Russians contributed two million schilling to help us start rebuilding the Staatsoper, and now we are again receiving some support from the Austrian government. You must see our new production of 'Prince Igor.' It cost only fifty thousand schilling, including the costumes. They are made of converted potato bags, but they look all right on the stage. None of our stars gets more than eleven hundred schilling for an evening—thirteen dollars. We operate, as you can see, on a fairly thin margin."

The telephone rang, and Hilbert found himself trying to calm a tenor who was very angry because another tenor had been assigned a certain part. He looked tired when he put down the receiver. "Now that things are fairly normal," he said, "the old cliques are back in action, and everybody is using some kind of pressure to get what he wants." He slapped his hands hard on his desk. "I keep telling them that this is no time for intrigues. There are so many things we still have to do. First, we must repair our wrecked opera house and get back into it. Some of our best singers are forgetting how to sing in a big house." I asked him how long the repairs would take, and he shrugged gloomily. "Go over and see for yourself," he said.

IN the entrance to the Staatsoper, I ran across an old janitor. When he heard that I wanted to look over the wreckage of the building, he led me to a big room on the second floor that had once been the office of the *Direktor*, the headquarters of such men as Gustav Mahler, Felix Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Franz Schalk, and Bruno Walter. Its walls have been whitewashed, and it has been converted into a drafting room. Five architects in white coats were working at drawing boards, surrounded by blueprints and models of their plans for the building. The janitor turned me over to one of the architects, a man named Waska, who, after putting on his overcoat, guided me to the old *Kaisersalon*, where members of the Imperial Court used to give suppers and receptions after the performances. Waska switched on a crystal chandelier, and for a moment I felt that I was back in the days of the old Staatsoper's feudal, gold-and-red splendor. "Almost untouched," Waska said. "Let's step into the Emperor's box." He opened a door, and instantly cold air that smelled of moist rubble blew against my face. Looking through the door, I saw a scene of complete destruction in which the only color was gray. Gray caves lined the walls of the auditorium where the four tiers of boxes had been, and beyond these stood the walls of the two stages, now open to a gray winter sky. Only a few rafters showed where the roof had been. I looked up to see what had become of the fourth gallery, where I had enjoyed standing room in my younger days. There was nothing there but a gray gash.

THAT night I went with Waska to a performance of "Don Giovanni" in the Theater an der Wien. The house was sold out and the audience, which included uniformed representatives of France, Great Britain, Russia, and the United States, was in an appreciative mood. As my companion and I walked out into the cold and wet night after the finale, we were overtaken by a group of young people—three boys and four girls. Some of them carried scores, and all were excitedly discussing the performance. One sickly, undernourished-looking boy said that Krips had hurried too much during the duet of Don Giovanni and Zerlina. A girl said, "Don't be silly, Gustl. Krips knows what he's doing. You heard what they said in Paris and London about Mozart's being performed best of all in Vienna." The boy shouted that he didn't give a damn whether it was Krips or Walter or Toscanini; the duet had been too fast. "Here is the way it should go," he said, and started to sing, " '*Reich mir die Hand, mein Leben; Komm auf mein Schloss mit mir.*' " He had almost no voice, but his pitch and phrasing were correct. One of the girls responded with the lyrics of Zerlina, while the others continued their excited discussion. "There's your Viennese for you," said Waska admiringly. "Look at those kids! They're cold, and probably hungry, too, and it's hard to say what future they can hope for. But there they go, right in the middle of an impoverished city run by four occupying armies, talking about Mozart and opera and good singing as if it were twenty years ago. In Vienna, when one is young, good music will always seem more important than good food." We could still hear the young people talking and singing long after they had disappeared into the darkness of the cold, drizzling night.

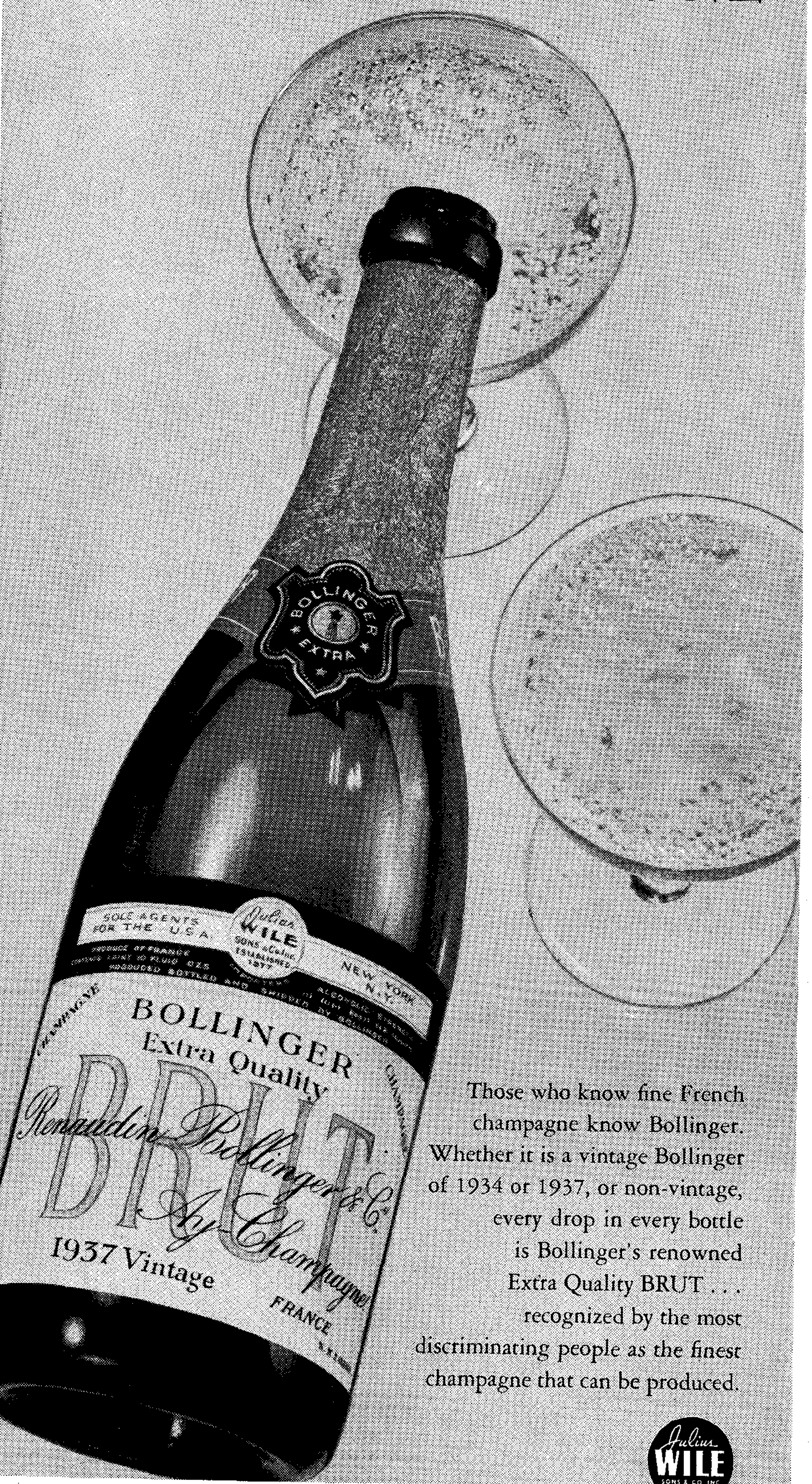
—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

Baltimore Copper Paint Co
24 Brdg.....................WHitehl 4-9160
If no answer call......TRiangl 5-4657
If no answer call......BEachvw 8-2238
If no answer....South Orange 2-3796
If no answer..........Fairlawn 6-0680-J
—*Manhattan Telephone Directory.*

The hell with it.

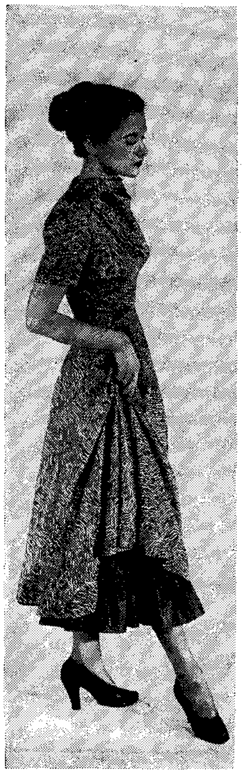
BOLLINGER
The Aristocrat of
FRENCH CHAMPAGNE



Those who know fine French champagne know Bollinger. Whether it is a vintage Bollinger of 1934 or 1937, or non-vintage, every drop in every bottle is Bollinger's renowned Extra Quality BRUT . . . recognized by the most discriminating people as the finest champagne that can be produced.

Julius WILE SONS & CO INC 1 PARK AVE N.Y.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. • ***Sole U.S. Agents*** IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

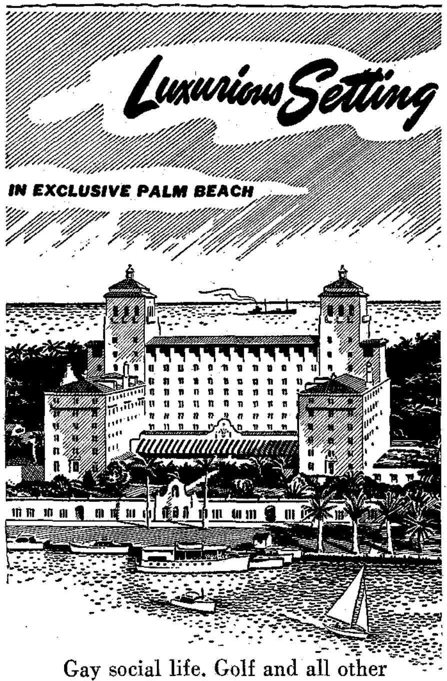


PRINT PLUS PETTICOAT—pure silk print dress with full-skirted flattery and soft cowl neckline. The taffeta petticoat lends a crisp ruffled hemline. **Dress $55.** Black with red and brown with red. **Petticoat $10.95.** Black, brown and black with plaid ruffle. Both in sizes 12 to 20 T.G.* Please state second color choice. **Mail orders invited.**

*In Tall Gal Proportions

TALL GALS

PEG NEWTON
Tall Gal's Haven
3 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.



Gay social life. Golf and all other land and water sports. Beautiful new Beach Club . . . directly on the oceanfront . . . private bathing beach for our guests.

PALM BEACH Biltmore
PALM BEACH • FLORIDA
A HILTON HOTEL
Leo E. Kaffer, General Manager
N.Y. Reservation Office, Suite 1755,
The Plaza 1 W. 58th St., MU 8-2240,
or call your travel agent

TABLES FOR TWO

Schmalz

THIS is the time of the January doldrums, when waiters stand about in anxious clusters and you can hear the boards of the dance floor creak as the few dancers make their way back to their tables after a number. There's no question but that an evening out has suddenly become a much simpler undertaking, once you're off the windy streets and safely tucked inside a quiet night club. One still-populous place, however, is Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, which has recently been completely done over—decorations, entertainment, and all. The night I inspected it, many of the customers appeared to be abashed by the dozens of violinists and the four bass-fiddle players in red swallowtails who have been substituted for the chorus line, and by the velvet chokers and solemn black sheaths worn by the two lady harpists. The show, which amounts almost to a parody of juke-box culture, includes the playing, by the battalion of fiddlers, of every musical chestnut from "Hora Staccato" to "None but the Lonely Heart;" several lively but distinctly non-Viennese waltzes, performed by a group of devout admirers of Agnes de Mille; and the singing, by an octet of shrill sopranos and an immense young tenor, of toreador songs in what I took to be Spanish. The only intentionally comic act—and, in my opinion, the only noteworthy one of the evening—is a number in which Mata and Hari, a pair of excellent and ingenious dancers, take the part of every instrument in a symphony concert. At one point, Mata impersonates a violin and Hari a bow, and that, I can tell you, takes some ingenuity. The room's new decorations are funereal black and gold, with touches of opulent artery red. Silver candelabra with electric bulbs have been placed on many of the tables, and every now and then, as an added dash of the picturesque, a violinist drifts by, forcing you to sit up and pay attention while he plays Schumann's "Träumerei" right smack at you.

OVER at the Carnival, the old-fashioned, forthright type of entertainment persists—namely, Ed Wynn, who is doing his first stint in a night club. Mr. Wynn's comic windups always have me thinking that his punch line is going to be much funnier than it ever is—if, indeed, there is a punch line at all. Still, he is so engaging that you never think that you've been let down. At the Carnival, he simply wanders about the stage fussing with his props, rolling and unrolling carpets, and dressing up showgirls in bolts of material, but when he mutters, "Now, to me, this is *ve*-ry interesting," or "I want you to see this, now, because it is a truly remarkable thing," you find yourself convinced that something remarkable is really about to take place. Even though the truly remarkable thing turns out to be another hoax, you not only don't mind, you are positively enchanted. Appearing with him are Jane Pickens, whose clear and obviously highly trained soprano is somewhat too prissy for my taste, as well as an exceptionally handsome pair of barefoot dancers, named Greb and Lober, and the customary dozens of cuties with names like Babette George. When Mr. Wynn, wearing a nightshirt and carrying a candle, comes out at the end of the long show to wish everybody good night, you feel that the time has been well spent.

ANOTHER performer with the ability to sustain interest is, of course, Hildegarde, who has been singlehandedly sustaining it at the Plaza's Persian Room for so long, off and on, that she's become as much of a landmark there as the fountain out front. She has so many impersonators that it is becoming difficult to tell whether you are watching a mimic or the lady in person, but those practiced, comic-opera extremes of gaiety and suffering that alternately pass across her face should convince you that this is the real stuff. This year, to get on to the momentous part of my report, there are two new wrinkles in her performance: every man at every ringside table is invited to smell her perfumed handkerchief, and corsages of heather, violets, and red roses have replaced her familiar American Beauty roses. As usual, I liked everything she did—except the "Whiffenpoof Song." When a girl like Hildegarde starts masquerading as a group of gentlemen songsters, the piece seems to lose something.

A CONSIDERABLY more earthy singer is Josephine Premice, at the Village Vanguard, who approaches the microphone in one chilling leap from backstage. Miss Premice has a mouth like Joe E. Brown's, eyes like searchlights, and thick black braids. She specializes in West Indian songs, delivered in French, English, or a sort of patois that she calls New Orleans, and of them all I most enjoyed her enthusiastic calypsos, which, as she goes along working up steam, begin to sound as if they were being sung by six or eight people instead of one. Maybe *she's* the right girl for the "Whiffenpoof Song." The other half of the Vanguard program consists of Louise Howard, an acidulous, handsome, and noisy comedienne. Some of her satires—one of a female ballad singer who plays the triangle and croons only of blood and mayhem, for instance—are pointed and recognizable, but in too many others the characters she takes apart are so unidentifiable that you wonder what all the commotion is about.

JOE MARSALA, who heads one of the most pleasing and original of the smaller jazz bands, is back in the center of the circular bar at the Hickory House, on Fifty-second Street, where, before the war, he started acquiring his many disciples and admirers. His music is as intricate as a double-crostic, and his four-piece string group, which includes Chuck Wayne, on the guitar, and Adele Girard, on the harp, play it with great good feeling. . . . For those who like to dance to (or listen to) excellent non-commercial music, and don't give a hang for plush banquettes and quilted-satin walls, I recommend a visit to Childs Paramount, a subterranean picnic ground on Times Square that is enlivened by the fine band of Wilbur de Paris. The establishment's marble floors, lack of tablecloths, and yards and yards of stony corridors may make you think that you're dancing on an Independent subway platform, but that shouldn't bother really earnest practitioners. —F. L.

•

ADELPHI—7074 C. Clark st. Rog Pk 1039
Open 1:15—A Wonderful Picture!
Chas. Dickens' Immortal Masterpiece
"THE GREAT WALTZ"
—*Theatre listing in the Chicago Tribune.*

Hardly his *best* work.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Ed Sullivan in the News*]

New Yorkers, sunning themselves in Florida, when the blizzard buried Manhattan, know how guilty Britishers felt who missed the London blitz.

After Dinner . . . a **Dram** of

Drambuie

The cordial with the Scotch whisky base—made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY • 80 PROOF

START YOUR DAY THE SPORTSMAN WAY

Sportsman
SHAVING CREAM
SPORTSMAN
SHAVING LOTION

Sportsman

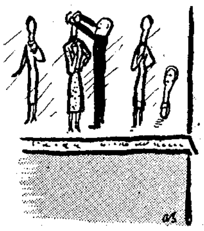
GROOMING ESSENTIALS

DISTINCTLY MASCULINE•DECIDEDLY CORRECT

Gift Packages, $2 to $10. At Better Stores • JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC., 663 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 22

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

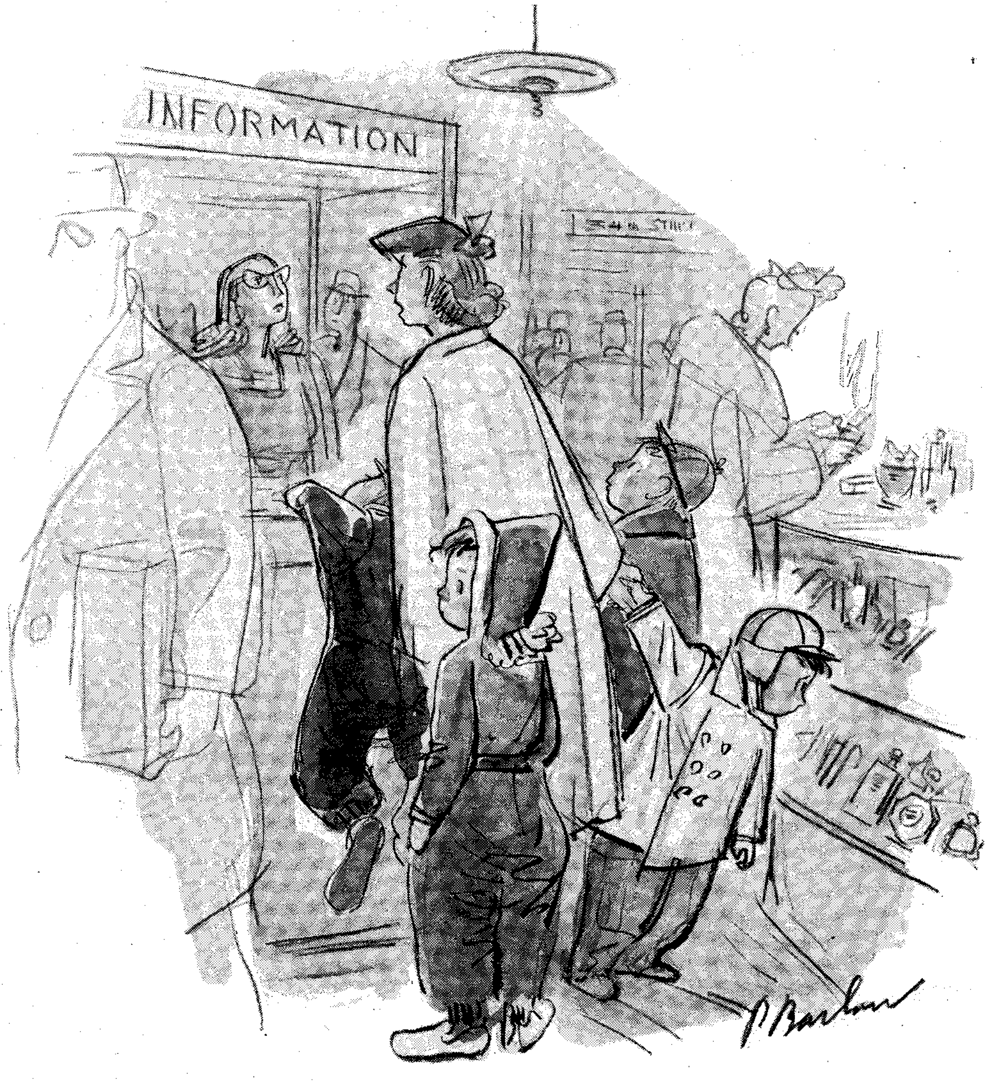


INDIVIDUALITY is flourishing unchecked among our milliners, perhaps more splendidly than ever before. The postwar hats from Paris, when they began to arrive, a couple of years ago, didn't have the old hypnotic effect of their predecessors, and first the unnecessarily big, heavy Parisian hats and subsequently the big, tilted ones that French milliners, without a thought for the complications caused by coat collars and breezes, offered even for winter were summarily rejected by our designers. And the most recent French idea—the not especially lovable Dior pillbox canted over one ear—was, I'm glad to say, almost ignored over here. Now, still operating on their own, our custom shops are presenting a batch of spring hats as provocative and original as any I've seen.

In the spate of new hats, unfettered though they may be, certain trends are visible. Recognizing (how could they fail to?) the current predilection for bustles and full-backed coats and skirts, the milliners have graciously provided a forward look to balance the backward look fostered by the couturiers. On some hats, great prows jut up and out above the forehead, and even the little green-and-white striped satin bows on Sally Victor's green straw caps have a forward tilt. To coöperate with the rather flagrant coquetry of some of the new clothes, a good many hats sweep off to one side or curve high over the left eyebrow and zoom down against the right cheek. Lilly Daché, one of the more zealous advocates of the hidden, or partially hidden, cheek, actually suspends flowers alongside the neck. To carry on this theme of femininity, there is an array of trailing scarves, made of coarse net or veiling, that swathe the crowns of hats and either hang as low as the hemline in back or drape around the neck. Florell uses China silk to make his scarves. The designers know how to deal with the present mania for short hair, too; they've contrived plenty of tiny flat hats that cling to the head and that should delight any woman resolved to make her dome look as small as possible. Finally, though the tilted hats manage to hide a bit of cheekbone or even a whole ear, everything else the designers have contributed this season still reveals the entire face and hairline. Now for specific hats:

SALLY VICTOR's version of the flat hat has four rounded corners and is called In Clover. It has no crown at all and subsides into four delightful deep ripples on the head. It comes in all sizes, from a large gray felt one to a diminutive white piqué, gingham, straw, or felt affair. Some are plain and some adorned; among the latter are a small black straw with a geranium rising straight up in front, and a felt in vivid orange-pink (Victor's pet color) with cocoa feathers curling over the sides to achieve flatness. Still another is made of row after row of lace ruffles with strips of pink cording between them. Next, I'd like to call your attention to a large group of hats vaguely inspired by something that Victor's scouts found in the Middle East. These start as skullcaps but end in a draped sort of visor listing to one side. They come in straw draped like felt, or felt worked like cloth, or cotton or silk worked like cotton or silk. The small ones are jaunty and the large ones arrogant, and both sizes are lovely. The colors, too, have a Middle Eastern cast. One of the best is harem blue, a brilliant turquoise that verges on peacock.

Bonnets have always been a specialty of Victor's, and she is not above performing a couple of stunts with them. If you like it, there is always the rather orthodox pioneer type—either open astern or with a crown that goes all the way back, and lined with flowers, lingerie, or ruffles along the peaked brim. One "lama-yellow" straw (don't be alarmed; it's a clear, strong color) has gray silk-ribbon bows dipping forward in front. Trickery enters into the construction of bonnets that ascend high above the hairline, have sunburst pleating, and bear some resemblance to



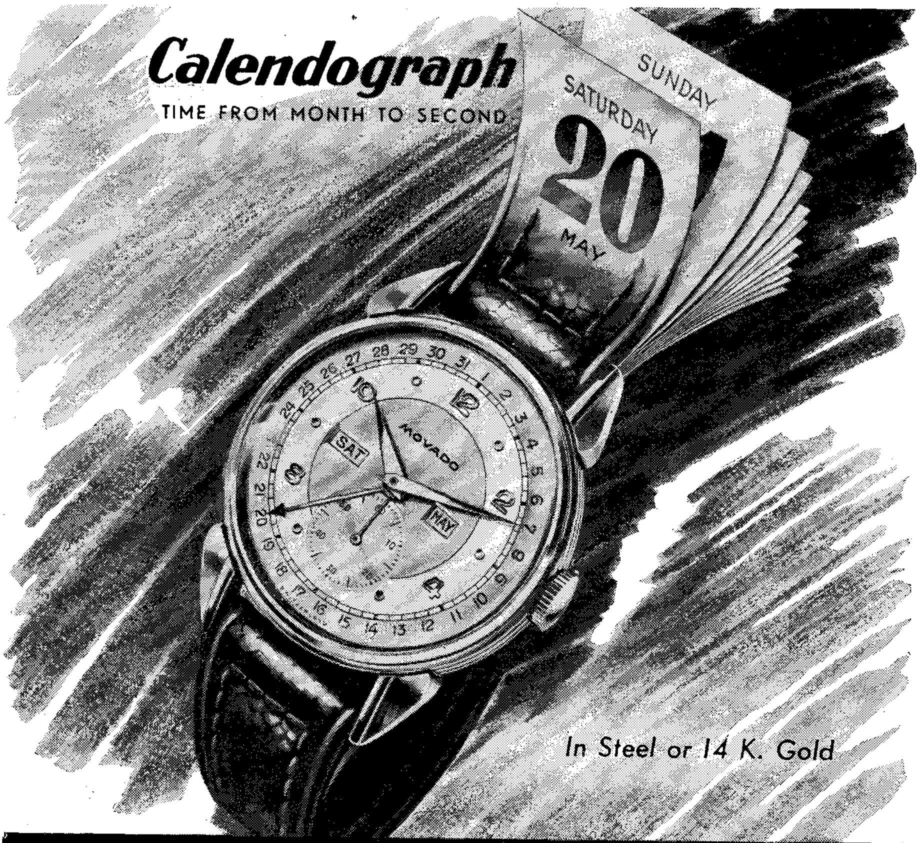
"Foot-scrapers?"

lampshades. All in all, this is a winsome, frivolous lot of headgear.

Lilly Daché, aiming at what she calls the "insinuating look," has produced both flirtatious hats, overcast with flowers, veils, and general mistiness, and *femme-fatale* hats, with veils that are dashing rather than nebulous. The veils descend to cover the eyes, so that the mouth is accentuated, or go under the chin, accentuating the eyes. For sirens (are there any left?), there's a tiny black ballibuntl tricorne to be worn straight on the head, which is not true of most hats at this establishment. The coarse black veiling across the eyes and the tip of the nose looks something like the masks used in early Italian comedies. For women who don't wish to be *fatale* (and there *are* a lot of them left), there's a pale-gray straw hat, swathed in gray tulle, with a small tulle veil covering the point of the chin. The brim is curved a bit in front and has clusters of imported gray flowers above and below at the sides.

"Languishing" is, I suppose, as good a word as any for Daché's tilted hats, the ones that arch well over the left temple and are folded down on the opposite cheek. One, a pink baku bonnet, has a mass of roses and spring flowers over the left eye that extends outward and upward in a sort of quill. (Quills are an obsession here.) Others have flowers down the neck on the side of the hat that dips. A gray felt tilted bonnet has yellow and beige organza flowers above the brim on the high side, and another little cluster, on a small chin strap, below the opposite ear. A silk tricorne has spangled pink veiling all over it and pink roses cascading all the way down the right side to end under the chin. Daché also offers a tilted off-white woven-straw beret over which a coarse net veil is draped. This veil has flowers appliquéd on it, and since it is detachable, you can have your floral embellishment practically anywhere you want it on the hat. Or, for that matter, you can wear the veil without the hat and still look fetching.

It is hardly news that Daché favors sailor hats. She has them in all sizes, tilted slightly so that your hair is visible. Most of them have veils that tie under the chin, some have veils tight across the face, and the effect either way is very 1900. A typical one, perfect for a tall woman, is a black-and-white rough-straw job whose brim is narrower on the low side than on the high one. It is equipped with a white quill (*not* sham) that matches the white



MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS
SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1948 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

Satin-Monogrammed

Blanket Cover

Pretty and practical! Of finest multi-crepe, with fagotted inserts of satin and eggshell net, matching the dainty shirred net edging. Boldly accented with striking, appliquéd satin monogram. An exceptional value at this very special low January price.

Single Bed Size (72" x 90")	$29.50
Double Bed Size (90" x 90")	$36.50
Extra-large Bed Size (108" x 90")	$47.50
Satin appliqué monogram each	$ 6.95

Colors: Tearose • Ivory • Pale Blue
White • Dusty Rose . . . Monogram and inserts in matching tones . . .
In Chicago, at the Ambassador Hotel

Telephone: PLaza 3-6700

Léron

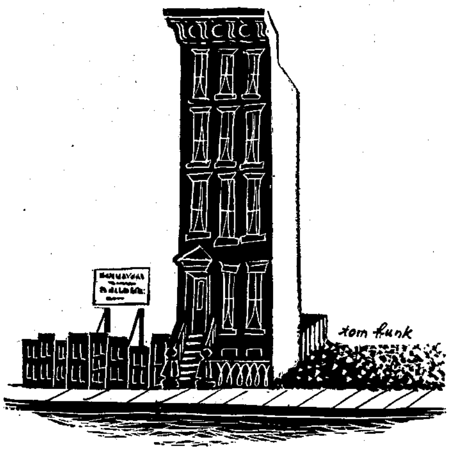
745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
Paris • Palm Springs • Palm Beach

facing. Daché has addressed herself with considerable skill, in fact, to the problem of hats for tall women. She has a number of hats, often turned up at the back, that are extremely wide. They frequently have zigzag, pleated brims, and the crowns are very flat. To give you a couple of examples, there are pale-honey felts, with pale-pink and yellow flowers on the crown, and *commedia-dell'-arte* black felts, with black net veils under the chin and extending to the tips of the hats. Tall women should look, too, at a flat, medium-size sailor hat of openwork cotton net, which, when light shines through it, makes a speckled pattern on the face.

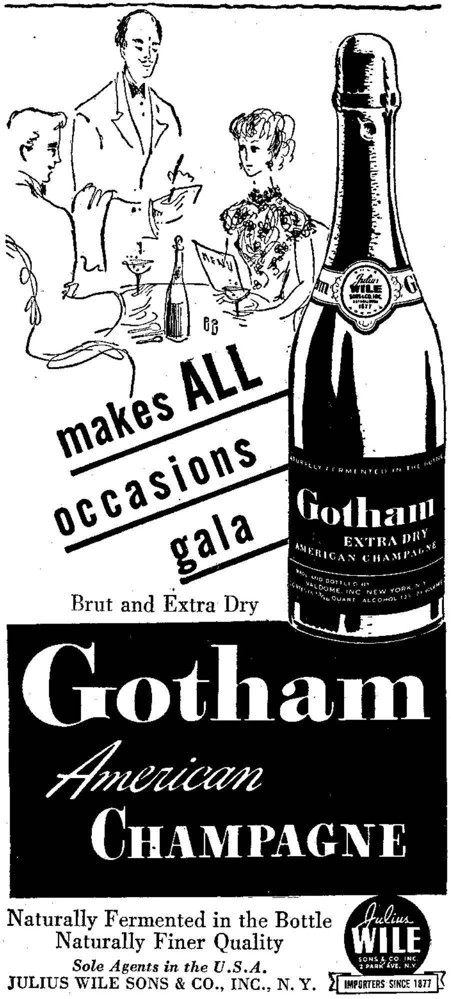
AT Walter Florell, the big innovation is a gathered band of China silk surrounding the crown of a hat and trailing down the back of the wearer. A small black-and-white rough straw with a turned-back brim and a gray shantung-straw Breton sailor hat with red velvet binding have gray scarves. A cocoa-colored felt straight sailor sports a red-brown scarf. (More and more women are discovering that cocoa and red brown go handsomely with navy suits.) If you're interested in utter simplicity, Florell has navy felt "halo" hats that are complicated without looking it. Some are small sailors, some turned-back affairs, some small toques. On each one, two wire hoops, covered with navy silk, are attached to the rear of the brim. One shoots forward over the crown, the other descends to rest on your chest. There is a veil, the ends of which are attached to the hoops, making whoever wears the hat look as if she were behind a catcher's mask, though a rather beautiful one. You don't have to wear the second hoop on your chest; you push it over your head, if you really are an angel, to achieve the double halo you deserve. Florell also loves "molten" straw—a finely woven business shaped by hand instead of being blocked. The hats he makes of it have no lining, weigh nothing (or next to it), are folded and tucked charmingly, and are riotous with color. Turned-back cerise molten-straw hats are bound with turquoise ribbon and have turquoise satin bows in back. Another, a coral toyo, has blue satin bows above the hairline and below the brim at one side. Folded, down-on-one-side hats, made either of molten straw or felt, come in color combinations such as brilliant turquoise with navy grosgrain or delft blue with emerald green. Wreath effects ornament some hats; a fringe of black imitation wheat juts up in a tiara over a hat with a turned-back black straw brim and with turquoise ribbon bowknots here and there, and a natural-straw bonnet is bulky with bright-green forget-me-nots. (May Mother Nature forgive them!) As for large hats, you'll see some vast Milan berets with flowers lavishly piled high on one side—a navy one with lilacs and roses, for instance, or a champagne-colored one with white flowers.

THE cheeriest notion at Florence Reichman's shop is what she calls a quatricorne, a four-cornered hat with a shallow crown and a square brim; the corners all curl up. One of the gayest of these, a medium-size cerise-and-white candy-striped silk hat that frames the face, has a crown and an upper brim of white ballibuntl. Others, of natural straw, are faced with scrolls of brown eyelet embroidery. A huge tricorne of black hair braid has one point dead in front and a small bunch of geraniums at each side. Reichman's sailor hats have thick rolls along the brims (they're spool brims, if you want to be technical); there are big ones, of royal-blue Milan, trimmed with chiffon and veiling, and small, crisp ones, of navy ballibuntl, with a fat white piqué edge and white, pink, and navy flowers sticking up at the front. Tilted straw bonnets here often have flowers brushing the cheek under the brim on the lower side, and almost everything has a veil.

BRAAGAARD, like several other Danes I can think of, has a special talent for creating toques of the Royal Family type. As someone said, it is now Queen Mary's turn to laugh. His are light but give the impression of bulk. Some are fluffy masses of chiffon; others are of rough straw with white flowers that ascend at one side (Braagaard is another of the group that tilts every hat). A braided black horsehair and



Charm-chain
with sterling treasures
Designed to be dropped into a masculine pocket for festive evenings, all the little luxurious necessities: perfume flaconette, lipstick case, heart compact, in sterling silver with the Georg Jensen Inc. motifs. $30.00 plus Federal Excise Tax.
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Brut and Extra Dry
Gotham
American
CHAMPAGNE
Naturally Fermented in the Bottle
Naturally Finer Quality
Sole Agents in the U.S.A.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y.
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

black velvet hat has lush pink roses on the lower side. A knockout is of striped soft metallic mesh, tilted high on one side and dropping down over the opposite ear. A pink straw has two shoots of the straw that ascend at the front and cross; out of their tips black taffeta sprouts forth to produce a winged effect. The man also makes draped blue ballibuntl hats that arch high on one side and have pink roses low on one cheek; golden shantung-straw bonnets, with navy embroidered net covering the brims; and pink felt sailors with beautiful pink carnations. A pink shantung straw—wide, flat, and tilted only a trifle—has black-dotted pink net drapery surrounding the crown, extending almost to the edge of the brim, and draped about the throat. Lastly, Braagaard, a smart fellow about using pastel shades that are subtle rather than insipid, has turned out a mauve ballibuntl sailor with a rippled underbrim, a wreath of pale-yellow roses and mauve passion flowers, and lilac velvet ribbon here and there. —L. L.

●

[LAUGHTER] ON CAPITOL HILL

[From the Congressional Record]

MR. WILEY. Mr. President, I do not wish by my silence to give consent to that conclusion.

MR. BARKLEY. I am not asking the Senator to agree by silence to anything I say. If I had any such ambition, I probably would be disappointed.

MR. WILEY. What a man.

MR. BARKLEY. I thank the Senator. He has a sense of humor, as I have. He has written a very interesting book on the subject.

MR. WILEY. I am glad to have the Senator give me a boost. My book, Laughing With Congress, does not neglect the Senator and his wit.

MR. BARKLEY. How much commission am I to receive from the sale of the book? [Laughter.]

MR. WILEY. I will have my publishers arrange that with the Senator.

●

MOST FASCINATING GOSSIP ITEM OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from Leonard Lyons' column in the Boston Herald]

Last month Nunnally Johnson visited Eton, and then was brought to the nearby home of V. C. Buckley, the English travel-author. Buckley showed Johnson his prized collection of autographed first-editions. Johnson started to examine the copy of Stanley Walker's "Mrs. Astor's Horse," and Buckley told him: "That's the only unautographed book in my collection."... The host stared, horror-stricken, when he saw his guest write something in the book.

It's WINTER-TAN TIME in Canada!

Gleaming white under a brilliant sky, snow's *fun* in Canada—for all ages.

Everything in ski terrain...from nursery slope to mile-high sport in Canada's Rockies.

Get away for an outdoors holiday. Come *NOW* and sun in Canada's snow country

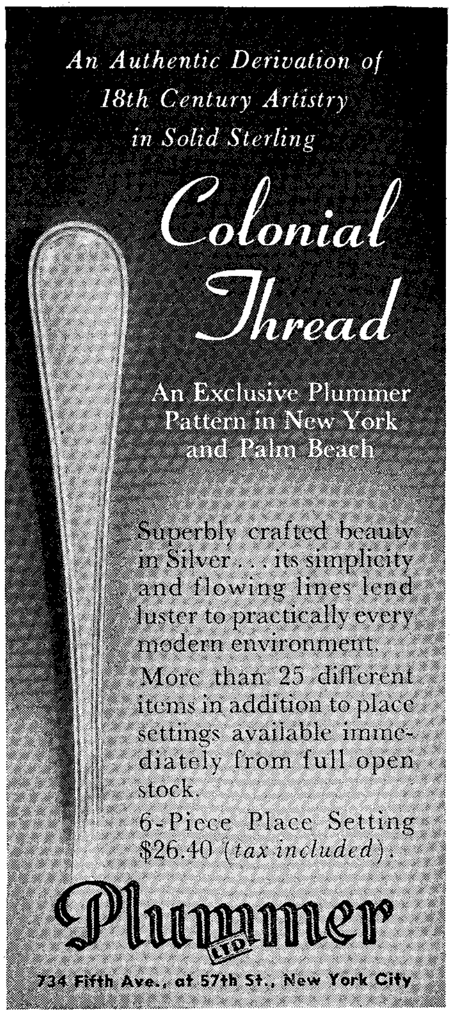
Days are getting longer—the sun's getting warm on your back—ski-ing is effortless on firm, fast snow. Enjoy a bracing week-end, or squander all your saved-up vacation on a grand and glorious fortnight that will set you up and carry you through the tag-end of the winter. Help yourself to a healthy coat of tan... a different kind of holiday. But better get busy about those reservations *fast.*

For further information, write to Dept. N-476, Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, Canada.

HON. J. A. MacKINNON, Minister — D. LEO DOLAN, Director

NO PASSPORT NEEDED

CANADA *Winter* Vacations Unlimited


An Authentic Derivation of
18th Century Artistry
in Solid Sterling

Colonial Thread

An Exclusive Plummer Pattern in New York and Palm Beach

Superbly crafted beauty in Silver . . . its simplicity and flowing lines lend luster to practically every modern environment.

More than 25 different items in addition to place settings available immediately from full open stock.

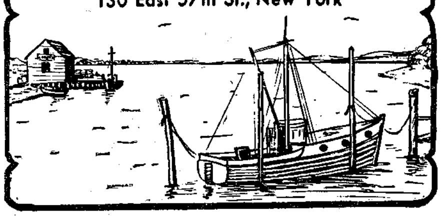
6-Piece Place Setting $26.40 (*tax included*).

Plummer LTD.
734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., New York City

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fishermen's harbor—at New York's newest bar and cocktail lounge.

ALLERTON HOUSE
130 East 57th St., New York



carry that bottle SAFELY in a VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.
Venus Corp., 1170 B'way, New York. Dept. N.Y.-1

MY PRINCE! MY KING!

FOR many years, my father had played upon our emotions with the skill of an actor. He could terrorize us simply by falling ill. He would lie stretched out on the bed, his handsome head thrown back heroically upon the pillow, emitting little moans and gasps and wheezes. My brother and I would wander from room to room of our cold-water flat, frightened and abandoned, speaking in whispers, while my mother scurried back and forth all night long between the kitchen and the bedroom carrying hot tea, or blackberry brandy, or Epsom salts. Alarming sounds would come from behind the closed bedroom door—a belch, a groan. My mother would hurry out of the bedroom on her way back to the kitchen, her kimono undone, her hair flying. "Boys," she would appeal to us desperately, "go back to bed, *please!* You're disturbing Papa. He's only got a bellyache."

Now my father lay dying and I did not believe it. It was many years later, and I stood with my brother in the parlor of a farmhouse, where a bed had been set up. My mother, an old woman now, had summoned us.

I looked down at my father and wondered if he would not toss back the covers at any moment, leap out of bed in the long nightgown he always wore, and shout, "Well, I've had enough of *this* role." But the old man did not stir. He was still tremendously handsome, with imperial mustaches and a shock of shining white hair. In Russia in the eighteen-nineties, he had been a revolutionist, and even now he was admired by a circle of his old comrades in New York, who remembered what a force he had been in the "movement."

The ex-revolutionist was dying in a dismal farmhouse in the foothills of the Catskills. It had been his home and business for ten years. After years of struggle in the city, during which the idea of revolutionary activity had slowly given way before the crushing task of making a living, my mother and father had left New York to run a boarding house in Ulster County. My father became a gracious host, chatting with his "guests" on the lawn, on the porch, in the parlor. In the kitchen, meanwhile, my mother, red-faced and inwardly furious, would hover over the steaming range preparing meals for them. "They eat," she would say, spreading her arms in amazement. "They eat. They never stop eating."

NOW we were waiting for the ambulance to arrive. It was mid-winter and there were no boarders in the house. The ambulance would take my father to the Kingston Hospital, where an operation—a last, desperate measure—was to be performed in the hope of relieving the pressure on his brain. I looked down at my father, his eloquence fled, his dramatic gestures paralyzed. He who had held us so firmly in his grip when we were children appeared so powerless, so unprotected and exposed, that I was ashamed to look at him.

"Here, Papa," my mother said. "Drink this. It will give you strength for the ride to Kingston."

"Orange juice!" he snorted feebly. "Orange juice can't help me now, my wife." He tried to lift his arm, nevertheless, to reach for the glass. Then he looked down at the useless limb and murmured, "A fine how-do-you-do."

"Don't talk, Papa, please," my mother said.

"Don't talk, don't move—what *shall* I do?" His voice trailed off into a blur of Russian curses. My mother turned and left the room, weeping.

"And you, my son," my father muttered to me, "why do you stare at me like that?"

"Listen, Papa," I said eagerly, like a little boy, "I'll buy you the McKenna farm next door if you'll get well. You said you needed more room for the business. But you've got to try and get well, Papa."

"Now," he murmured scornfully, "*now* he'll buy me the McKenna place," and he added, in Russian, "Idiot!"

The ambulance arrived and a canvas stretcher was brought into the parlor. My father tried to joke with the two serious-faced attendants. He behaved as though the transference from bed to stretcher were a funny thing to happen to him.

"Two skinny boys like you," he said to the attendants, "trying to lift a hulk like me. You'll rupture yourselves and end up in the hospital alongside me."

"Papa, for God's sake, don't talk," my mother said, tucking the blankets around him. "For once in your life, don't talk."

"Mama, you foolish woman!" He laughed. "You've been crying."

"Be quiet. Can't you ever be quiet?"

"All right," he said. "So I'm quiet."

The room was still, charged with the seriousness of the impending departure. The silence was even more terrifying than my father's chatter and false laughter had been. The attendants strapped the old man to the stretcher, so that in the swaying ambulance he would not roll to the floor, then suddenly lifted their burden and started across the room to the door.

"Papa—" my mother cried.

My father managed to turn his head back toward us. "Boys," he commanded, staring up at us, "don't be frightened." Then he looked at my mother. He was obviously embarrassed to say something personal to her before his sons. "You won't believe it, Mama," he said rather crisply, "but the only thing I'm sorry for—"

"All right," she interrupted. "Not in front of the boys."

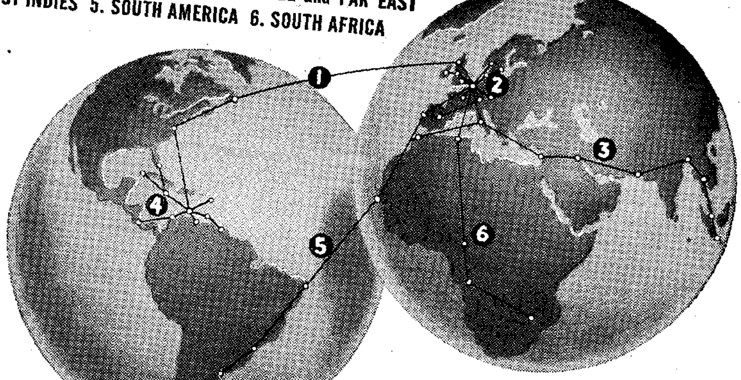
"—the only thing I'm sorry for," the old man continued, suddenly speaking to his wife softly in Russian, "is that I have to leave you, darling. Can you believe it?"

"Be a good boy, Papa," she replied. "Don't talk."

AN hour later, my mother, my brother, and I stood in the dimly lit corridor outside my father's room in the Kingston Hospital. The operation—it was called a tapping of the spine—had not relieved the pressure, and the doctor had told my brother and me that there was no hope. Neither my mother nor my father knew this. My mother, so anxious, so careworn, so fearful of her isolation and inadequacy should her husband leave her, kissed the doctor's hand when he told her she might go in and see him.

My brother and I stood in the doorway watching her. She approached the bed slowly, on tiptoe, so as not to startle him. Her shoes squeaked on the polished linoleum. Her back was bent, as though to shield her grief from exposure, or, rather, to contain it within her shrunken body. She did not wish to alarm her husband. Her head was thrust forward toward the bed eagerly, and because she was walking on tiptoe, the grieving figure appeared insanely playful and girlish.

All her life (she had married my father at seventeen), she had felt inferior to him and had admired and



He flew a million miles to earn his Captain's stripes

When your big KLM plane settles on the runway with the easy smoothness of a limousine, it's because the pilot has spent most of his adult life training for one thing only . . . to fly a modern airliner with the safety and comfort of his passengers as his first concern. Know when you fly KLM, that over a "million miles" of experience flies with you.

6 Great Services

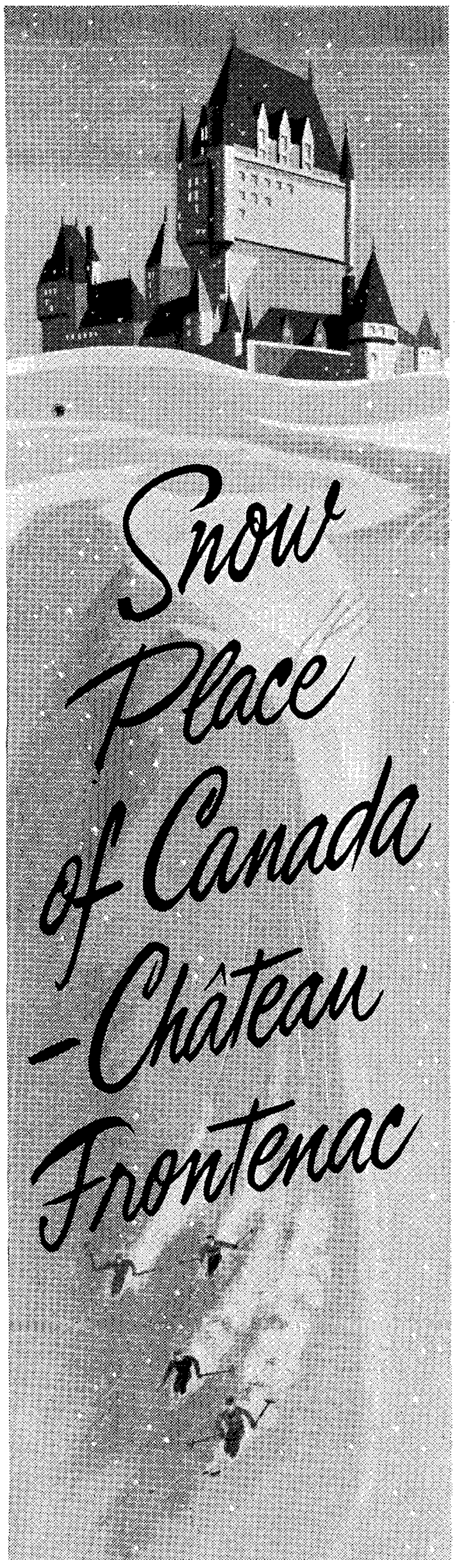
1. TRANSATLANTIC 2. EUROPE 3. MIDDLE and FAR EAST 4. WEST INDIES 5. SOUTH AMERICA 6. SOUTH AFRICA

The 48,000 mile routes of KLM, the World's Oldest Airline, speed passengers and freight between the great cities of five continents.

FROM NEW YORK — Flights to all Europe, South Africa, the Middle and Far East.
FROM MIAMI — Daily Flights to Jamaica, Netherlands West Indies, Venezuela.

K·L·M
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

See your local travel agent or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines — New York: 572 Fifth Ave., LOngacre 5-2000; Miami: 308 N. E. 1st St., 3-8455; Chicago: 37 So. Wabash Ave., CENtral 8792; Los Angeles: Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, GLadstone 8669; Montreal: Rm. 100, Central Station, Marquette 1552.


Snow Place of Canada - Château Frontenac

Headquarters for the Parallel Technique developed by Fritz Loosli... the world-famous *Château Frontenac* Ski-Hawk School. Bus service to Valcartier and Lac Beauport snow slopes for guests of the *Château Frontenac*. Powder snow on a well-packed base. Ski tows.

Reservations: see your Canadian Pacific Agent, or write the Hotel Manager.

Château Frontenac

A Canadian Pacific Hotel
In Friendly Old Québec

loved him. She was of peasant stock, blunt, tactless, and had few graces. Everything that she lacked she had found in her husband. In the depths of their poverty, it had been he who, by his wit and charm, kept sordidness away. When we children laughed at her broken English, it had been he who came to her rescue. And all the hurts and cruelties that assail an unschooled, bewildered foreigner were eased for her by the presence of her husband. He was so handsome, he had such poise, he spoke English so well, he was so humorous. He was her warrior and her shield, conquering difficulties and turning aside antagonisms with his charm and amiability.

She reached the bed and stood looking down at him for a moment.

"You feel all right, Papa?" she asked.

"Fine. Go home and go to sleep."

"Everything will be all right. The boys said they'll send us to Florida when you come home."

"Florida, Florida . . ."

"Do you want to say good night to the boys?"

"Good night, good night . . ."

"Wait, they're not here yet, Papa." She looked at him anxiously, then turned and beckoned us. We went to the bed.

"Good night, Papa. We'll see you tomorrow," I said.

"Good night, good night already, good night . . ."

WHEN we were out in the corridor, my mother said that she would not go home. She would spend the night near him, there in the corridor or in the waiting room. "I know him," she said. "He's not one for being alone. He likes to have people around him. He always wants company."

"Mama, you've got to get some sleep," I said. "We'll come back in the morning."

I enlisted the support of the doctor, who told my mother to go home, saying that he thought there would be no change in her husband's condition for a long time and that my father wanted to sleep, to be alone. "Oh, no, not him. I know him better than you do, Doctor," she said, smiling up at him with a glistening pride. "He never wants to be alone."

It was after midnight before we finally persuaded my mother to leave the hospital. A half hour later, we reached the darkened farmhouse, a white, cheerless form rising at the side of the road. As soon as I had turned off the motor of the car, we could hear the telephone ringing in the empty house. We sat for a moment in the automobile. None of us spoke. The telephone continued to ring.

"The telephone—" I said, and opened the automobile door and ran up the steps to the porch. Suddenly, my mother screamed—a wild, indescribable sound bursting out of the dark confines of the car into the Catskill night. I reached the telephone and answered it. It was the Kingston Hospital. My mother's premonition had been right.

"WHAT are we going to do about her?" I said to my brother. It was six o'clock in the morning and we had sat up with my mother all night. She was utterly inconsolable. Nothing we said helped.

"Go away!" she cried, as though we were strangers, intruders. "Go away!"

We sat across the dining-room table from her and she seemed like a stranger to me. She was no longer a mother, or a cook in the kitchen, or simply an old European, mourning. She was a passionate woman who had lost her lover. Before this love and grief that my dead father had the power to evoke, my brother and I were nothing. "We can't help her," my brother said to me. "There's only one thing to do. We must send for Anya Brams."

Anya arrived from New York at ten o'clock. She was as small and shrunken as my mother, and a few years older. They had been girlhood friends in Russia. They had come to America on the same boat. At first, they had shared a room on Cherry Street, on the lower East Side of New York, and had worked in the same sweatshop. Then each had married. Throughout the long years of hardship in America, they had remained close friends.

When my mother saw her childhood friend come into the room, she leaped from her chair, uttering a curious cry, a fusion of joy and sorrow, and hurried toward her. The two little women embraced each other in the middle of the room and broke into sobs.

"Anya, Anya, Anya," my mother whimpered.

"I know how you feel, I know, I know," Anya said.

She stood rocking my mother in her arms. She wept silently while my mother's body shook.

Anya was very hard of hearing and she had the sweet, patient expression so many deaf people have. Her face was so open, resigned, and placid, her skin so smooth and soft, like a child's, that the sight of the tears rolling down her cheeks was even more poignant than my mother's violent sorrow.

"They told me everything was all right," my mother sobbed. "They told me he was going to get better."

"What did you say, darling?" Anya asked gently.

"They told me he was going to get better," my mother repeated, a little louder.

"Yes, yes," Anya said. "I have lost a husband—a dear friend, too. You've got to be brave."

"Brave!" my mother cried in an angry voice. "For what? For whom?"

Anya looked at us across my mother's shoulder and shook her head, as though to say, "She doesn't mean you. Don't be upset." Then she led my mother into the parlor.

"He's gone," my mother moaned as she sat on the sofa, swaying gently from side to side. "My prince, my king . . ."

"What did you say, darling?" Anya asked.

"My prince! My king!" my mother shouted irritably at her old, deaf friend. Anya nodded and patted my mother's hand, and my brother and I were suddenly relieved. The tone of my mother's voice had somehow assured us that she would survive this and other sorrows.

—VICTOR WOLFSON

•

BOTANY EXAM

It took a little while to tell
The cortical parenchyma
Bordered the epidermis cell—
And here there is no trachea.

The stems of every monocot
Are thin; we draw them where they are.
But who the devil would have thought
The sheath was fibrovascular?

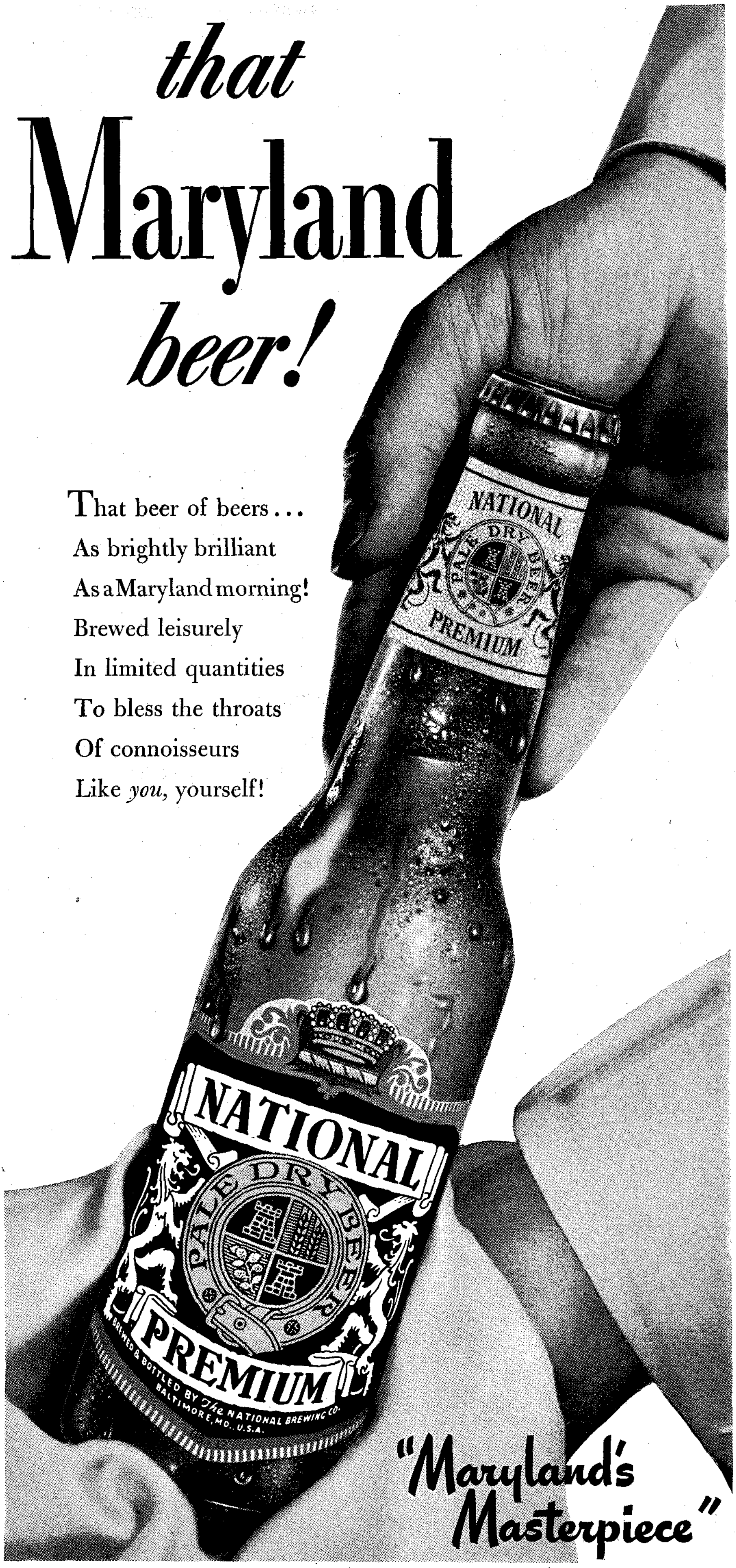
O dicot, phloem is in your stele
Beside the active cambium.
What will the pericycles feel,
And what will endoderms become?

The whole thing is an angiosperm—
The lignins, suberins, and all.
Within the roots, the protoderm
Is waiting at our beck and call.

Seek out the fibres of the bast,
And nodes that one would hardly miss.
What formula has chloroplast,
Which makes for photosynthesis?

Lamellas stalk the term exam. . . .
O karyolymph and vacuole,
The colloids make me what I am,
And no professor has a soul.

—DANIEL SMYTHE



that
Maryland
beer!

That beer of beers . . .
As brightly brilliant
As a Maryland morning!
Brewed leisurely
In limited quantities
To bless the throats
Of connoisseurs
Like *you*, yourself!

"Maryland's Masterpiece"

Brewed and Bottled by The National Brewing Company of Baltimore in Maryland.

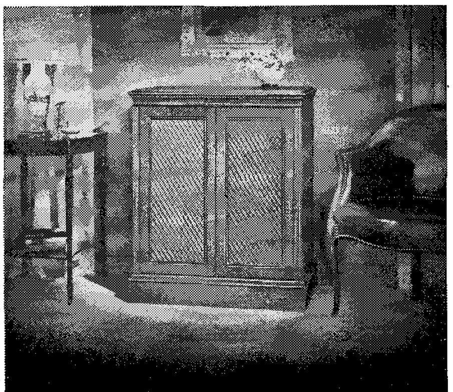
The
Sert Room

AT SUPPER
Victor Borge

DINNER AND SUPPER
Emil Coleman
and his Orchestra
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2

SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
(no cover)
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
Selective Dinners and à la carte

The
Waldorf-Astoria
PARK AVE. AT 50TH STREET



INVESTMENT

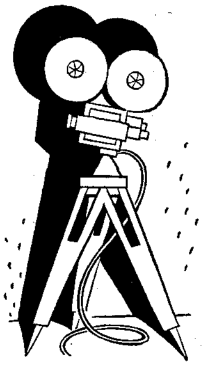
Prompting the selection of Magnavox is the realization that the finest in radio-phonograph performance and styling is also the most economical investment. 14 superb models priced from $187 to $850.

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio-phonograph

THE CURRENT CINEMA

All That Glisters

THE message of "Treasure of Sierra Madre" is simple and forthright: greed does not pay. I'm not sure that this proposition, widely applied, would stand up, since a good many formidable fortunes have been amassed by gentlemen who busily grabbed up an unconscionable share of everything in sight and, apparently, lived most happily ever after. But even if the premise is granted, the film's methods of elaborating on it are certainly something less than beguiling. First of all, we are plumped into the company of a pair of young bums and an ancient prospector, scrabbling along in marginal style in the Mexican town of Tampico. The prospector is a great one for getting off windy pronouncements about the effect of gold on the human character, but once he and his chums have gathered together enough cash to finance an expedition, they plunge enthusiastically into the wilds to look for the shiny root of all evil. Up to this point, the picture is not too preposterous, but when the boys start shouldering their way through the wilderness, it becomes rather trying, what with nervous breakdowns, bandits, *Federalistas*, Indians, and a sad-eyed claim-jumper, whose presence I never could account for. There is plenty of authentic Mexican atmosphere, and many of the scenes are visually a good cut above the average, but the story approaches its inevitable climax—a shot of an empty gold pouch hanging on a cactus—in such a moping manner that it is almost impossible to believe that it was directed by the usually skilled John Huston, who made "The Maltese Falcon" and had a hand in the documentary "San Pietro," both of them fine pictures.



It is the lot of Humphrey Bogart, as the weaker of the two bums, to portray a chap called Fred C. Dobbs, who is not only unsanitary, trigger-happy, and ill-mannered but dangerously paranoiac. To offset his unseemliness, we have Tim Holt, cast as a tough but sentimental wastrel, and Walter Huston, as the philosophical prospector. The acting honors of the piece all belong to Mr. Huston, who handles with perfect confidence long speeches that would twist the tongue of a lesser man, and who makes a completely convincing desert rat behind a hedge of the wildest whiskers you ever laid eyes on. The dialogue periodically shoots off onto some very wearing tangents, as when the three gold hunters begin to murmur, "Goodbye, mountain, and thanks," on pulling up stakes. This example, however, isn't quite as hard going as some remarks of Mr. Huston's toward the end of the picture, when he and the one surviving bum realize that all their gold is gone. "It's a great joke played on us by the Lord, or Fate, or Nature, whichever you prefer. . . . The gold has gone back to where we got it. Laugh, my boy, laugh. It's worth ten months of labor and suffering, this joke is." Then he and his pal bust out laughing fit to kill.

"AN IDEAL HUSBAND" is a heavy-handed English adaptation of Oscar Wilde's none too sparkling melodrama about a priggish Foreign Office man and a blackmailing siren. The picture, made by Sir Alexander Korda and handsomely decked out by Cecil Beaton, moves along as if afflicted with gout, and the actors in it aren't very nimble, either—particularly Paulette Goddard, who plays the wicked lady with a sort of gum-chewing inadequacy.

IN "Secret Beyond the Door," Michael Redgrave is a neurotic fellow who wants to kill his wife because his mother locked him in a room when he was a small boy. The new dodge in this picture, which is meant to distinguish it from all the others like it, is that the hero's wife, played by Joan Bennett, straightens the poor man out before he has a chance to do her in. It might have been better if he had gone through with his program.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The bride-elect attended Ward Belmont Junior College, Nashville, two years, where she received her horseback riding certificate.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

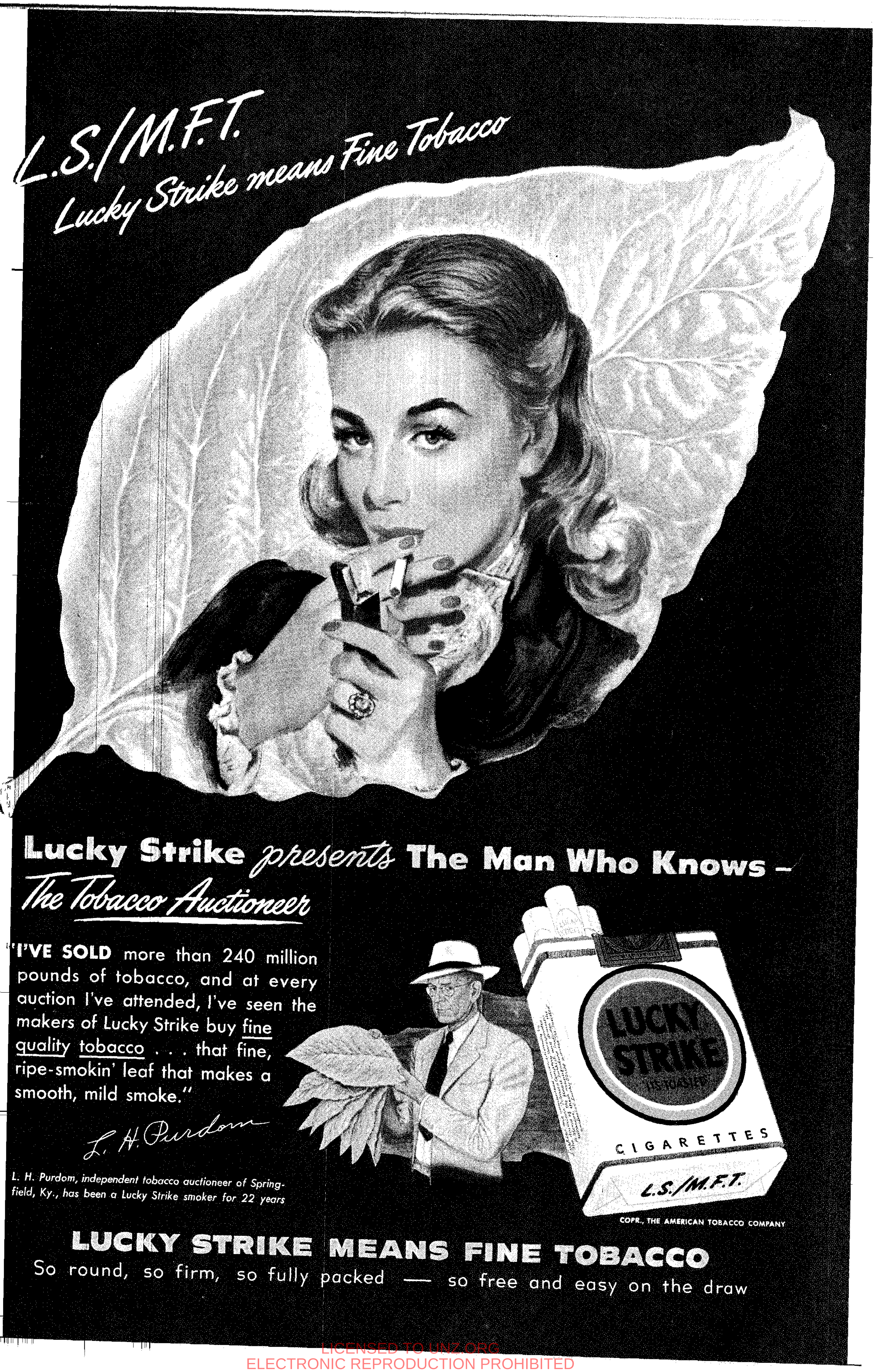
And called it a day?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an editorial in the Toledo Times*]

When an office holder sticks his political thumb into the balance sheet, the city usually comes out at the small end of the horn.



L.S./M.F.T.

Lucky Strike means Fine Tobacco

Lucky Strike *presents* **The Man Who Knows –**

The Tobacco Auctioneer

"**I'VE SOLD** more than 240 million pounds of tobacco, and at every auction I've attended, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine quality tobacco . . . that fine, ripe-smokin' leaf that makes a smooth, mild smoke."

L. H. Purdom

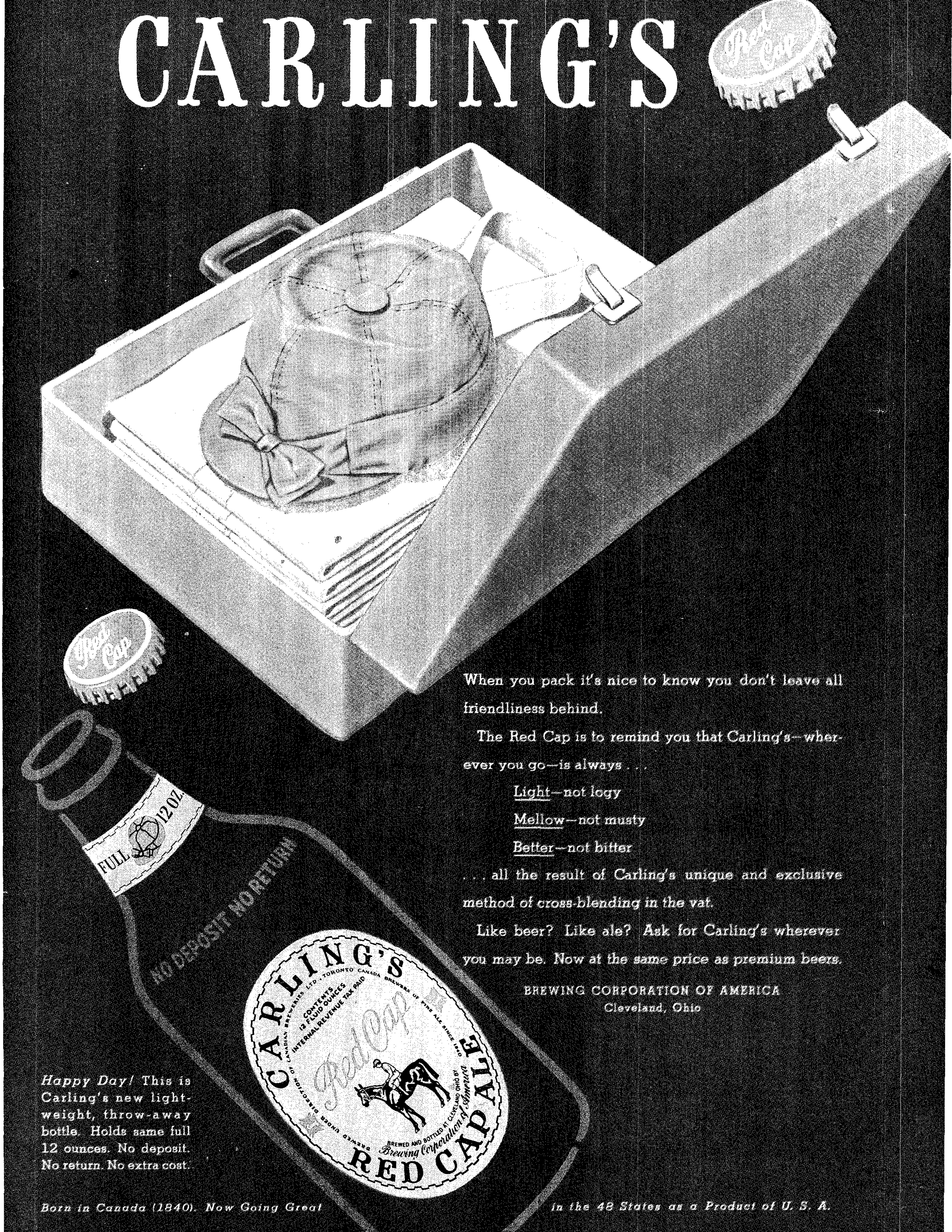
L. H. Purdom, independent tobacco auctioneer of Springfield, Ky., has been a Lucky Strike smoker for 22 years

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

CARLING'S


Red Cap
Red Cap
FULL 12 OZ
NO DEPOSIT NO RETURN
CARLING'S
CARLING'S BREWERIES LTD. TORONTO CANADA BREWERS OF FINE ALE SINCE 1840
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
Red Cap
BREWED UNDER DIRECTION OF CANADIAN BREWERIES LTD.
BREWED AND BOTTLED AT CLEVELAND OHIO BY
Brewing Corporation of America
RED CAP ALE

When you pack it's nice to know you don't leave all friendliness behind.

The Red Cap is to remind you that Carling's—wherever you go—is always . . .

Light—not logy
Mellow—not musty
Better—not bitter

. . . all the result of Carling's unique and exclusive method of cross-blending in the vat.

Like beer? Like ale? Ask for Carling's wherever you may be. Now at the same price as premium beers.

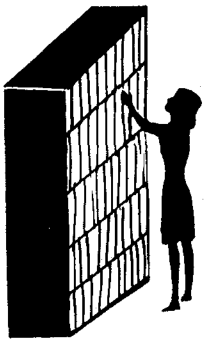
BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Cleveland, Ohio

Happy Day! This is Carling's new light-weight, throw-away bottle. Holds same full 12 ounces. No deposit. No return. No extra cost.

Born in Canada (1840). Now Going Great in the 48 States as a Product of U. S. A.

BOOKS

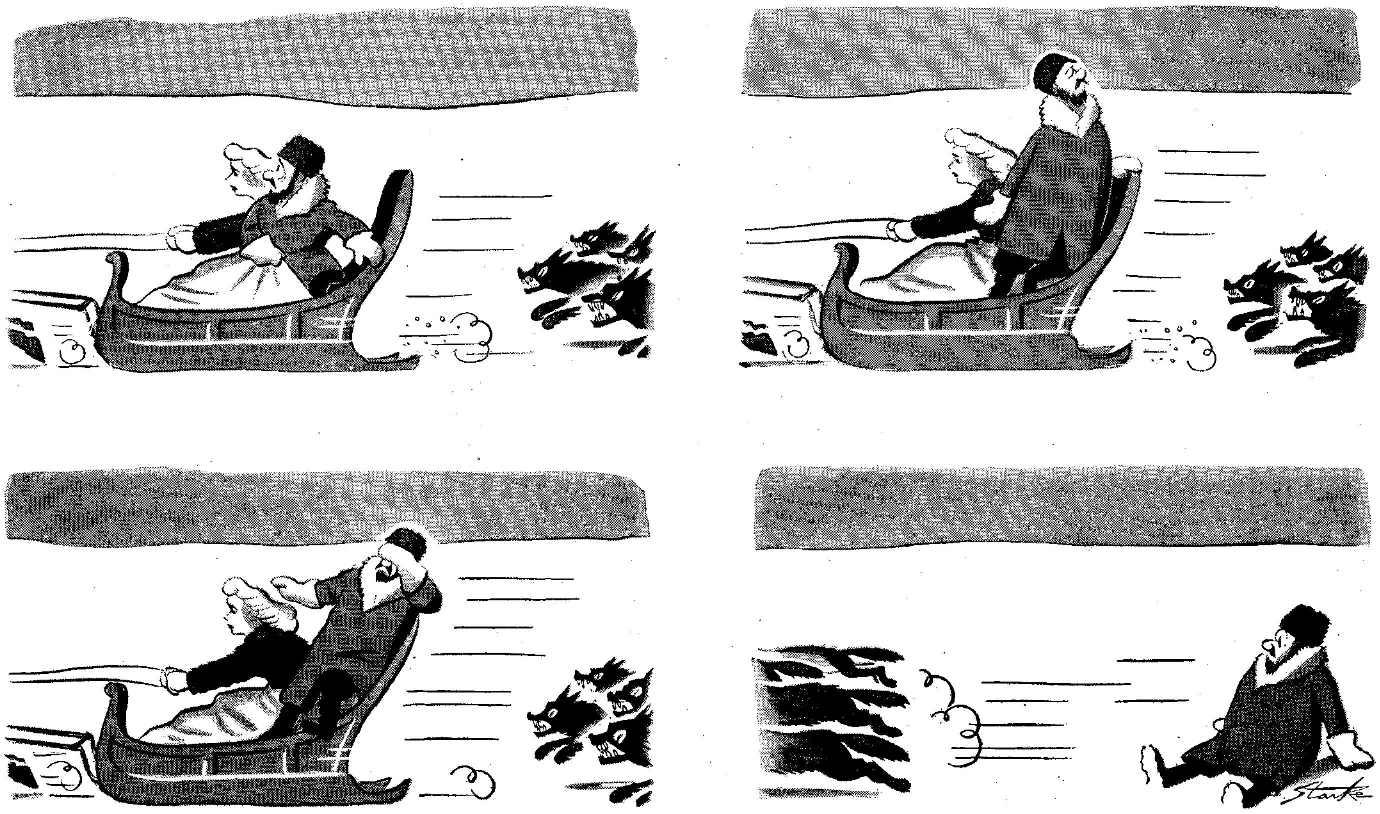
The Mislaid Generation

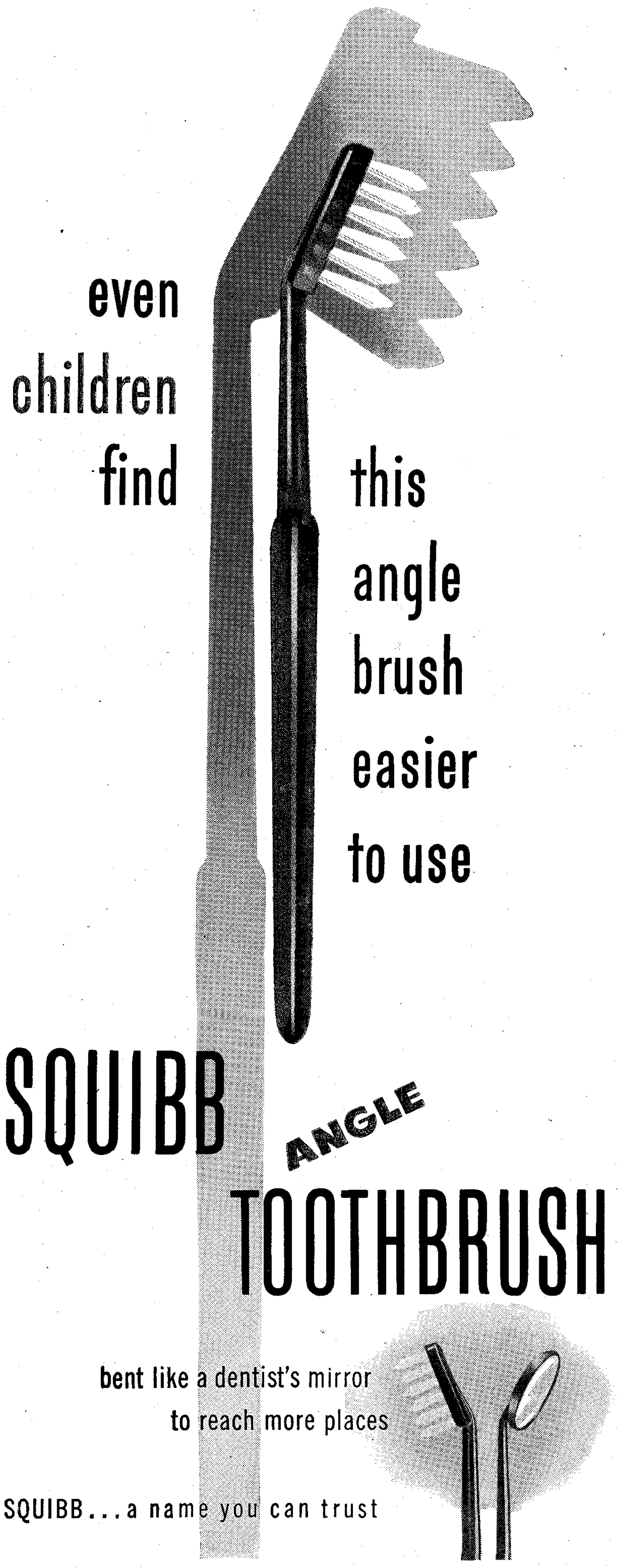


BOOKSELLERS and jacket writers may call me heretical, but I doubt that the recent world war produced a "war generation" in America, as the war of 1914-18 did—that is, a generation influenced *morally* by war in such a way as to have a separate and special character, whether "lost," "aroused," "tough," "confused," or "challenging." Most of the neuroses and emotional problems of the present time are, it seems to me, common to young people and old, veterans and non-veterans. A few of them were produced by the war, but many more are the result of social, political, and industrial processes that were going on long before the war. However, I judge that these notions, sound though I may consider them, are by no means acceptable to publishers of novels such as "That Winter," by Merle Miller (Sloane). There was a war generation—a good, sick, salable one—after 1918, and there must, they apparently feel, be a war generation to take its place, even if it is harder now to nail it to the wall and label it. Practical veterans' problems, like housing, jobs, and education, as treated non-fictionally by Bill Mauldin in "Back Home," will not meet the requirements of a publisher or an author whose mind is still occupied with the characters of Fitzgerald and Hemingway—the beautiful and damned, the brave and corrupted, of the nineteen-twenties. I quote briefly from the jacket of "That Winter" (the title refers to the winter of 1945-46):

> These are the people who grew up between two wars, who fought the second one only a few years after they'd taken the Oxford Oath in school. . . . These are the sons and daughters of the people F. Scott Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, and Hemingway wrote about not so long ago, but they are not a tomorrow-we-die, pursuit-of-pleasure generation. They are skeptical, confused, and immature, but they are tough. They don't know where to start on their personal problems because the world is too much with them, but they do know—like Peter, Ted, and Lew—that they have to make that start, and they have hope. . . . This is a generation that refuses to be lost, and when anybody wants to know about it some years hence, the bets are down that Merle Miller's "That Winter" will be cited.

A blurb should not be held against an author. I think, though, that this one reflects the point of view of more than one author today, published or potential, and of more than one publisher. It has often been said in the last two years that no good fiction has been written yet in America about the war itself, the fighting war; that none can be written until men of talent have had time to "grasp" the war, to "relate" it to the world's history and their own. I suspect that some publishers have given up on war books in deference to this platitude, and have said to themselves and their writers, "Till the time is ripe to understand the war, let's have a look at the war generation at home. What's been happening to those fellows? Is the world too much with them? Do they have any hope?" I object to this reasoning on a couple of counts. For one thing, good stories *have* been written about the war since the war—"The Gallery," "Mister Roberts," and "The Assault" ("The Assault" is not fiction, technically, but it is written in the mood and spirit of fiction). I think there will be more good books about the war, especially novels and short stories, in the immediate future. Many men are now capable of understanding what they saw of war. The point is they saw it. They were there, and things happened. It is a far more practical source of good writing, now or at any time, to my mind, than a war generation that perhaps





exists only in the wishful thinking of the book trade.

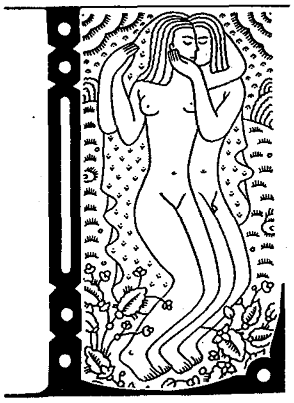
Here are the problems, the alleged war neuroses, of Peter, Ted, and Lew, the principal characters of "That Winter":

Peter—He is unable to make himself sit down and write a great novel; meanwhile he sells his brains and wastes his time in the gaudy but barbarous atmosphere of a "news magazine," which appears to be *Time*. This problem was present in a great deal of prewar fiction (v. "Young Man of Manhattan," by Katharine Brush, 1930). The problem was the same before the war as it is after. So, if my information is correct, was *Time*. So, I gather from the text, was Peter.

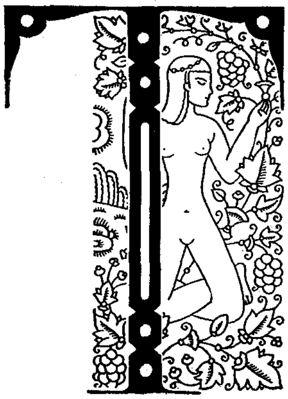
Ted—He has had too much money from boyhood on, hates his rich father, takes to drink, blows his brains out. It may be argued that the war, which interrupted Ted's drinking temporarily and gave him a sense of responsibility, let it down so hard by ending that it contributed to his suicide. But I doubt it. Ted was a broken butterfly from away back. It does not take a war to doom this type, which I classify loosely as prewar rich lush A-2 (v. "Holiday," a three-act play by Philip Barry, 1928).

Lew—He is ashamed of his immigrant Jewish parents, and after the war he changes his last name. There is copious evidence in the book that before the war he thought of little else but doing that very thing. The same plot is treated in, among other places, a short story, by Anzia Yezierska, called "The Fat of the Land," which I read in 1924.

Perhaps it is not fair to write off the war generation on the evidence of "That Winter," for Mr. Miller's novel seems to have been hastily put together, loosely contrived, and generally undercooked as to characters and situations. The book, however, provides an explanation of why publishers may wish to promote the idea of a mass of young people infected by postwar neuroses. Drop these people in a readable setting —"That Winter" deals with postwar neuroses in and around Rockefeller Plaza, with conducted tours to Louis & Armand's—and you have set the stamp of significance on a kind of fiction that has come to rival Western movies in popularity. The sex and drinking habits of writers in New York are the box-office counterpart of a Roy Rogers duel with a stagecoach robber. Hollywood just now is anxious to avoid significance or importance even in its

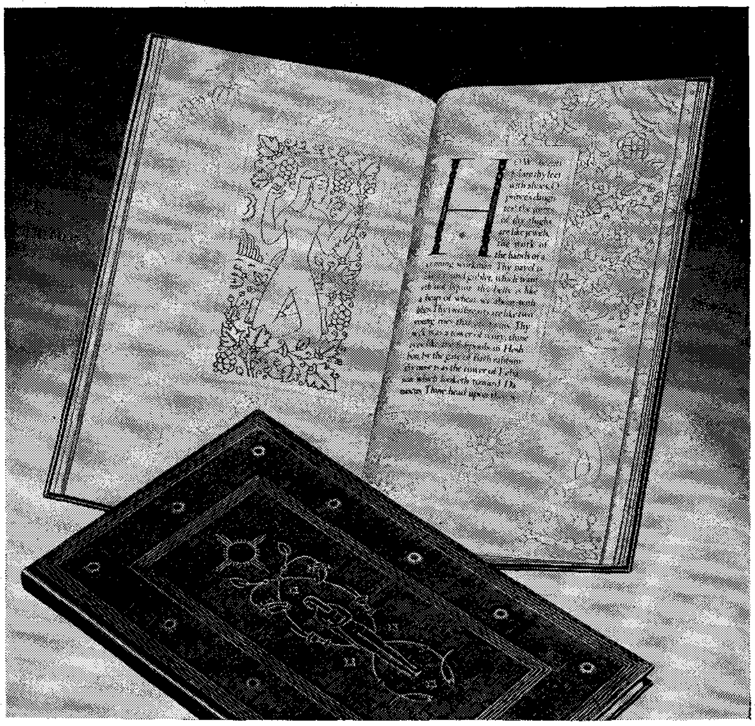


Let him kiss
me with the
kisses of his
mouth: for
thy love is
better than
wine.



The flowers
appear on
the earth;
the time of
the singing
of birds
is come, and
the voice of
the turtle
is heard in
our land;

The Song of Songs which is Solomon's



This book is hand illuminated in pure gold, printed in four colors throughout on excellent paper and bound in fine black linen stamped with gold leaf. It is sold in the shops for five dollars.

Yours FREE with a *Trial Membership* IN THE HERITAGE CLUB

THE LOVELIEST of all arrangements of the words contained in the English language are in King James' version of The Holy Bible. And the most sensuously beautiful of English words arranged to express the feelings of love are contained in that section of the Bible which we call *The Song of Songs.* Among the most beautiful of all editions of *The Song of Songs* is the Heritage edition, which is hand illuminated in pure gold by Valenti Angelo and illustrated by him and printed in four colors. This book is regularly sold for five dollars. But you can have a copy *free,* if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club.

Yes, you are invited to accept, for a period of four months only, a membership in The Heritage Club. If you accept this invitation you will obtain a series of beautiful, *beautiful* books—at no more than the cost of an ordinary novel.

The members of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "*classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future.*" They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated, printed in readable types upon papers which are chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries and staunchly bound. They obtain these books for a price which is no greater than that which they are asked to pay for ordinary novels.

You are invited to try this system. You are invited to subscribe now for four books only, at a cost of $3.30 each or of *only $2.97 each* if you pay for all four of them in advance.

The Trial Membership is offered to you at this time because the directors of The Heritage Club confidently believe that you will find these books rich treasures for your home, books you will exhibit to your friends with pride. The directors believe that after your Trial Membership you will want to *remain* in the membership.

Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. The Trial Membership gives you the opportunity to put this statement to the test. You would be wise to fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail to The Heritage Club *promptly.*

THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 Madison Ave., New York 22

PLEASE SEND me immediately a copy of the Prospectus in which you describe the special offer of a Four Months' Trial Membership and in which the books are described in detail. I understand that you will reserve a Trial Membership for me awaiting my application. I understand also that I will be entitled to a free copy of *The Song of Songs.*

NAME________________________

ADDRESS________________________

CITY________________ZONE______

STATE________________________

NY-1

The Rum with a Reputation

LEMON HART

Jamaica Rum

Famous since 1804
for fine, soft flavor,
delightful bouquet

LEMON HART
HOT BUTTERED RUM

2 oz. Lemon Hart Rum
1 lump sugar
1 slice of butter
4 cloves
Place ingredients in mug or old-fashioned glass. Fill with boiling water. Stir slightly before serving.

Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

90 Proof

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., New York, N. Y.

LEMON HART
JAMAICA RUM
SOLE AGENTS
FOR THE U.S.A.
LEMON HART & SON LTD.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.

in men's sportswear,
QUALITY
signs its name . . .

A church ORIGINAL

EDMUND T. CHURCH CO., INC., NEW YORK

GROW Genuine DUTCH HYACINTHS INDOORS In Glasses • No Soil!

CUPS fit any glass or jar. Beautify the home. Succession of gorgeous, large winter blooms.

Ideal as Gifts or Prizes—5 STASSEN DUTCH HYACINTHS one each WHITE, PINK, RED, CHINA BLUE, YELLOW; 5 HYACINTH CUPS • Complete INSTRUCTIONS. **$2.00**

3 ORDERS $5.85

Shipped to any addresses, ppd.
STASSEN FLORAL GARDENS
Dept. NK Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

Reduce

- in inches
- while you relax
- the Véanay way
- 3 week treatment
- exclusively ours

SCANDIA SALON MU. 8-1450
44 E. 52 ST.

Westerns, but booksellers can have it both ways by crossing a cocktail party with a war. Mr. Miller is Fitzgerald on the jacket and Frederic Wakeman under the vest.

Mention of Mr. Wakeman reminds me that he is a man who got his war-neurosis book over and done with before the war ended, and became so popular in the process that he can now afford to write postwar novels that skip the influence of war entirely, like "The Hucksters" and "The Saxon Charm." He is fortunate that he can retire into a region of pure hokum without having to look for traces of the war generation he discussed in "Shore Leave," his best book. It is no fault of his or of Mr. Miller's that this legitimate war generation, a group of men and women affected by war in a special way, failed to carry over into the postwar period. It looked as though it would. Practically no one in America, to the best of my recollection, foresaw what the postwar world would be like. Most of us expected it to be a world reacting strongly and almost exclusively to its recent great experience. If it turned out to be a world reacting to even greater forces, to the urgencies of the present and future as well as the past, that is bad luck for those who continue to bet by the early-morning line. —JOHN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS, by Truman Capote (Random House). Mr. Capote may eventually develop into the trail-blazing writer that his publishers claim he already is, but his first novel—the story of a boy emerging from the messy chrysalis of adolescence—can hardly be called revolutionary. It is written in a fairly well-established poetic manner, and the central character differs from the welter of adolescent heroes who have preceded him only in that his arrival at maturity is accompanied by his recognition and acceptance of his homosexuality. The most unusual feature of the book is the author's thorough and effective description of a decadent Southern household, a performance that should make it unnecessary for anyone to take up the subject for some time.

THE CIRCUS IN THE ATTIC, by Robert Penn Warren (Harcourt, Brace). Fourteen stories, all but the title piece reprints, some dating back to the early nineteen-thirties, when Mr. Warren

LOVE DICE
ALWAYS
LOVES
ME
HEART ASHTRAY
I love you
Valentine

...spelled backwards says "I Love You." Is your true love *true?* Maybe you're not sure, but you'll have fun finding out with **Love Dice.** Startling secrets revealed by 36 word combinations. For party fun, it can't be beat.

On the other hand, if the course of true love is smooth, a bit of double talk won't hurt. "I Love You" on these creamy white porcelain-like heart ashtrays will do the trick.

Love Dice, $1.50, Heart Ashtray, $1.00
3 sets Love Dice . . . . . . $4.00 Postpaid
4 Ashtrays . . . . $3.75 Postpaid
Send check or Money Order. Dept. N

klepa arts
8368 W. 3rd Street • Hollywood 36, Calif.

Easy to Use

WRIGHT'S
SILVER CREAM
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

America's Largest Selling Silver Cleaner

Luncheon
DINNER or SUPPER
Dining is always an occasion at
The Hotel **Barclay**
111 East 48th Street, New York 17
"Meet me on the Terrace"
William H. Rorke, *Manager*
Member: Realty Hotels, Inc.
Frank W. Regan, *President*

THEODORE'S
4 E. 56th St. PLaza 3-6426
Special Luncheon $1.75 • Dinner $2.50
CLOSED SUNDAYS
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
LE RUBAN BLEU

DOCK SQ.
SUMNER

Historic Faneuil Hall sees many 'Jeep' Station Wagons

A Hit in BOSTON *and* BUENOS AIRES

. . . because there is nothing to match it in the automotive field

Throughout America, and around the globe, the distinctive 'Jeep' Station Wagon has become a familiar sight on streets and highways. The reasons for this rousing world-wide reception of the first steel-body station wagon are the same everywhere:

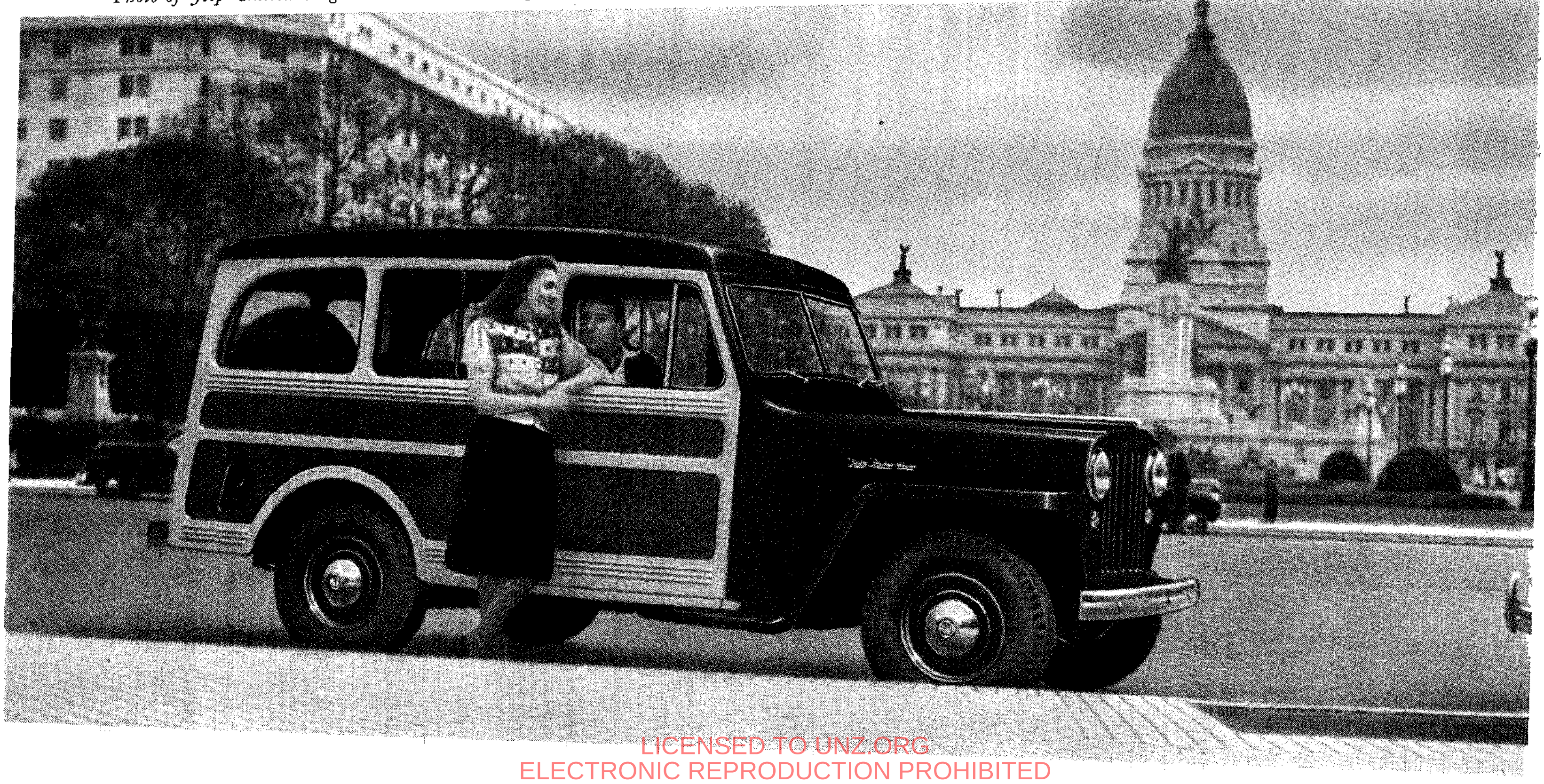
The lasting finish and greater safety of the steel body . . . the wider usefulness made possible by removable seats . . . the power and economy of the famous 'Jeep' engine, plus fuel-saving overdrive . . . all add up to a great value.

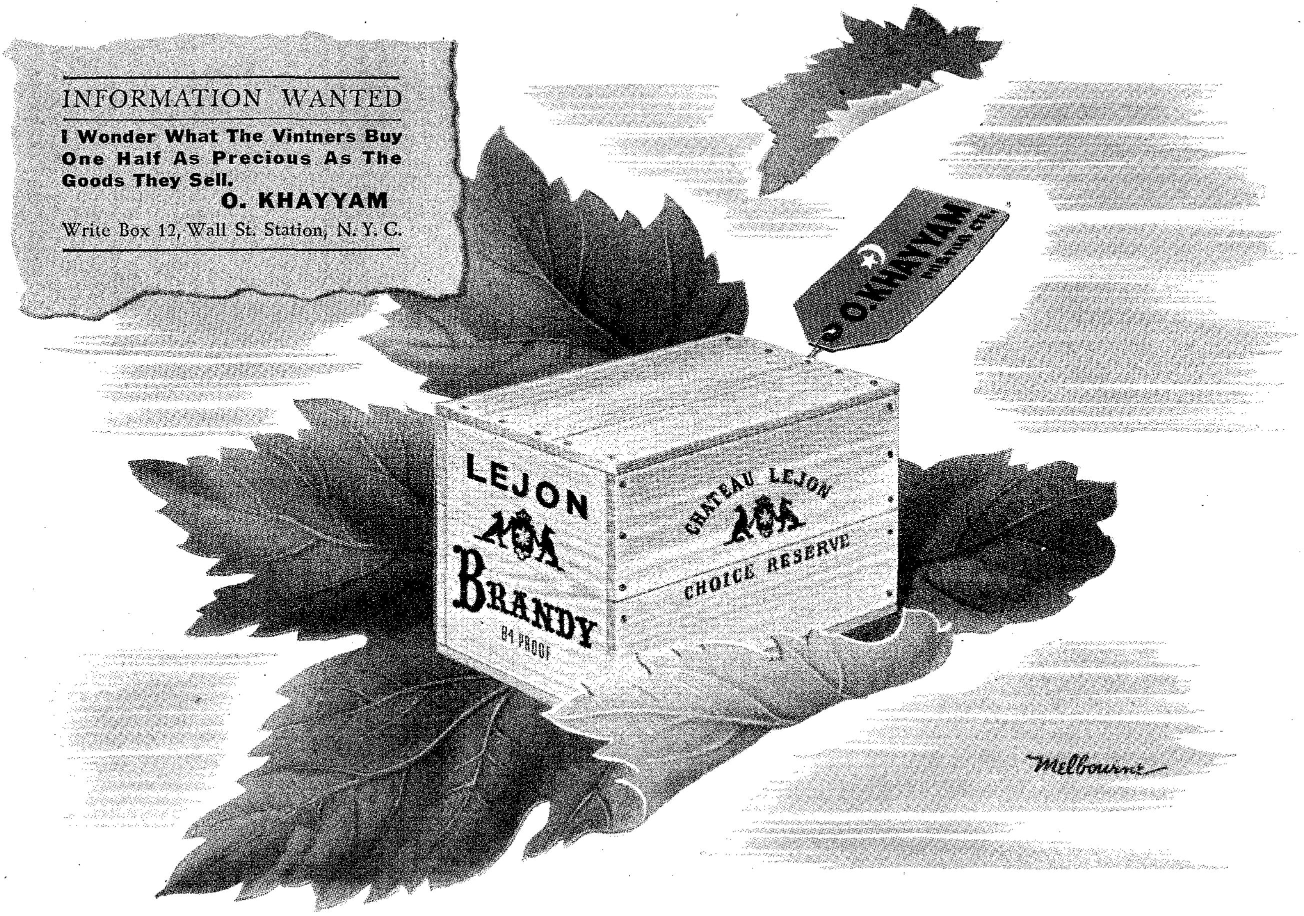
New owners drive this car with a gusto forgotten since their first car, hail its nimble performance. If a new car is on *your* calendar, see the Willys-Overland dealer *first.*

'Jeep' Station Wagon

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

Photo of 'Jeep' Station Wagon near Plaza del Congreso





INFORMATION WANTED

I Wonder What The Vintners Buy One Half As Precious As The Goods They Sell.

O. KHAYYAM

Write Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.

Answering your ad, Omar, you certainly have asked the $64 question. Frankly, we don't know anything that *we* can buy which is as satisfying as LEJON Brandy • • • But we Vintners are curious people. We get quite a lot of real pleasure in trying to make a liqueur brandy that makes everyone who tastes it wonder, as you do, if there is anything else in the world as good • • • Your case of LEJON is in transit as we might say—"On the Viewless Wings of Poesy."

LEJON

DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED IN THE U. S. A. *84 PROOF*

was just getting under way. The new piece is a remarkably long story (the author's first work of fiction since "All the King's Men") about a small-town recluse who is drawn from his refuge by the tentacles of the second World War. It is easily the most finished item in a group of stories that illustrate Mr. Warren's ability to handle various narrative methods with almost equal facility and to transform the tribulations of such dissimilar people as tobacco farmers and college professors into uniformly satisfactory fiction.

Depends What You Mean by Love, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf). Three short novels, or long stories, each involving an Englishman at war—a naval officer whose affection is centered on the ship he commands, a middle-aged civilian who regains his lost dignity in a hazardous wartime job, and a soldier who, because of a mistake in his leave orders, is deprived of a final, pre-battle meeting with his wife. Mr. Monsarrat's characters all belong to that English literary gallery, instituted by Rudyard Kipling and sporadically refurbished in recent years by Noel Coward, that is dedicated to the personification of British steadfastness and romantic gallantry. The quality of the writing, however, is sometimes very close to Grade A.

Private Enterprise, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). The latest word from Barsetshire, the imaginary county that has served as a backdrop for most of Miss Thirkell's humorous novels about English country life. In this book, the members of her familiar cast interrupt their chant against the Labour Government long enough to become interested in a romance between an attractive war widow and the most eligible young man of the countryside. Generally amusing.

The Hour of Spring, by Mary Deasy (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A novel about the Irish as Americans that, for a change, is neither an over-all commendation nor an angry denunciation. Miss Deasy may have some ideas about the effect of the Irish character on American life, but in this story she is preoccupied with the way three generations of an Irish-American family get along with each other, and with the people they marry. She manages to differentiate between several shadings of the Irish brogue, but her attempt to bind the

What are you reading by the light of that torch?

Now . . . when liberty is endangered—most of all by its apathetic friends . . . when rumor, lies, propaganda spread fear, confusion . . . we must renew our faith in freedom, face its foes with wisdom, courage, vigilance . . . with greatness and daring in thought, action, leadership . . . or lose liberty through lethargy . . .

Freedom & Union meets your need in these times of crisis for a great journal of opinion devoted to the problems of human freedom in all their broad variety: political, economic, social, philosophical, spiritual, global.

You will welcome this illustrated monthly's fresh and inspiring treatment of *your* world problems. It gives you its own judgments of them and concrete ways to solve them. It does more—it presents a forum of opinions that diverge from or conflict with its own. It gives you facts and background, too. In short, it gives you a solid foundation for forming your own opinion and doing your part for liberty.

Freedom & Union is edited by Clarence Streit, author of Union Now. His associates include: Herbert Agar, author of A Time for Greatness; Justice Owen J. Roberts, formerly of the U. S. Supreme Court; and Russell Davenport, former managing editor of Fortune.

Keep current with other thinking citizens . . . gain new insight into the shape of things to come . . . help shape them happily . . . by accepting this trial offer NOW . . .

7 MONTHS FOR $2

This offer is good anywhere in the world

FREEDOM & UNION • 700 Ninth Street, N.W. • Washington 1, D.C.

I enclose ☐ $2 for a 7 month's subscription ☐ $1 for 3 months
(Annual Rate: $4)

NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY & STATE ____________________ NY9

CAPT'N VANCOUVER AND
CAPT'N QUADRA AGREED
ON ONE THING...
BRITISH COLUMBIA
HAS EVERYTHING
FOR VACATIONISTS

BACK in August, 1792, Captain George Vancouver, R.N. and Captain Bodega y Quadra added a little footnote to history in a momentous meeting. Great Britain was taking over the north Pacific Coast from the Spaniards. "Magnificent!," they both agreed. Today, as then, it has EVERYTHING, particularly for the *perfect vacation*. *Values are tops. No passport is needed.*

For information, write today
BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Victoria, B.C., Canada

British Columbia
CANADA
THE VACATION-LAND THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

activities of her twenty-two characters into a firm narrative is less successful.

Midnight Lace, by MacKinlay Kantor (Random House). A novel, set in a small town in Iowa during the early years of this century, about an ambitious young woman's efforts to get her husband elected to the state legislature. He doesn't make it, and his post-election acrimony threatens their marriage. Their future is assured, however, when the lady demonstrates her affection for him in the most acceptable fashion of that era—by rescuing two of his prized horses from death in a livery-stable fire. Funnier than the author probably intended it to be.

The Blowtop, by Alvin Schwartz (Dial). A first novel that deals with the murder of a dope peddler by a deranged Greenwich Village painter. The author is not so much concerned with the painter as he is with one of the painter's friends, a writer who has a guilt complex because he happened to own the gun used for the crime. In the end, the writer shakes off his feeling of responsibility, but only after working his way through some intricate reflections about the moral accountability of artists, the nature of the creative process, and other related matters. An ambitious effort, rather clumsily carried out.

GENERAL

Hungry Gulliver, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribner). An extremely acute appraisal of Thomas Wolfe by an English critic. Miss Johnson believes that Wolfe had genius and, in fact, considers him the most significant figure in American literature in three decades, but she does not gloss over his raucousness and frequent ineptness. Wolfe, she says, should be read for his rhetorical poetry and not for his philosophy, which she describes as a casserole of half-baked ideas that the writer himself understood only vaguely.

The Enduring Federalist, edited by Charles A. Beard (Doubleday). An abridgment of "The Federalist" papers of Hamilton, Madison, and John Jay, with an analytical introduction by the editor. Dr. Beard has broken up the text of the papers into brief paragraphs and put them under topical headings of his own as an aid in outlining the Federalist doctrine of representative republicanism, which is distinct from what "The Federalist" writers called, rather contemptuously, "pure democracy." The result, because of skillful editing and notes that relate the various papers to events of the times, is a clear exposition of that philosophy.

The Tennessee, by Donald Davidson (Rinehart). An important addition to the "Rivers of America" series, which takes up the story of the Tennessee from 1861 to the installation of the Tennessee Valley Authority. (An earlier volume by the author covered the history of the river up to the Civil War.) The Tennessee was of major strategic consequence during the Civil War—both Grant and Sherman won their reputations on its banks—and during the Reconstruction the untamed river was one of the most serious obstacles to the establishment of a sound Southern economy. When the stream was harnessed, at Muscle Shoals, it became as useful a force as it had been a destructive one. Mr. Davidson has done a fine job of presenting the whole troubled story.

The World's Great Lakes, by Ferdinand C. Lane (Doubleday). The story of the principal lakes of the world and the geological reasons for their formation and location. Mr. Lane's subject is engrossing, and he has packed his facts in tightly; regrettably, his writing is unimaginative and riddled with clichés. Maps.

The South, Old and New, by Francis Butler Simkins (Knopf). The author, who was born in South Carolina, has set out to explain how the South acquired and has maintained its cultural, political, and even psychological identity. He ranges over every aspect of Southern life and thought that might bear on the matter, and concludes that the doctrine of white supremacy and a feeling of cultural detachment are mainly responsible for the region's individuality. Generally, he is fair-minded, scholarly, and objective, but in a chapter called "The Everlasting South" one can almost hear his purr of contentment over things as they are in Dixie.

David Lilienthal, by Willson Whitman (Holt). A sober and admiring biography, having mainly to do with Mr. Lilienthal's directorship of the T.V.A. and his work as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Mr. Lilienthal, as many Americans discovered during the often spiteful investigation of him by a Senate committee, is a remarkably articulate and thoughtful defender of democracy, very sensitive to the dangers that our headlong technological advance have produced. Miss Whitman explores his philosophy and tells why he believes knowledge of atomic science and public discussions of it are imperative to preserve world peace.

THE MARINES' WAR, by Fletcher Pratt (Sloane). A vivid and highly readable account of the operations of the Marines in the Pacific (except those on Wake Island and Bataan), written, Mr. Pratt says, with full access to Marine Corps files but not as an official undertaking. Wherever possible, the author tells about what took place on the Japanese side during the many military and naval engagements. Maps.

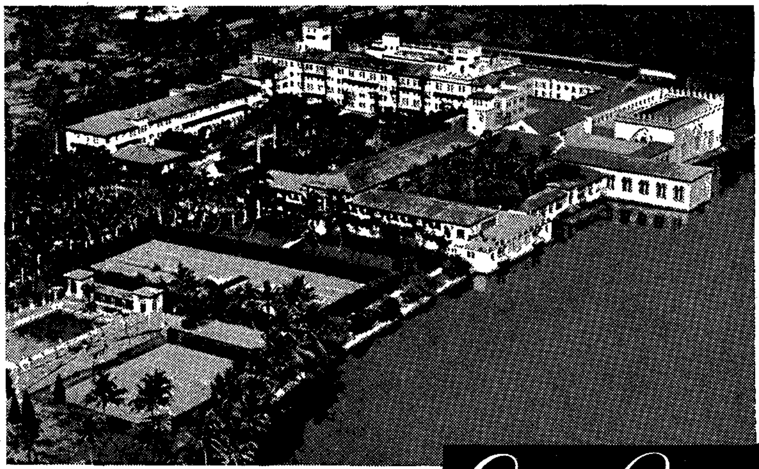
JUAN GRIS: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler (Valentin). Juan Gris, the compatriot and contemporary of Picasso, was one of the most promising of the first generation of Cubist artists, and also one of the most unfortunate, for he died at the age of forty, when his really great talents were just coming to fruition. In this book, the first about Gris published in English, the author, who was his friend as well as his dealer, describes his life with sympathy and his work with respect and understanding. In addition, he has written an excellent memoir of the Cubist period in Paris. Illustrated.

PARADISE LOST, by William Blake. (Studio). A portfolio of the nine water-color illustrations Blake drew for Milton's poem, reproduced almost full-size and in exquisite color. There is a prefatory note by Henry P. Rossiter, curator of prints at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

BENEATH SO KIND A SKY. Photographs by Carl Julien, with an introduction by Chapman J. Milling (University of South Carolina). A book of pictures devoted to the glorification of the beauties, both scenic and architectural, of South Carolina. The introduction has a slight and quaint pretentiousness, but it is also interesting and authoritative, and the eighty-nine full-page photographs present a handsome survey of the plantations, live oaks, and magnolias for which the state is famous.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NIGHT CRY, by William L. Stuart (Dial). Lieutenant Deglin, a very combative member of the New York police force, gets into an ugly predicament when he neglects to in-



follow the sun to florida's secret paradise

The Boca Raton Club

...America's finest winter resort hotel

Come now—at the height of the season . . . lounge in a magic realm of comfort away from the crowds, among people you'll enjoy being with.

Golf, tennis, a mile and a half of private beach, cabana club, two pools, deep sea fishing fleet, dancing and entertainment nightly.

THE BOCA RATON CLUB
Gaston Lauryssen, General Manager
Boca Raton, Florida, Between Palm Beach and Miami
New York Office • 730 Fifth Ave. • Circle 7-7610

For Information—In Washington: Investment Bldg., In Chicago: 77 W. Washington St., In Boston: 73 Tremont St.

LOOK FOR THESE OTHER SCHINE HOTELS • EACH IS THE FINEST IN ITS FIELD
The McALLISTER Miami • RITZ-CARLTON Atlantic City • BREAKWATER COURT Kennebunkport, Me. • TEN EYCK Albany • The AMBASSADOR Los Angeles, Cal. • The RONEY PLAZA Miami
WIGGINS OLD TAVERN and HOTEL NORTHAMPTON, Northampton, Mass.

Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR BRANDY
Pedro Domecq

To crown a royal repast ...FUNDADOR

Brandy fit for the kings who have enjoyed it—Fundador, the pride of Spain's leading brandy exporter, founded in 1730. Rich in grape bouquet, a trifle sweeter than brandy of other countries, it is the perfect post-dinner luxury.

Pedro Domecq Brandies

SOLE U.S. AGENTS CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC. NEW YORK N.Y.

86 PROOF BOTTLED IN JEREZ, SPAIN

ALL THIS
AND
Milder too!

KING SIZE OVALS
WITH
REAL QUALITY

Read the Stars for Everything a Smoker Wants
- ★ Quality Tobaccos
- ★ Smoother Blend
- ★ Cooler Smoking
- ★ Better Tasting
- ★ Crush Proof Box

NO
EXTRA COST

FIVE STAR
Cigarettes

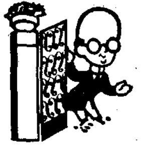
TRY THEM TODAY
If your dealer doesn't have Five Star write Stephano Brothers, Philadelphia 7

GAGE AND
TOLLNER'S

A famous Sea Food house for more than 65 years

Established 1879
374 Fulton St., Brooklyn

NEW YORK'S
DE LUXE CHINESE
RESTAURANT
Luncheon
Dinner
a la Carte
HOUSE of CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET


ENTER
a Berlitz class to learn Spanish, Russian, French, etc. Go forth ready for business, social success. Small congenial classes. Private lessons, too.

630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-0110

BERLITZ

form his superiors that he has accidentally bumped off a murder-case witness in the course of a private interrogation. Things get even more harrowing for him when the evidence he has carefully falsified unexpectedly begins to point toward a young woman he admires. Excellently planned, tense, and hard-bitten.

DRINK THE GREEN WATER, by Hugh Austin (Scribner). Desiccated New York law firms get a good deal of kidding in this one. A young lawyer named Sultan, who has all the stuffy mannerisms of his grandfather, undertakes to find the solution to a murder that occurred in the eighteen-nineties; he is aided in his researches, which take place on Long Island, by his file clerk, his secretary, and his receptionist, all of them good-looking young ladies with a healthy distaste for codicils. Very funny in spots, but the plot at times is overwhelmingly complex.

MY SISTER, GOODNIGHT, by Gordon McDonell (Little, Brown). A young major in the Marines drives up to police headquarters in Santa Monica with the corpse of a pretty girl in the front seat of his car. In no time, the major, his best friend, the twin sister of the deceased, and several other people find themselves in a complex mess, which is finally straightened out after one of those last-minute cross-country chases. Unassuming suspense stuff, expertly plotted.

•

She had her name changed from Donna Mullenger to Donna Reed after she had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She still doesn't know why.—*The Post.*

Keep your ear to the ground, Donna.

•

Transportation facilities around the bottom of Lake Michigan were suspended completely from 9 a.m. yesterday until 6 a.m. this morning....—*Bethlehem (Pa.) Globe Times.*

Must have given people that trapped feeling.

•

WHAT NEWSMAGAZINE D'YA READ?

Last week, the *Constitution* moved, lock, stock & stuffed duck...to a new, $1,500,000, streamlined, aluminum-trimmed plant.—*Time.*

Last week, The Constitution moved catercornered across the street to a new five-story building (cost: more than $3,000,000).—*Newsweek.*

This gorgeous new room, fashioned in Edwardian Baroque style, is the latest creation of Jean Pages, well-known French painter. Its warm, gay colors reflect that era—reminiscent of The Plaza's opening.

The Rendez-Vous
OF THE PLAZA
PAYSON RE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
NYCOLA MATTHEY AND HIS ROYAL TZIGANES
Theatre Dinner—6:30 to 8.
Dinner and Supper Dancing from 8:30
Cover after 10 P.M.—$1.50, Saturday—$2.
Closed Mondays.
For reservations call Gigi
THE PLAZA
5th Avenue at 59th Street

Three White Turkeys
IN NEW YORK
Uptown . . . downtown . . . midtown—the White Turkeys are a prominent Gotham family. Each restaurant serves real old-fashioned meals amid charming Early Americana. Delicious cocktails.

THE WHITE TURKEYS
OPEN SUNDAYS
12 EAST 49th STREET *off Fifth Ave.* PL-3-1181
220 MADISON AVENUE *at 37th St.* MU-3-1581
ONE UNIVERSITY PLACE *at Wash. Sq.* AL-4-3677
THE INN, DANBURY, CONN.—REOPENS MAY 1

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
NICHOLSON
DISTILLED DRY GIN
94 PROOF 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled From Grain
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.
Table Lamps

CONGRESS
Playing Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
The U.S. Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U.S.A.

You can pay no greater compliment to your guests than to open a fresh pack of

Congress Playing Cards

There's luxury in their look and feel . . . in their exceptional ease of handling. Many years and many skills have gone into making them the finest cards you can buy. Be sure to get *genuine* Congress Cards . . . America's first choice for more than half a century.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS BICYCLE AND CONGRESS CARDS • CINCINNATI 12, OHIO.

Courvoisier
facts your taste will confirm

1. Noticeably unique flavor

2. Unchanging quality

N In all human history what man or woman other than Napoleon is recognizable by one initial? Friends of COURVOISIER—"the brandy of Napoleon"—know this Cognac by its individual taste, bouquet and quality. Substitutes never mislead or please them.

For your enjoyment, ask for COURVOISIER—***not just brandy.***

COURVOISIER
COGNAC
V.S
LIQUEUR COGNAC
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V
BY FORMER APPOINTMENT TO H.M. NAPOLEON III
COURVOISIER
ALL COURVOISIER COGNAC BEARS THE REGISTERED PHRASE
"THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON"
COGNAC

Enjoy 'The Brandy of Napoleon'

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ALL COURVOISIER COGNACS
BEAR THIS REGISTERED PHRASE

F-C-G IMPORTERS, INC., N. Y. C. SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A. 84 PROOF